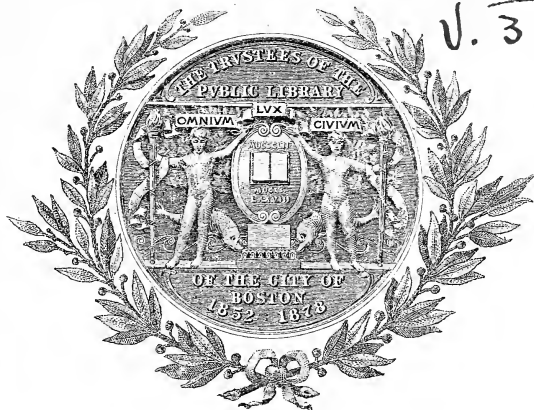
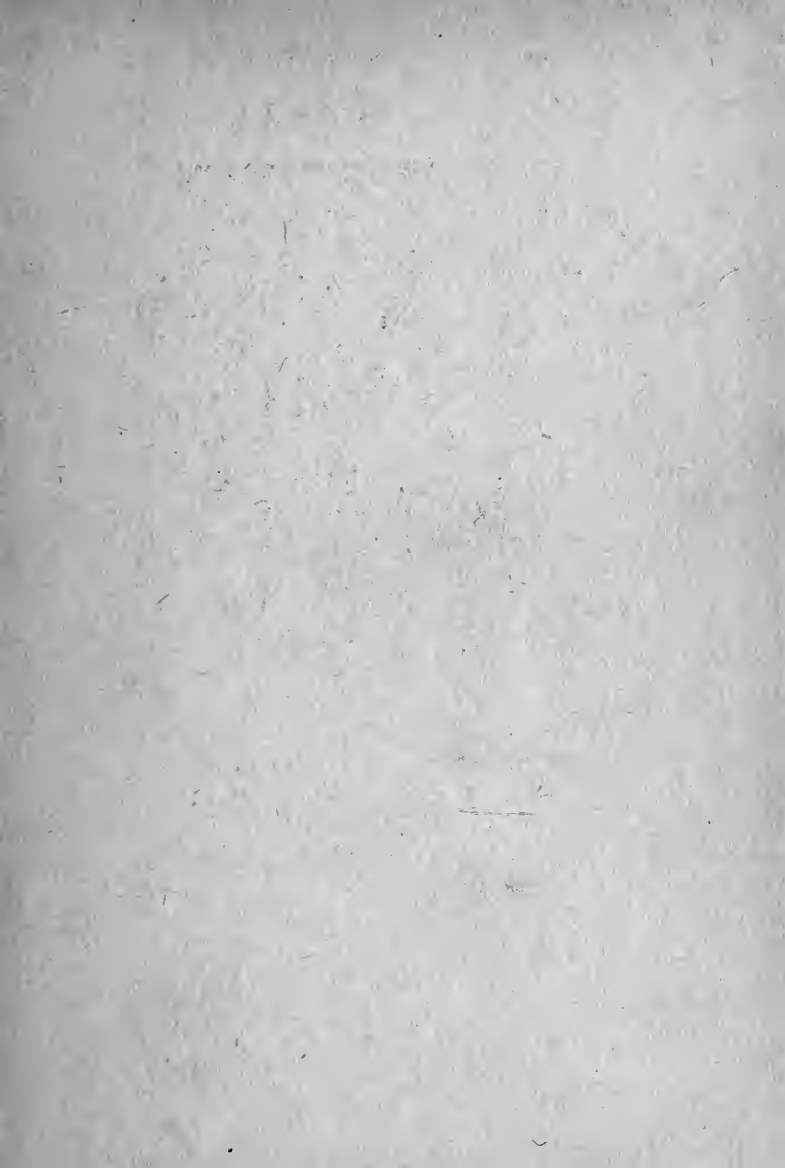


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MARCH, 1905.

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Vol. 3. No. 1.

MARCH, 1905,

5 Cents.

When you are coming o'er the lea,
And I'm going o'er it, too,
You see I see that you see me,
And I see you see I see you.

And as we near each other, too,
And as we pass upon the lea,
I think you think I think of you—
You think I think you think of me.

SCRAPS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

We come to our readers this month in a new form, Did you hear something drop? It fell on our head and made us shorter though twice as fat. We are now more portable, handy to slip in the pocket, easier to read. It's the same fellow all through. The man behind the pen is pointing paragraphs and snipping shears. We shall let nothing nor nobody get away if we can help it.

Spring now begins on the calculation that divides the four seasons equally by threes between the twelve months of the year. The astronomical division locates the dividing line when the sun crosses the equator. Both divisions are more or less arbitrary. Spring really begins when the birds begin

to sing, when vegetation generally shows signs of renewed life, and when the new bonnets blossom out.

Somehow that request of Italy, Great Britain and Germany that the United States take charge of the collection of Venezuelan claims reminds the naturally suspicious of the story about the monkey and the cat and the fire and the chestnuts.

There is all the difference in the world between having something to say and having to say something.—James Whitcomb Riley.

So long as we love, we serve! So long as we are loved by others, I would say we are indispensable! And no man is useless while he has a friend,—R. L. Stephenson

Did you ever wonder why a sailor's trousers are wide at the ankle? There is a good reason for it. Jack tars naturally have so much to do with water that it is almost to be wondered that for working purposes they are not supplied with knee breeches, in which they would be able to paddle about without danger of damaging the leg portion of their nether garments. As this innovation has not taken place, the trousers are made very baggy so that they can be easily turned up well out of the water when work in the water has to be done. Were they provided with trousers of the same width all the way down the leg they would find it difficult to turn them up far enough without at the same time impeding

their actions owing to the compression that would be caused.

A DREAM OF SPRINGTIME.

I know it isn't far to Spring—though lots o' you will doubt it—

Because, around the eaves, the birds are talkin' all about it!
The sparrows, in their coats o' brown, they keep up such a hummin'

You'd think that Spring was "loafin' 'roun'," or on the rose-way, comin'!

But yesterday the snow lay white against my window shutter,

When suddenly a speck o' light set all their wings a-flutter!
It seemed to me I almost heard their little hearts a-drummin',

And, plain as day, they seemed to say: "The nestin' time is comin'!"

And sure, they know—each bird o' them the kindly God gave wings to:

The God they hear in rustlin' leaves—the God each songster sings to!

Though Man may think that wisdom dwells alone in his dominions,

The birds—they hear the heavenly bells, and brush the angels' pinions!

Then come, oh, Spring! from valleys dim—from wintry hills and hazy,

And teach the Mockingbird his hymn, and whisper to the daisy!

And for these wintry spells that long in grief and gloom have bound us,

Give us your birds and blooms, and Light that wraps God's love around us!

Frank L. Stanton.

It's a very easy matter to find fault where it isn't.

It is generally the easiest thing in the world to drive a horse without spirit, but there is one recorded instance where a coach-driver covered himself with glory for doing so.

One afternoon he and his coach-and-four came rattling up to the hotel door like an avalanche. As the coach stopped one of the horses dropped dead.

"That was a very sudden death," remarked a bystander.

"That sudden!" coolly responded the driver. "That 'oss died at the top of the hill two miles back, sir; but I wasn't going to let him down till I got to the regular stoppin'-place!"

A good reinsman has some of the characteristics of a good fisherman.

Of't when a man is feeling blue, a girl's sweet smile can pull him through; but then the girl, we may assume, must be the one that caused the gloom. Here is true homeopathy—like cures like.

It will surprise many to hear that coffee first made its appearance as a medicine. Here is an extract from a circular, celebrating coffee, issued in London in 1650. "The new drink called Coffee is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout, and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in years, or children that have any running humours upon them. It is a most excellent remedy against the splene, hypochondria, and the like. It is good against sore eyes, and the

better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way; and it much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome."

WEE MARY.

O where is wee Mary? Jock's brocht her a linnet.
Hey-Mary! Hi Mary! Where can the lass be?
The kettle's to boil, an' ye're wanted this minute,
Yer feyther's come hame, ye mun haste wi' the tea!

Cheep birdie! Cry Minnie! the lassie's no heedn',
The kittle tonight it mun just tak' its chance!
For aff wi' licht heels thro' the bracken she's speedin',
And wha' pray can mak' for twa places at ance?

Wad ye cage a wild bird, or a lissom young fairy
To sing by the hearth to gude wife an' gude man?
There's a bird in the bush saftly whistlin' on Mary,
Sune, sune he'll be cooin', a bird in the an'.

Ye may ca' her in vain, tho' the kettle boils over,
And Jock in the sulks lets the lintie fly free;
When the whin blossom burns, and the bee's i' the clover,
There's mair fun in kissin' than brewin' the tea!

Unknown.

Insomnia Conquered—The idea of wearing a pair of spectacles during sleep is one of the strangest of the many strange ideas that have come to our notice. The head of a large firm, who often travelled from one end of the country to the other, preferred to do so at night, so that he could sleep. Although his sight was perfect, his last act, before getting into his berth, was to put on a pair of spectacles, which were secured to the bridge of his nose by a good spring, and with this adornment he fell asleep.

Those who adopt this peculiar aid to drowsiness

appear to sleep without twisting and turning, as some people do; they instinctively acquire a knack of turning only so far as is safe, and they awake unharmed in the morning, with the glasses just as nicely adjusted as when they went to bed. The commencement of the habit is mostly traceable to a difficulty in wooing slumber, and to an aversion to trying such dangerous remedies as morphine. Spectacles, when the eyes are not accustomed to them, have a somnolent effect, and the device afterwards becomes a habit.

Holy Sunday—Mr. Albert G. Robinson, who has visited Spanish speaking countries extensively, is greatly disturbed by the tendency of American newspapers to say "San Domingo" instead of "Santo Domingo." The former word means "Saint" and the latter "Holy." The name of this republic is obviously "Holy Sunday," and not "Saint Sunday."

Off With Such a Word—As a stranger in Philadelphia I was much amused by certain provincialisms. One of these was the use of the word "off" instead of "from." "Please buy flowers off me," say the youthful street venders. One day, while waiting for some groceries, a young lady, evidently unused to housekeeping, approached the raw Irish clerk and timidly asked: "I want some mutton to make broth. Shall I get it off the neck?" "No, ma'am," was the solemn reply, as the clerk pointed to the butcher busy at his block, "ye git it off that mon."—Presbyterian.

Ian Maclaren remarks that the dying man is much less concerned than his father would have been about his soul, and what is going to happen to him after death. He is more anxious about what is going to happen to his wife and children. What does this mean, except that we have learned not to be afraid of the justice of God, but to be very much afraid of the injustice of men?

"The wise man," said the thoughtful theorist, "praises in a woman those things that she doesn't possess. If she is pretty, he talks about her intelligence; if she is brilliant, he talks about her beauty, for woman prizes what she lacks, and doesn't have to be told what she really has."

"The subjects of good King Edward VII. are the most loyal people in the world. There are no fewer than 300,000,000 people belonging to the Empire on which the sun never sets, and yet not a single one of the number in prison or under restraint for treason or disloyalty. There is probably not another Great Power in the world that can proudly boast of such a clean and healthy record. Russia has many thousands in captivity for treason and disloyalty, thousands have been exiled from France for similar reasons, and Germany numbers her disloyal subjects by the hundreds." We take this from an English paper. It suggests the question: "What's the matter with the United States?"

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarrelling with the

milkman this morning?" "Sure not. His hiur'd gyurl's sick, an' I was inquiren' after her. But he's an onpolite divil." "How's that?" "Says I, 'How's your milk-maid?' An' he looked mad, an' says, 'That's a thrade secret!'"

Receipt for Scriptural Cake.—This is a popular thing to give out at church fairs. The ingredients are:—4 $1/2$ cups of I. Kings, iv, 22; 1 cup of Judges, v, 25, last clause; 2 cups of Jeremiah, vi, 20; 2 cups of I. Samuel, xxx, 12; 2 cups of Nahum, iii, 12; 2 cups of Numbers, xvii, 8; 3 tablespoonfuls of I. Samuel, xiv, 25; a pinch of Leviticus, ii, 13; 6 Jeremiah, xvii, 11; $1/2$ cup of Judges, iv, 19, last clause; 2 teaspoonfuls of Amos, iv, 5; season to taste of II. Chronicles, ix, 9.

Now we don't believe any one will go to the trouble of looking this thing up and so we furnish a key:—4 $1/2$ cups of fine flour; 1 cup of butter; 2 cups of sugar; 2 cups of raisins; 2 cups of figs; 2 cups of almonds; 3 tablespoonfuls of honey; a pinch of salt; 6 eggs; $1/2$ cup of milk; 2 teaspoonfuls of yeast powder; season to taste with spices. Try it on a dog first.

A reader sends to "The Buffalo Commercial" this arithmetical puzzle: Take the number of your living brothers; double this amount; add to it three; multiply the result by five; add to the number of living sisters; multiply the result by ten; add number of deaths of brothers and sisters; subtract 150 from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of

deaths; the middle figure will be the number of living sisters; the left figure will show number of living brothers. And these figures never lie. We have tried to beat the thing but it is no use.

The History of Ice Cream.—A French chef who prepared a snowlike dish for the Duc de Chartres in 1774 is said to have been the first to make that cool luxury known as ice cream. Lord Bacon was possessed of the knowledge that there was a process of congelation by means of snow and salt; but to him this was a scientific fact, and he little dreamed of the idea that in after years this congelation would prove such a delightful refreshment. Iced drinks and water ices were known to the Parisian epicures fully a century and a half before they were introduced into England. These dainties, it is thought, probably came from the far East by means of some traveler, who probably had tasted sherbet.

Dr. Osler tells those of us who are beyond sixty to take chloroform and get off the earth. What's the hurry? Some of us are not quite ready to mount the pale horse, Mr. Osler.

"How is it that you and Jones haven't spoken for years? I can remember when you were inseparable friends."

"We agreed to correct each other's errors in grammar. At the end of the third day the same house would not hold us both and we have never become reconciled since."

At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe," "receive," etc., when the inspector said, blandly: "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule; one I invariably use myself." The pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears. The inspector continued: "It is simply this. Write the 'i' and 'e' exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."

We like to have our readers lend a hand. If you have an idea just throw it into the Scrap heap.

Cyclists Have No Saint.—It is an undoubted fact that Cyclists have no patron saint, and greatly mourn the fact that, while most trades and bodies have their ancient patrons to look back upon, they are unable to point to their first champion.

There are two candidates for the honor, but which of the two to choose they cannot decide. One is St. Catherine, who was tortured on a wheel. She is sometimes referred to as the "old maids'" saint, as the bicycle is looked upon by some women as a hindrance to matrimony.

Probably St. Germain would receive more support were the question put to a vote, as he has a fine record behind him. Legend credits him with having crossed the Channel from Great Britain to Cherbourg on a wheel-shaped vehicle, with the laudable object of freeing that country from a terrible dragon. Such an impression did his machine make on the monster, that it is said to have died of sheer fright.
—London Paper.

Why not Ixion? He was a king of the Lapithae in Thessaly and the father of the Centaurs. For his presumptuous impiety he was sent to hell, and there bound to a perpetually revolving wheel. Our enemies have often requested us to follow Ixion. Why not adopt the enemy's term? A "hose-pipe tire" was the taunt of those who condemned the single tube. The manufacturer's adopted it. Ixion will do.

The English alphabet, out of which can be constructed several thousands of words, contains just one word formed by the letters in their proper order. That word is "No." The nearest approach is "Ab," which, by straining a point, might be considered an abbreviation of "Abraham," or "Hi," which answers for an exclamation. But "No," one of the shortest words in the language, is the only bona-fide word formed in the arrangement of the alphabet's twenty-six characters.

First Professor: "Do you know, I find it difficult to remember the ages of my children."

Second Professor: "I have no such trouble. I was born twenty-three hundred years after Socrates, my wife eighteen hundred years after the death of Tiberius Caesar, our son John two thousand years after the entrance into Rome of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus for the re-enactment of the 'leges Liciniae,' and our Amanda fifteen hundred years after the beginning of the Folk-wandering—that is perfectly simple, you see."

MARCH 17.

St. Patrick was a gentleman
Who, through strategy and stealth
Drove all the snakes from Ireland;
Here's a bumper to his health.
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then—
Forget the good St. Patrick
And see the snakes again.

'Twas on the eighth day of March—some people say—
St. Patrick at midnight first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas on the ninth he was born.
'Twas all a mistake betwixt midnight and morn,
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock;
Some blamed the baby, some blamed the clock.
Now, the first faction fight in Ould Ireland, they say,
Was one on account of St. Patrick's birthday.
Some fought for the eighth; for the ninth more would die;
Those that didn't see right got bunged in the eye;
Until ould Father Murphy, the parish director,
Who now and then gave them a bit of a lecthur.
Says he, "B'yes, don't be always dividin';
Sometimes combine; there's a way av decidin'—
Eight wid nine gives us seventeen—that is the mark—
Lave that be his birthday." "Amen," says the Clerk.

A Polander's Prayer.—In Poland the patriots are now endeavoring to popularize the following curious version of the Lord's Prayer:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, restore to us the kingdom of Poland. Deliver us from slavery. Give us this day our daily bread, but not stained in blood and poisoned through the wickedness of our enemies. Pardon us for the sins which are engraved on our swords. Suffer us not to fall into temptation of becoming traitors to Poland, and deliver us from the domination of a foreign power, since that is our worst evil."

DOWN CELLAR DIALOGUES.

"This cellar is awfully damp," said the Rat-trap. "I'm afraid I'll catch malaria."

"If you don't catch malaria any better than you catch rats, you needn't be afraid," said the Kindling Wood.

"You seem to have a cold," said the Milk Pail to the Refrigerator.

"Yes; in my chest," said the Refrigerator with a smile.

"I hate being locked up here in this dull place," said the Furnace.

"Oh, I don't think it's so bad," said the Fire.

"It's easy enough for you to talk," said the Furnace. "Fires can go out, but Furnaces can't."

"How did you happen to see all these things you tell us about?" asked the Coal-bin of the Saw.

"The same way I saw everything," said the Saw; "with my teeth."

"I hear you called on the Refrigerator yesterday," said the Wood-box to the Pail. "Were you received pleasantly?"

"No. The Refrigerator treated me with great coldness," said the Pail.

"This house is beautiful upstairs," said the Furnace to the Poker. "The flues are going up there all the time, and they told me all about it."

"Oh, please stop poking me," said the Furnace Fire to the Poker. "You tickle."

"I hear you are quite a sportsman," said the Snow Shovel to the Coal.

"Never handled a gun in my life," said the Coal.

"Why, I'm certain I overheard somebody saying that he'd seen the Coal chute," said the Snow Shovel.

WHY DO NOT WOMEN SHAVE?

Why do not women shave? We ask it is in all seriousness far removed from levity. There are few more unpleasant things to look upon than an otherwise beautiful woman with a well developed mustache or beard. Man shaves in order to give himself a cleanly appearance. And yet an unshaven man does not look so repulsive as an unshaven woman. Clearly a case of Mrs. Grundy. That meddlesome old lady long since declared that woman must not use the razor, which is the simplest and most effective way to clean the face. She may resort to any way but this. The electric needle and chemical preparations may be tried but not the razor. Oh, the pity of it, when the remedy is so easy. If women could shave and keep the world in ignorance of it she would surely do it, for women like to be clean. It is the horror of having it said: "That woman shaves!" that restrains her. We venture to say that not one man in ten thousand would condemn the deed or think any less of the woman who did; in

fact they would applaud an act which went for cleanliness and beauty. Her sisters would be her severest critics in this as in everything else. A woman with a beard has no excuse for looking uncleanly when the remedy is so near at hand. Shaving soap makes the skin soft and improves the complexion. The women have found this out and many of them are using the mug and brush of their "lords and masters." It is but a single step to the razor. A bearded woman has no place outside a dime museum. Dear ladies, throw Mrs. Grundy overboard and greet us with clean faces. It may be that you will need to shave every day, but remember that some of us wash our faces as often as once a day.

PROVERBS FROM CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

The wages of gin is death.
No time like the pleasant.
Only the young die good.
A gentle lie turneth away inquiry.
The more waste the less speed.
Tell the truth and shame the family.
The pension is mightier than the sword.
There's none so blind as those who won't fee.
Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.
Opposition is the surest persuasion.
Money makes the mayor go.
Cast not your girls before swains.
Imagination makes cowards of us all.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Handed Out Upon Request.

This is our old friend Answers with a new hat on. In order to simplify things we have thrown out the Q. and A. We believe our readers will be able to tell question from answer without guideboards. We strive to please those who don't know.

Tit for Tat—What is the origin of the expression, "Tit for Tat?"—It is said to be from the Dutch "Dit for Dat." (This for That.)

Lincoln's Duel—Did Abraham Lincoln fight a duel? If so, when?—Within a few years there have been published the details of a duel which was arranged between Lincoln and Lyman Trumbull when both were young and when such "meetings" were not uncommon in Illinois. But bloodshed was averted, and the affair was treated as a joke in after years.

Napoleon—Where can I find a complete history of Napoleon?—We know of no better nor more complete story of Napoleon's life than that by W. M. Sloane, published in Century Magazine, 1905, and afterwards in book form, four volumes, most profusely illustrated and well printed.

Exceptions prove—What sense or logic is there in the saying: "Exceptions prove the rule?" How can

they prove a rule?—Undoubtedly the word “prove” is used in its ancient sense of test. An exception cannot prove a rule, but it may test it and sometimes prove it to be wrong, or it may show that the so-called exception may be explained. An exception to a rule proves the existence of the rule, but nothing more.

Most Talkers—Which language is spoken by the greatest number of people, excluding Chinese?—The Chinese language is said to be spoken by 382,000,000 people, which would make it the most spoken language. It is, however, an error to speak of a Chinese language, as the dialects spoken in the various provinces of the country differ from each other as much as the English differ from the Russian, so that, for instance, the inhabitants of Mongolia and Tibet can barely understand each other. Putting Chinese aside, the most spoken languages are as follows, in millions: English, 124; German, 75; Russian, 68; French, 60; Spanish, 44; Portuguese, 32.

Letter W—Why is the letter “W” called “double-u?”—Because it is really a contraction of two “Us.” The printers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign, or character, as the first sound in the word “wet.” Prior to that time it had always been spelled “vet,” the “v” having the long sound of u or of two w’s together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound, they

began to spell such words as "wet," "weather" and "web" with two u's, and as the u of that date had the form of a v the three words above looked like this: "vvet," "vveather" and "vverb." After a while the type founders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character now so well known as the w.

New York—I have heard it stated that New York did not vote for George Washington the first time he was elected President. I thought he had a unanimous election.—Washington received every electoral vote cast in all the States then voting for President. New York, the eleventh State ratifying the constitution, did not cast any electoral vote at that election, because she had not time after her ratification, late in the autumn of 1788, to provide for holding the election within the time prescribed.

Twenty Years Ago—Please publish poem with this title and give the author.—This request was handed in some nine months ago. The lines were very familiar but we failed to find the poem for a long while. We came across it by accident in a very old Harper. We have been unable to find the author. Harper says he is unknown.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
 Upon the school-house play-ground which sheltered you
 and me;
 But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left
 to know,
 That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er
with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are re-
placed,
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to
and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same
old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same
with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing
so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less
wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we
played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty
years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spread-
ing beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your
name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine
the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure
but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years
ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes;

I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.
Author Unknown.

Higher Criticism—What is meant by this term?—The scientific investigation of literary documents; to discover their origin, history, authenticity and literary form. The term is most familiarly employed, however, in recent Biblical studies. When thus applied, it is an attempt to discover when the various books of the Bible were originated; whether they were written by the authors to whom they are popularly assigned; of what materials they are composed; whether they are self-consistent, and to what extent they agree or disagree with one another; whether additions have been made to them from time to time; whether they are confirmed or discredited by the monuments and the history of the period in which they are supposed to have been written, etc.

Virginia Dare—What is the story of Virginia Dare and the lost colony of Roanoke?—She was the first child of English parents born in the New World. She was born on Roanoke Island, Va., in August, 1587. She was the granddaughter of John White, the governor of the colony sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh to form a settlement. White's daughter married Mr.

Dare, one of her father's assistants. The expedition sailed from Plymouth, England; April 26, 1587, and reached Roanoke Island in July. Virginia was born about a month after the expedition arrived. Nine days after her birth Governor White sailed for England; and when he returned a year later all vestiges of the colony had disappeared. The only clew was the word "Croatan" cut on the bark of a tree, and it was conjectured this meant a place belonging to a tribe of friendly Indians, but Croatan was never found. Years afterward it was discovered that four men, two boys and a girl had been adopted into the Hatteras tribe of Indians. The rest of the colonists had been starved or massacred.

Friends—Who is the author of the following lines?

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone."

—They carry the same idea that is in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

The author of the above lines was Thomas Moore, the celebrated Irish lyric poet. This stanza belongs to the hymn commencing, "O thou who driest the mourner's tear," which may be found in any complete edition of Moore's works.

Jefferson Bible—What is the Jefferson Bible which has been printed by order of Congress?—The book is a small volume of extracts from the gospels in

Greek, Latin, French and English, prepared by President Jefferson to give a fair idea of "the life and morals of Jesus of Nazareth." He cut from the New Testament what he regarded as the authenticated utterances of Jesus, rejecting all comment and narrative, and giving in parallel columns these utterances in the four languages. His first thought was to prepare such a book for use among the Indians, but he finally prepared it for himself alone. Of this book he said in one of his letters: "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen; it is a document in proof that I am a real Christian; that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus."

The book was lost sight of for years, but was found among Jefferson's papers purchased by the United States government in 1895, and is now in the national museum at Washington. The other papers were published by the government some years ago, but the "Bible" was not included. Last winter Congress ordered 9,000 copies printed by photo-lithographic process for the use of Congress. The aim has been to make it in binding and contents a reproduction of the original.

An Epitaph—Kindly tell me the author of the following quotation: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."—The lines have been credited to many noted people, but it seems probable that they are a paraphrase of the

poetical epitaph on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. These are:

Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass.
If a good deed I may do,
To any suffering fellow-man,
Let me do it while I can,
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain,
I shall not pass this way again.

Printer's Devil—What is the origin of the term?—In the early days of printing in this country the apprentice's duties included the inking of the forms with bags called "balls" containing ink or besmeared with it. In the operation the youthful party generally became so daubed with the ink that hands and face forgot their natural color, and the juvenile took the shade, if not the shape, of some being neither celestial nor terrestrial, and hence he was called after the "gentleman in black," the "devil," a name which still clings to the printer's apprentice. Another explanation tells us that when the Bible was first printed, there were so many copies produced in an incredibly short time and in every respect so miraculous, that the church authorities concluded the Devil must have helped or had a hand in its production, and ordered them to be burned; and this legend or tradition has given the appellation of "Devil" to the inky imp who helps the printer in the capacity of apprentice. Credence is due to this latter version of the tradition from the fact that Tyndale went from England to the Continent and engaged Gutenberg and Faust to print his translation of the Scriptures, with which he returned to England, and as they were con-

sidered not canonical, the edition was bought up and burned.

First Poet—Who was the first American poet?—This title may probably be claimed by the author (unfortunately anonymous) of "New England Annoyances," a poem supposed to have been written about 1630, and now part of the printed collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. You may be curious to read some of its lines:

"And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we get a garment to cover without
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout.
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn;
They need to be clouted soon after they are worn;
But clouting our garment they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

"If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish;
And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the clam banks and there we catch fish;
'Stead of pottage and puddings and custard and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon;
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone."

But the first American colonist to compose a regular volume of original poetry was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley and the wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet, both of Massachusetts. This volume, first published in Boston in 1640, was reprinted in England ten years later under the somewhat peculiar title, "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America; on Several Poems, Compiled with Great Variety of Wit." Richard

Henry Dana and Oliver Wendell Holmes were among Mrs. Bradstreet's descendants.

Note, Election Day—Referring to the question why Tuesday after the first Monday in November is selected as election day let me suggest that formerly the various states did not vote the same day and trouble arose as the states that voted early had an undue influence on the result. Congress decided to establish a uniform day. The original bill named the first Tuesday in November, but it was found necessary to harmonize this with the requirement that not more than thirty days should elapse before the meeting of the electoral colleges in the different states which had been set for the first Wednesday in December. When Tuesday is the first day of November, December will have no Wednesday till the seventh. The interval is thirty-seven days. Under the law passed in 1845 not more than twenty-nine days can elapse between election day and the first Wednesday in December. Under the law 1887 the electors do not meet to give their votes until the second Monday in January.—Bangs.

Note, Only Once Again—Your little story of the Professor and the word "Only," reminds me of the struggle which Uncle Sam has had to make a few words convey an explicit and definite meaning. He tried seven times, in as many different issues of the postal cards, to tell the writer of the card to keep on his own side:

1. Nothing but the address can be placed on this side.

2. Nothing but the address to be on this side.
3. Write only the address on this side.
4. Write the address only on this side, the message on the other.
5. Write the address on this side, the message on the other.
6. This side for address only.
7. The space below is for the address only.

The first two were evidently rejected for their clumsiness. The third, fourth and fifth seem to limit the public to writing and indirectly forbid printing or a rubber stamp. Under number four one could not repeat the address on the message side. The seventh came in when the heading of the post card was dropped and a blank space left for postmarks above it. Canada says:

The address to be written on this side.

Great Britain puts it:

The address only to be written on this side.

If we only could say what we mean and that only.—
Newky.

When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry?
What art will make the men propose?
The only art, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And "wring his bosom," is—to dress.

Some people claim the owl is wise.
If that were really true,
It would exclaim: "To whit, to whom!"
And not: "To whit, to who."

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, GEO. L. COOKE, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

First Vice-President, Dr. LOUIS C. LEROY, 6 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Second Vice-President, MARRIOTT C. MORRIS, 6706 Cresheim Road, Germantown, Pa.

Secretary-Treasurer, ABBOT BASSETT, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Foreign Consul, JOSEPH PENNELL, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.



GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

THE PRICE TO PAY.

DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

JUBILEE YEAR.

Having received the honor of a re-election to the office of President of the League of American Wheelmen—an honor which I esteem the more highly because this is the Silver Jubilee Year of the organization, and I am a citizen of the little State wherein it started its existence—I now, in that capacity, ask all the members to take full cognizance of the fact, with due appreciation, that it is still existing and rounding out the twenty-fifth year of that existence. I think that we may truly congratulate ourselves, considering the abnormal slump in the bicycling interest and the precocious growth, at one period, of our organization—for early precocity as a rule produces fatal results—that it does exist. And for that reason the proposed celebration of our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary ought to appeal most strongly to every one of us.

The celebration will be on May 30, of this year, at Boston, Mass. The L. A. W. was organized at Newport, R. I., May 31, 1880. May 30 then came on a Sunday, and so the next day was chosen instead. But, as in law, a person becomes of age the day before his birthday—for reasons unnecessary to go into—so, by analogy, does it attain its twenty-fifth year the day before the actual month day on which it was organized. All of which, in connection with its holiday status, makes the day a most opportune and fitting one for the celebration. And as to the place, it was seen at once that Newport is rather difficult to get at, and, at that time of the year, the accommodations for many visitors would be inadequate; whereas Boston is, in a way, central, offers excellent facilities for wheeling and entertainment, and the bicycle rider is still quite in evidence there.

A good working committee has been appointed and now has the matter in active charge. As the plans for the meet are evolved, they will be published in the Bulletin. Everything that can be done to make the affair a success will be done. So I charge the members all, severally and collectively, to whomsoever it is possible, that, laying aside all other things of minor import and concern, you do attend upon this day, the greatest League Day of them all, at the stated place, and add to the pleasures of the occasion by your wished-for and welcome presence.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

ESSTEE'S OFFICIAL SCRAPS.

League Day will be May 30th this year. We celebrate our silver jubilee in Boston. The Boston Bicycle Club has appointed a committee to co-operate with the L. A. W.

The committee on roads and bridges of the Massachusetts Legislature, before which were heard the arguments on the proposed legislation requiring all vehicles, save farm wagons and other transporting produce, to carry lights at night, has reported leave to withdraw on the same. It was proposed to compel bicycles to carry a light in front and also behind, and this was strongly objected to.

We have heard of bad roads before, but never so bad a one as that which a wheelman told us about after a tour last fall. "Why," said the disgusted one, "the road was so blooming bad that a bird couldn't fly lengthwise of it."

The Granite State proposes to spend \$125,000 annually for five years in improvement of the highways. Another New England commonwealth travelling in the right direction.

The C. T. C. of England has issued the following circular. Here is a chance for men with ideas:

"The liability to side-slip upon greasy roads, over-watered tram-lines and similar surfaces, has long been recognized as a very serious drawback to bicycling. The Cyclists' Touring Club offers a prize or prizes to the value of two hundred guineas for the best means of preventing side-slip on bicycles as at present in general use."

JUBILEE COMMITTEE.

The following have been appointed on a committee for the celebration of the Silver Jubilee, May 30, at Boston:—George L. Cooke, President; Dr. Louis C. LeRoy, 1st Vice-President; Marriott C. Morris, 2d Vice-President; Geo. A. Perkins, Chief Consul of Massachusetts; Quincy Kilby, Vice Consul of Massachusetts; Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer of Massachusetts; W. G. Kendall, W. B.

Everett, A. W. Robinson, Boston Bicycle Club; A. D. Peck, Massachusetts Bicycle Club; A. P. Benson, Newton Bicycle Club; Henry W. Robinson, Rovers' Bicycle Club.

APPOINTMENTS.

Chairman of Committees.

Rights and Privileges—William M. P. Bowen, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.

Highway Improvement—Hibberd B. Worrell, 555 North-Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Local Organization—Isaac B. Potter, Potter Building, New York, N. Y.

Touring—Quincy Kilby, 92 State St., Room 35, Boston, Mass.

Legislation—William M. Thomas, Attorney-General's office, Albany, N. Y.

Geo. L. Cooke, President.

Polygamy is all wrong. And yet, after all, are there not greater evils. We would be as well pleased if our good people would lay as much stress on the importance of men's treatment of the single wife as they do on the propriety of no man's having more than one wife. For our part we would think more of a man who was a good husband to a score of wives than of the man who, having but one helpmeet, has, by his diabolical brutalities, made her rue the day that matrimony placed its cruel fetters on her. There are a thousand cases of this sort to every case of polygamy; yet there is a fiercer and more unrelenting public censorship against the latter than the former. Unhappy marriages are sinful by self-confession, but they are so common that no one has the hardihood to denounce them.

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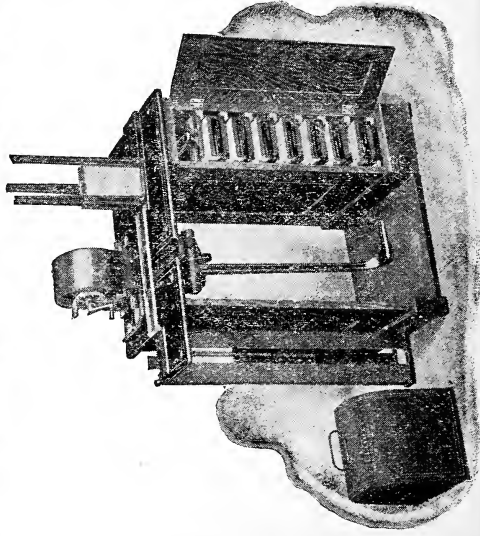
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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 3. No. 2.

APRIL, 1905,

5 Cents.

Perched upon a maple bough,
Sang a wren, "'Tis April now!"
And the while he tuned his trills,
Leaped the rills,
Flushed the hills,
And a hint of coming glory gleamed upon the mountain's
brow.

On an elm-tree branch asway,
Carolled forth a joyous jay;
Clear from his exuberant throat
Note on note
Seemed to float,
"Joy in sun and joy in shower, April ushers in the May!"
Clinton Scollard.

SCRAPS THAT FALL LIKE APRIL SHOWERS.

We've a word to speak with you, Spring; though
it may not be a new Thing. Tell us, do you have the
nerve to suppose that you deserve all the songs and
sonnets, too, that of you the poets do, Sing?

Where singleness is bliss it is folly to be wives.

It's a wise stock that knows its own par.

It is better to be able to appreciate the things we

cannot have than to have things we are unable to appreciate.

Never contradict a lady in business matters. Give her time enough and she will contradict herself.

A man said to his friend, "Tell me what is the most dreadful thing that ever happened." His friend answered, "A man loved a woman who loved him; but afterwards she ceased to love him." Then the man said, "I have known of many, many things to happen to people more dreadful than that." Said his friend, "But this happened to me."

The small boy now dreams of marble hauls.

"You say you got rid of that counterfeit quarter I gave you, Sam?"

"I certainly did, boss."

"But don't you know it was wrong to pass it?"

"I didn't 'zactly pass it, boss; you see, I was passin' 'round de plate in church las' Sunday, an' I jist exchanged it!"

It seems to us that there is an excellent opening, about this time, for an institution of learning which will also undertake to protect its inmates from the brutal tyranny of hazing in all its forms. For such a college we can safely predict an opulent and honorable future. If they would only make hazing funny it might take the curse off. Witless brutality is far from funny.

In the garden of a great man six persons were sitting, a scientific man, a merchant, a poet, a young man—very much in love—a lawyer and a lady. The wind was blowing rather hard and six apples fell down. Each took one. The scientific man took his apple and discovered a new law of nature. The merchant sold his. The poet ate his. The young man who was very much in love gave his to his sweetheart. The lawyer went to law against the owner of the tree on account of being hit by the fallen apple. But the lady took her apple to the owner of the tree, gained his affections, and as he was rich she had lots of money all the rest of her life.—Fables of Eugene Heltai.

A ROMANCE.

A buttonhole with mournful voice
Bewailed his empty life;

A button just across the way
He wanted for a wife.

He loved her pretty nodding head,
Her never ending charm,
And when by happy chance they met
He held her in his arms.

But life hung only by a thread,
She went despite his pains.
'Twas months ago—the buttonhole
A widower remains.

Lippincott's.

A very prominent citizen of Massachusetts is accused openly and publicly with buying and selling members of the Legislature. He makes no reply. The Legislators make no reply. Men on the street know it to be true. Silence is confession. We blush

for Massachusetts. We blush for the Republican party. Have we no jails?

Some day a great reformer, in whose aspirations sense is duly blended with enthusiasm, will make and win a great fight for adequate pockets in women's street clothes. Why woman does not have more and better pockets in her clothes is one of the mysteries of civilization.

"Did Dr. Davis, the dentist, hurt you much?"

"No; his charges were very reasonable."

They were talking things over at the club. They had been all over the hen and the egg question, when a member switched off with the remark: "If there were no readers, there would certainly be no writers. Therefore the existence of writers depends upon the existence of readers; and, of course, as the cause must be antecedent to the effect, readers existed before writers. Yet, on the other hand, if there were no writers there could be no readers, so it should appear that writers must be antecedent to readers."

Another member of the club asserted that this reasoning was much on a par with the discovery of Lucretius that eyes were not made to see with, but by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms sight followed as an unforeseen circumstance.

"He argued that if eyes were made to see with, then seeing must have existed before eyes, and if seeing existed before eyes, what could be the use of eyes? If seeing did not exist before eyes, how could

eyes be made for that which is not—that is, for nothing? Therefore eyes were not made to see with.” These are among the things that no fellow can find out.

GOIN' DOWN.

Says Hiram Hicks to Rastus Green down 'in Bill Jones's store,

Where they hev sot day after day fur twenty year or more:
“It ain't no use to talk uv keers a'comin' threw this taown,
This place ain't never comin' up, it's allus goin' daown.
It ain't no use to talk about a-buildin' big hotels,
Er senternariums an' sech fur bringin' in the swells;
They hain't no one 'ith enterprise in this durn sleepy
taown;

This place instid uv comin' up is jest a-goin' daown.”

Says Rastus Green to Hiram Hicks, “I swan, Hi, yew are right;

I never seen a taown like this sence I hev hed my sight.
Hain't nothin' doin' anywhere, jest git up ev'ry day,
An' eat an' go to bed ag'in in jest the same ol' way.
I talked on takin' boarders once, an' some one says, 'yew!
yew!—

Yew couldn't board a ferryboat, much less a city crew!
An' so I kinder gin it up; no, Hi, this here durn taown,
Jest ez yew say, ain't comin' up, it's jest a-goin' daown.”

Says ol' Bill Jones, the grocer'man, who allus spoke right out

In meetin', an' without regard fur any one about:
“Yew fellers air a durn good pair to talk about this taown
Not hevin' any enterprise, an' allus goin' daown;
Why durn my skin, yew've squatted here fur more than
twenty years

A-waitin' fur the train to come an' move yew frum yewr
cheers.

Yew've sot right here with idle han's, an' let yewr ol'
tongues wag;

Yew can't build up a taown, by gum, while holdin' daown
a kag!”

Joe Cone.

One does not have to become an old woman in order to be a new man.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the drug store. "Have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand!" exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

Medicine, like law, is only applicable to transgressors. Those who live correct lives require neither law nor medicine.—Medical Talk.

"Money talks."

"Does it? The only thing I ever heard it say was 'Good-bye!'"

"Yes," said the lady of the house, "your references are satisfactory, and I think you will suit me. By the way, your name strikes me as a little romantic for a housemaid. You don't insist on being called Daphne, I hope? I have a good many young men boarders, and that sort of thing would be likely to create frivolity. You don't mind if we call you by your surname?"

"Not at all, ma'am," said the neat little applicant.

"Very well. What is it?"

"Darling, ma'am."

It was decided to call her "Mary."

A sad commentary on the effect of the war in the

Far East appears in the statement that skeletons are now selling in Russia for \$1.15, whereas before the war began they cost at least \$7. It is believed that there are also a great many of them in the Russian closet which have never yet been brought to light. The maker of the skeletons gets no return on the sale. This is hard on Japan.

A SONG OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to
dust;

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better
trust.

Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet
bar;

A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops in-
crease;

They come! they come! how fair their feet—they come that
publish peace;

Yea, Victory, fair Victory! our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light and all the earth
with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile;

And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the
nest.

John Ruskin.

How often it is that fine philosophy goes unheeded by those who are closest to the philosopher. Count Tolstoi has bitterly denounced the war between Russia and Japan, and wars in general, but his son Andre has already served at the front and been wounded and

is now about to go back again to fight for the czar, after making a visit to his father at Yasnaya Poliana. One would think that a man might at least expect to convert his own family to his way of thinking; but Socrates could never convince his wife Xantippe that he was anything but a lazy loafer. Lord Chesterfield's famous letters to his son—full of learning and sound advice as they were—seem to have had no more effect than water on a duck's back. Yet truth is never hurt by not being recognized at home. The Danes make the finest butter in the world, but they ship it all abroad and eat oleo themselves.

Just a little bit of advice about reading. Read for a purpose.

If you have the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocketbook is empty, read the thirty-seventh.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the 126th Psalm.

If you find the world growing small and yourself great, read the nineteenth Psalm.

If you cannot have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

For any or all of the above read the Scrap Book.

Ruskin, although wise and far-sighted in many respects, failed to appreciate Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. In writing to Charles Eliot Norton during the civil war he said: "As for your precious proclamation . . . if I had it here—there's a fine north wind blowing, and I would give it to the first boy I met to fly at his kite's tail." Ruskin was a very positive man and even his scolding was of this character.

That drinking much water lessens weight instead of increasing it—causing one to grow thin instead of fat—is the surprising result of recent experiments of M. Maurel.

Chicago gave us the "Midway;" St. Louis gave us the "Pike;" and Portland, Oregon, will show us the "Trail." All the same breed. The wiggle-dance grows in all.

Truly men's deeds live after them. Thomas Adams, the inventor of modern chewing-gum, has just died; but the idyllic custom of chewing will go on still, as he sold out his business to a corporation, a thing which has no soul and never dies. The shop-girls will still do as they chews.

How afraid many mincing people are to use plain Anglo-Saxon words; such words they consider vulgar. A minister of a fashionable church a few Sundays ago had occasion to refer to the Lord's denunciation to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and he euphemized "sweat" to "perspira-

tion." High-toned people never "sweat;" they always "perspire." So, no aristocratic human being is supposed to possess "legs," but only "limbs." Likewise has the good old word "belly" gone out of fashion, and all kinds of prudish circumlocutions are employed to avoid it. People say they have the "stomach-ache," when it is plain belly-ache and has nothing to do with the stomach. We should not be afraid to call things by their right names, and it is no proof of real modesty to seek out sugar-coated expressions; in fact this rather calls attention to what would otherwise never be offensive to a healthy mind.

We are all original. Profound physiologists assure us that never an individual man, woman and child on this planet but has an absolutely original nose, an absolutely original mouth, an absolutely original pair of ears—not to mention other features. Indeed, the more sagacious of us have privately discovered, of our own unassisted reason, that this is the sole way in which we contrive to recognize one another on the street and to call one another Thomas, Sarah, Willie or Carrie, as the exigency of the occasion may demand. An immensely ingenious contrivance, this, on the part of "Dame Nature," to save us from the perplexities incurred by that other dame who "had so many children she did not know what to do!" One has only to reflect what a botch he himself would make of the job, if furnished, say, with only 500 lumps of clay and told to model 500 faces that would be distinguishable from one another in eyes, noses and ears half a square off—yes, only to reflect on this, to be

lost in wonder over the inconceivable prolixity of ingenuity displayed by the tricky fingers of Nature in doing the like for the mugs of over a billion Tartars, Hindoos, Arabs, Europeans, Yankees and Patagonians.

The early bird sometimes catches the shot.

THE TRAMP ROYAL.

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world,
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our health to watch it all—
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world—
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretending they are good?

In cash or credit—no, it ain't no good;
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,
Unless you lived your life but one day long,
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,
But drew your tucker some 'ow from the world,
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

* * *

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
Pay couldn't hold me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
'Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps the world.

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,

But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another—likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Rudyard Kipling.

KINGS AND QUEENS UNTHRONED.

There are more kinds and queens in exile now than at any other period in the world's history. Don Carlos, who lives in Venice many months of the year, is an exiled Spanish monarch, and has on several occasions taken up arms against the Government. France has two sets of pretenders—the Imperial and the Royal. Prince Victor Bonaparte is the next in succession after Napoleon III. He lives in Brussels, and has a brother in the Russian Army. Ex-Empress Eugenie is the self-exiled wife of Napoleon III. Now a recluse in the South of England, she was once the most beautiful and most talked of woman in Europe. Another beautiful exile is ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, wife of ex-King Milan, and mother of the recently murdered King Alexander. She was divorced from her husband, and now resides in Paris. Among the many pretenders is the Duc d'Orleans, grandson of Louis-Philippe, last king of the French. He married an Austrian princess, has immense wealth, and spends his days in England and Austria. Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, who lives in Washington, and the Queen of Madagascar, who resides in Paris, may be counted among Royal exiles.

Emperor William of Germany has made it known that as he is the eldest child of the eldest child of Queen Victoria he is, in the natural sense, heir to the

throne of Great Britain. He bases his claim on the fact that a woman may succeed to the British throne, as the Salic law is not in force in England, otherwise Victoria would never have succeeded her uncle, William IV. Therefore, by virtue of the Queen's accession, the Kaiser's mother, who was the Princess Royal of England, became heir to her mother, Queen Victoria.

It is a pretty story. And there is a moral to it: that if Queen Victoria had not become the mother of sons, and consequently there had been no Prince of Wales to succeed her on January 22, 1902, the Kaiser would probably have become King of England and Emperor of India. But this is a hypothesis hardly worth recounting, as the chances are that a new Succession Act would have been passed by Parliament. Or, what is still more probable, the old Succession Act of William III. would have been revived—an Act which stipulates that the crown of England shall remain in perpetuity in possession of the descendants of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who was the granddaughter of James I. In this case the British crown would, assuming the death of Victoria without male issue, have passed to the present living descendant of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

One day a Wolf who had decided to try rare-done goose for a change met the Fox and said:

"I am much in need of your assistance, and if you

will render it we will whack up even on the results. Over yonder by the pond is a stately old gander. If you will only sneak around on the other side of him he will come this way, and I will grab him."

The Fox readily agreed to the scheme, being hungry for goose himself, and in a few minutes the gander came within reach of the Wolf and was seized and killed. The Wolf had just begun his repast when the Fox came up on the run and cried out:

"Hold on there—it was to be a fair divide!"

"My friend, have you got a pain?" asked the Wolf, as he continued his feast.

"But we were to eat the goose together."

"I did not hear of any such arrangement."

"You certainly said we would whack up on results," persisted the Fox.

"Yes, I believe something like that was said," replied the Wolf, as he cracked the last bone between his teeth, "and I will be as good as my word. You had the fun of stalking the goose, and I had the fun of eating him, and the thing is certainly even up. Now run along and leave me to take an afternoon nap."

Moral: There is honor among thieves only when they are evenly matched.—Uncle Eli.

"May the saints preserve ye," said an old woman who had been given a quarter by Representative Cooper of Wisconsin, "an' may every hair o' your head be a candle to light your way to glory!"

"Well, it won't be such a dod-gasted torchlight procession as that," Mr. Cooper answered as a gust of wind took off his hat, showing a shining crown.

Herr Kruegel's daughter, Gretchen, had been serving as domestic about two weeks in the household of Judge Vaughan, when father and employer met on the village street.

"Vell, goodge," said Kruegel, "how you like dot Gretchen by this dime alreatty?"

"Like her?" returned the judge in his blunt way, "why, she's just great! We never had anyone in the house in her line that entered into work with so much spirit; she's full of snap all the time."

Kruegel turned ponderingly away, and, meeting his frau at his home portal, he sorrowfully said: "Teresa, someding must goed wrong mit dot Gretchen; I yoost dit meeted Yoodge Vorgan, und he saidt dot she vas vull of schnapps all de dime."

Out west a social feature of the winter's entertainment in many small towns has been what is called an "onion sociable." We never could see anything attractive in an affair of this kind until today we happened to read an explanation of the social. It seems that one young woman in the party eats a small onion and it is up to the young men to locate that girl. If there isn't a game full of pleasurable possibilities no matter, and it is small wonder "onion sociables" are having a great run in the up-to-date west.

There was an old man in Bombay,
Who lived for a fortnight on hay.

At the end of which spell,
(So, at least, I've heard tell),
He rejected that food with a neigh.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Handed Out Upon Request.

Freshman—When was this term first applied to the lower class man at college?—The earliest mention of the term in this sense is made in 1596 in Nashe's "Saffron Walden"; "He was but yet a freshman in Cambridge."

Define a Symphony; a Sonata; a Concerto; a Cantata?—A symphony may be called an elaborate composition in three or more movements, essentially similar in construction to a sonata but written for an orchestra. A sonata is an instrumental work especially for the pianoforte. It is made up of three or four movements in contrasted rhythms but related keys. A sonata for an orchestra is a symphony. A concerto is a composition for two or more solo instruments, generally a composition for one principal instrument with accompaniment for a large or small orchestra and intended to display the ability of a solo performer. A cantata is a musical recitation of a short drama or story in verse, to be sung but not acted. We got all this out of the dictionary.

Three R's—Who first used the phrase, "The three R's of education?"—It is attributed to Sir William Curtis, an alderman, of London, who was a very illiterate man, but fully alive to the necessity of instruction. He was once called upon at a public dinner to propose a toast. He gave: "The three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic!"

What is a mourning-ring?—It is an ancient English custom to give a memorial of some kind to each pall-bearer at a funeral. This took the form of a “mourning-ring” in many cases.

Why do they call the closing exercises at college Commencement?—There are several theories: Though it is the end of school life it is the commencement of a man's independent career. The life of school ends, but the school of life commences. Another and more plausible theory dates the term back to the early days of the country when the student used to graduate and go home. At the commencement of the after-vacation term, the graduates would all come back and would then be presented with the diplomas. Thus the award of diplomas took place when the college year commenced.

Dummy Clocks.—I have always understood that the time indicated on the dummy clocks used by jewelers and clock makers was the hour at which President Lincoln died. In Mrs. Chestnut's “Diary from Dixie” appears a copy of Secretary Stanton's letter of April 12th, 1865, to Mayor General Sherman announcing the death of President Lincoln at 22 minutes past ten o'clock. I am sure there is a proper belief that the hour indicated on the dummy clock (about 8.20) is correct. Can you throw any light on this question?—We have an old directory of date 1858 and we find on the advertising pages a dummy watch with the hands in the usual position. This would seem to disprove the “Lincoln” theory. We investi-

gated this same subject many years ago and found that the custom dates back to 1819, when a leading watchmaker made a wooden watch for a sign and placed the hands at eighteen and a half minutes past eight after finding that it was the only time when the two hands of the clock formed a perfect angle with the perpendicular. In this position the minute and the hour hands on opposite sides of the dial are exactly eighteen and a half minute degrees from the top of the dial, or figure twelve. The exception to this rule is that the same condition exists at forty-one and a half minutes past three.

Highest Mountain—What is the highest mountain in the world?—Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, 29,002 feet.

Men Behind the Guns—Who first used the phrase, "The men behind the guns?"—It has been said that Napoleon upon hearing of the victory of Jackson at New Orleans, sent to America for samples of the guns that had wrought such havoc among General Pakenham's forces. When his messenger returned, stating that the weapon used by the Americans was the ordinary flintlock hunting rifle of the American frontiersman, Napoleon said: "I see how it is. It was not the guns, but the men behind the guns. Had I such soldiers as these I could conquer the world." In 1898 Admiral Dewey gave the phrase currency by saying that the victory in Manila bay was due to the men behind the guns.

Longest Rivers—Which are the longest rivers in

the world?—In the world is the Nile, 4,000 miles; in Europe the Volga, 2,114 miles; in Asia the Yangtse-Kiang, 3,160 miles; in America the Mississippi-Missouri, 3,656 miles; in Australia the Murray, 2,350 miles. The shortest important river in the world is the Thames, 215 miles.

Cats and Dogs—Why do we say it rains cats and dogs?—In Northern mythology the cat is supposed to have great influence on the weather, and English sailors still say, "The cat has a gale of wind in her tale," when she is unusually frisky. Witches that rode upon the storms were said to assume the form of cats; and the stormy north-west wind is called the cat's-nose in the Harz even at the present day.

The dog is a signal of wind, like the wolf, both which animals were attendants of Odin, the storm-god. In old German pictures the wind is figured as the "head of a dog or wolf," from which blasts issue.

The cat therefore symbolizes the downpouring rain, and the dog the strong gusts of wind which accompany a rainstorm; and a "rain of cats and dogs" is a heavy rain with wind.

Lincoln's Creed—Did not Lincoln have a creed of his own, and quite unlike that of the church?—We give the creed in Lincoln's own words. "I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterizes their articles

of belief and confessions of faith." This answer seems perfectly plain and simple, and a correct statement of what we know of the great President's religious views, which he shared in common with a large number of his fellow-citizens.

Jubilee year—We note that people speak of the fiftieth year as the Jubilee year, as in the case of Queen Victoria's reign of fifty years. Is not the forty-ninth year the true year of Jubilee?—Yes, the Sabbatical year was every seventh year, among the Jews. In this year the people were enjoined by the law to let the ground lie fallow and have rest. Every seventh Sabbatical year, or every forty-ninth year was called the Jubilee year, when was joy and rejoicing; all debts were forgiven, and slaves set at liberty, and it was usual to return to the original families all estates and property that had been sold or mortgaged.

Straight Street—What and where is "Straight Street" mentioned in Acts ix, 2?—The Straight Street in an ancient thoroughfare in Damascus, Syria, extending east and west for about a mile. It is extremely tortuous at the present day; but it is said to have been originally a broad, straight avenue. According to Acts ix, 2, the house of Judas, where Paul was visited by Ananias, was situated in this street.

"The street called Straight is straighter than a corkscrew, but not as straight as a rainbow. St. Paul is careful not to commit himself; he does not say it is the street which is straight, but the 'street which is

called straight.' It is a fine piece of irony; it is the only facetious remark in the Bible, I believe."—Mark Twain, in "Innocents Abroad."

Note. Blue things to eat—"In a recent issue you made the statement that we eat nothing that is blue. And pray did you never eat blueberries?" C. E. B. There are some people who start out to exhaust a subject and they find the job too hard for them. And after all the pie we have eaten, too!

Note, Exceptions—H. S. Davis writes: "Referring to your answer to the query concerning the phrase 'Exceptions prove the rule,' without pretending to superior wisdom in a matter on which there may be room for two opinions, I nevertheless am inclined to think your reply in this case is quite wide of the mark. I admit that the expression that 'an exception proves the rule' is often much abused and misused,—but here is the logic of what is meant in its primary application.

"First is 'the rule' that there is no rule without its exception. Now let us grant the truth of this as stated, that there is absolutely no rule or law within the domain of human knowledge that does not have at least one exception. Then if this is thus universally true, the above underscored rule is itself an exception to itself, for it itself is without an exception, and therefore proves itself to be true by being its own exception. And this is, therefore, the exception which proves the rule, without recourse to any an-

cient meaning for the word prove in the sense of test, etc.

"Secondly, suppose no one is ready to admit that there is absolutely no rule or law which does not have at least one exception, as was presumed above for first consideration. In this case each one of these rules to which there is no exception, is an exception itself to the universality of the primary statement that there is no rule without its exception and thereby prove the correctness of that statement which can be absolutely true only by the proof of its falsity, in at least one exceptional case.

"All this is perfectly, logically correct in reasoning and accounts for the origin of the statement that the exception proves the rule. But, as you will notice, if pushed too far resolves itself into the problem which killed the celebrated Greek poet and critic. 'If a man says he is telling a lie, does he speak truly or falsely?' I should have made clearer what I meant by 'misuse and abuse' of this expression: namely, when 'any old' rule is selected for discussion, and somebody states an objection to the truthfulness of that rule by specifying some exception, that exception does not in any sense whatever prove the aforesaid 'any old rule.'

"But the correct expression is that 'the exception proves the rule' and refers to the large letter the rule that there is no rule without its exception."

Problem from I. B. F. Here is a problem for your "Scrap Book."—A small dealer pays for 30 apples at the rate of 3 for 1 cent, or 10 cents for the lot; for 30

more apples he pays at the rate of 2 for 1 cent, or 15 cents for the lot. He therefore pays 25 cents for 60 apples. There being but little demand for apples, they remain on his hands several days, and, there being danger of their decay, he concludes to sell them at cost, or at the rate of 5 for 2 cents; but after he has disposed of them at that price the proceeds amount to but 24 cents. What became of the other cent?

The Brave—Kindly tell me the author of the following lines, and where I may find them:

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest?”

—The author was William Collins, the brilliant lyric poet. We give the ode in which the lines occur:

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,
By all their Country’s wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow’d mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung.
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

The people people work with best are often very queer;
The people people own by birth quite shock your first idea;
The people people choose for friends your commonsense
appal;
But the people people marry are the queerest folk of all.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman,

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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First Vice-President, Dr. LOUIS C. LEROY, 6 Lexington Ave., New York City.

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TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

I desire to thank sincerely all those who have consented to accept appointments from me on the Standing Committees. Amongst the number will be found several who have in the past held high offices in our organization. Some who were once honored in this respect may have quit us; but the majority of them, it is pleasant to know, stick to the League.

Who said that the League wasn't needed nowadays? That wheelmen's rights were established so thoroughly that there wouldn't be any more discrimination against them? Ask Secretary Bassett about that. Let Chief Consul Perkins of the Massachusetts Division tell you what he knows concerning the proposed "all-muscular-propelled-vehicles-to-carry-two-lights-at-night" act recently introduced and strangled in the Massachusetts Legislature. Let Chairman Bowen, of the Rights and Privileges Committee, discourse about the act just killed in the Rhode Island Legislature, that came to a vote on the floor of the House, and that aimed to make bicycles, and bicycles only, carry lights at night. League officials put in some excellent work in both instances.

Jubilee year seems to awaken fond memories in many of the one-time members, and this to some purpose. I hear quite often of such ones coming back to the fold. Personally I have influenced a few, and expect to influence others before League Day, in this direction. Any member of long standing can, and ought to, do the same. After all, the former associations persist in lingering and but little urgency is needed to recall the strayed.

Wednesday, March 29, 1905, what a day! Sunshiny, balmy, enchanting. A day in June transplanted into March. A bit too warm, if anything; at least in certain localities. Out came my wheel from winter quarters, and I took a little spin towards evening, my first of the season. More than ever life seemed worth living. I fervently hope and trust that Jubilee Day will be just such another day from start to finish.

Geo. L. Cooke, President.

STANDING COMMITTEES APPOINTED.

Rights and Privileges.—William M. P. Bowen, chairman, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Isaac Elwell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Highway Improvement.—Hibberd B. Worrell, chairman, 555 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; Clarence W. Small, Portland, Me.; Charles M. Fairchild, Chicago, Ill.

Local Organization.—Isaac B. Potter, chairman, Potter Building, New York, N. Y.; Robert T. Kingsbury, Keene, N. H.; James M. Pickens, Washington, D. C.

Touring.—Quincy Kilby, chairman, 92 State St., Room 35, Boston, Mass.; George M. Schell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.

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Everything comes to him who waits, except the waiter. Spring has come to the waiting wheelmen. In the old days we used to open the season on Fast Day, the first Thursday of April.

Rhode Island wheelmen said things to the Legislators and they killed the bicycle lantern bill which was reported to the House by the Judiciary Committee. It was indefinitely postponed by a large majority.

Our Mission—To tell young men of the good times we had when we were younger and persuade them to reach out for just such pleasurable times for themselves.

The program for Jubilee Day, May 30, is about complete. In the forenoon there will be the old-timer's run to the Reservoir at Chestnut Hill, Boston. We expect everyone to put in an appearance on that day and ride the wheel. At six o'clock we shall have a banquet and an entertainment at Hendries'. This is a little way out of the city but it pays to make the trip—twenty minutes from Dudley Street Station. The whole building—parlors, dance hall, billiard room, dining hall—will be ours. We want people from all about to come. We expect delegations from New York, Philadelphia and Providence. Make a record of the day and be with us.

HIS HUMBLE WISHES.

A vine-clad cabin where I see
That Spring's a rosy winner;
Some one to split the rails for me,
And also cook the dinner.

And willing hands,
Of toughest toil,
To till for me
The answering soil.

The birds to play my music—free—
Some friend, of temper sunny,
To manage all the mules for me,
And rob the hives of honey.

To pay the fiddler—
Night or day,
While I'm just dancing
Life away!

O, thus serenely let me live
In sweet simplicity,
And if there's any more to give,
Just put it down for me!

I only ask,
In Life's bright beams,
The world to fan me
In my dreams!

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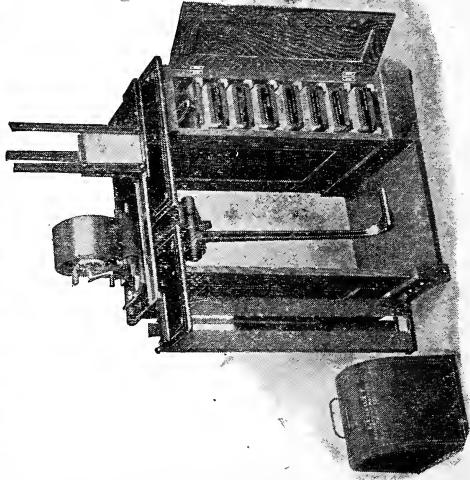
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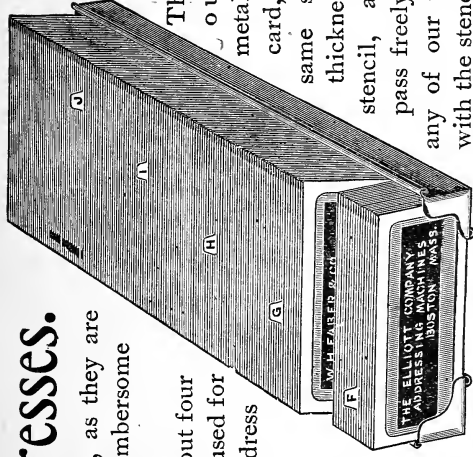
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Vol. 3. No. 3.

MAY, 1905,

5 Cents.

MISTER BLUEBIRD.

Here comes Mr. Bluebird,
Sunshine on his breas';
His song is mighty little,
But he always sing his bes'!
He up dar on de wire
A-chirpin' 'bout de May,
"Thankful fer de sunshine,"
Is de very word he say!
Whar' he been, I wonder,
W'en snow wuz comin' down?
Howdy, Mister Bluebird!—
Glad you come to town!

Atlanta Constitution.

MAY FLOWER SCRAPS.

"Worth makes the man." Worth how much?

A good suit for damages is the one worn by the small boy every day.

A man should always wait for a lady to sit down before seating himself—unless there is only one chair in the room.

Comes Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake with the theory that Eve munched a quince, not an apple. We'll

be hearing that Joseph stopped that famine with shredded wheat next.

There are two other classes of things about which it is also foolish to worry—the things of the past and the things of the future. The former are beyond mending, and therefore, like spilt milk, not to be changed by lamentation; and as to the latter, they may never happen, and so your worriment will be all for nothing.

Dr. Andrew D. White says that as a result of observation and reflection there are three things he would wish for America: Great Britain's administration of criminal justice, Germany's theatre, and each European government's rule of its cities, except Russia's, Turkey's and Spain's. In the government of great cities America is behind Europe a very long way.

A Chinese princess, who was very beautiful, was once assisting at the feast of lanterns, with her face covered with a mask, as was the custom. She was compelled by the heat to remove it, and, in order to shield her face from the gaze of the crowd, she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face. The idea was soon adopted throughout the kingdom, and the result is the modern fan.

Dr. Dawson, of Michigan, advocates opposition to all military hats, brass buttons and military emblems on women and children's clothing, in the interest of the advocates of peace and arbitration

movement. "Let all clothing be such as will indicate peace," says the good doctor.

A genius is a man who can't take a trick with a handful of trumps!

WHEN I'M A MAN LIKE YOU.

Together we sat in the dim twilight, he was perched upon my knee,

"Uncle Jack, the stories you've told tonight are the ones I like best," said he.

"I'm glad that I'll be a man some day, for I'll be a hero, too,

And the sickness and pain will all go away, when I am a man like you."

I gazed at the dear little form so frail, and the innocent face so wan and pale,

And I kissed the curls of his golden head, as the poor little chap in a weak voice said:

"When I'm a man, when I'm a man, I'll sail upon the sea,
Or else I'll go to fight the foe, a soldier then I'll be."

I turned aside, the tears to hide from those plaintive eyes of blue,

As he said in a voice of joy and pride, "When I am a man like you."

His dear little head on my shouldder lay, "Uncle Jack, I'm tired," he said,

So I caught him up in my arms straightway and I carried him off to bed.

How sweet he looked but how small and thin, when clothed in his gown so white,

I drew back the covers and tucked him in, and murmured a soft "good night."

He opened his tired little eyes of blue, "Good night, Uncle Jack, I'm fond of you,

And some day, when I am a man," he said, "perhaps I will carry you up to bed."

Author Unknown.

Men who aspire to high positions in life must remember that they carry with them, certain responsibilities which call for a backbone. The acting Governor of Kentucky found this out when he was criticised for pardoning a murderer. "If the people want a stone man without a heart in this position," he says in reply, "why not have a monument maker furnish one and stand it up in the executive office, where the broken-hearted mothers, fathers and sisters come and plead in vain. That I have a heart easily touched I confess. God made me so, and I do not regret it."

The trouble about most social reformers is that they will go looking for vice with a brass band.

It was the late Joseph Jefferson who said to his son, when the young man questioned his judgment in refusing theatrical engagements that he might have had: "I have no time to waste in making money." But we are not all Jeffersons.

Sermons are made to be preached; stories to be listened to.

To speak of castles in Spain, was, at one time, common as a synonym for imaginary possessions, or fantastic dreams. The ancient proverbial phrase arose from the fact that there were no castles in that country, but only cabins and small houses at long distances from one another. The reason for this was to prevent the Moors, who made frequent sal-

lies into the country places, from seizing on strong castles, which would serve them as places of retreat.

Reviewing our early loves is like looking through an old album. Faces that once were lovely to us now seem old-fashioned and ridiculous.

Through fear of being laughed at, a man refrained from doing a certain thing which he believed it to be right and wise to do. Now, when it came to be known that he had so refrained through fear of being laughed at, he was laughed at.

In pronouncing sentence a Scotch judge once added:—

“Ye did not only kill and murder the man, and thereby take away his valuable life, but ye did push, thrust, or impel the lethal weapon through the band of his regimental trousers. which were the property of His Majesty.”

A DAILY THOUGHT. .

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark
And the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

Just whistle a bit if there's work to do,
With the mind or in the soil;
And your note will turn out talisman true
To exorcise grim Toil!

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Handsome is as handsome does—and the handsome girl usually does as she pleases.

Tips had their origin in the popular English coffee-houses of two centuries ago. At the doors were hung brass-bound boxes, and on each was engraved, "To Insure Promptness." Those who contributed were the subjects of special attention from the waiters. The initial letters of the phrase have ever since been used to denote a special fee to servants, as an inducement to do their work quickly and well. The tariff does not keep out such things from abroad.

Since 1891 we have had 77,617 cases of suicide in the United States. The number in 1891 was 3,531; in 1903 it was 8,597. These are what they call the days of prosperity but ill-luck in business is responsible for a majority of suicides.

If a man loves a girl more than tongue can tell, he should show her his pocketbook.

A sailor was cast on a desert island with \$1604 in gold coin, an' jest exactly \$27,000 in \$100 bills. He also had a gun an' quite a lot of powder, but he didn't have any shot, an' he was shy of waddin'. He cut th' coin up into slugs fer shot an' used th' bills fer wads. Then he shot a bird fer supper. It was a very nice, fat bird, an' tasted mighty good. "Beats all what money 'll do!" says he.

Dr. Bailey (looking at thermometer)—H-m! I don't like your temperature.

Sick Student—Then why did you take it?—Harvard Lampoon.

When a girl weighing 180 pounds answers to the name of "Birdie" the eternal fitness of things gets an awful jolt.—Chicago News.

Sparticus: "Does that fountain-pen of yours leak that way all the time?"

Smarticus: "No; only when I have ink in it."

The Boy with a Question.—"There, my son; that will do for this time," sternly interrupted the long-suffering parent. "I don't know who was the first man to invent wrestling, nor how many mickles make a muckle, nor how many is many, nor how few is few, nor how a sailor smokes his hornpipe, nor why Good Friday never comes on a Tuesday, nor why rabbits can't add, subtract, and divide as well as multiply, nor why an owl should hoot and not howl, nor the answer to any one of the many other foolish questions that your abnormally developed bump of inquisitiveness incites you to propound."

"Yes; but, father, I don't want to ask any silly questions. This is a most important one. Please, do you think when a stout man is self-contained he has more room inside of himself to contain himself in than a thin man has, or is himself so big that he is just as tightly crowded inside of himself as the thin man is, and how much of himself is it that is self-contained, and how much is on the outside doing the containing, and——"

The story ends here. It is a father's duty to answer questions, but it is easier to snub than to answer.

A certain learned professor in a German university has a learned twin brother, living in the same town, who resembles him so closely that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. A townsman meeting the professor on the boulevard stopped him, saying: "Pardon me, but is it to you or your brother that I have the honor of speaking?" "Sir," was the reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

Laugh and Forget War.—Why is it that the mind of the savage cannot grasp philosophy? It is because he can't laugh. Laughter is the first decisive step toward civilization. Barbarians have written tragedies, but no barbarian ever wrote a comedy. The first poem was a war-song. It was the poem of the savage. It made men furious, thirsting for blood. And then, how many centuries passed before a humorous poem was written! In old Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men forget war," said the king. He did not forbid "creed." That made men fight. The brotherly words of Christ had been forgotten, even in that olden time. But when men began to laugh, they forgot more of "creed" and remembered more of religion.—Opie Read.

She Scored a Point on Towser.—She was telling of the wonderful intellect of one of her pet dogs. "It is really incredible how wise some dogs are," she said. "Mine actually understands everything I say to him." "So does mine," said the visitor, complacently; "in fact, my husband and I have

learned French, so we can converse without our dog understanding us."

Harry: "As I passed through the gate she threw me a kiss. What do you think of that?"

Fred: "Well, there is this to be said in favor of thrown kisses—they may not be quite as satisfying as the other kind, but then, they involve no microbes."

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

All I desire is The Simple Life.

My wants are very few:

A pocket full of money and enough good clothes,

And very little work to do.

I have no use for care and toil;

I wish no struggle or strife.

Just give me lots of leisure and a good fat job.

I only want The Simple Life.

I do not desire unbounded wealth.

Enough is enough for me.

I'd like to be a deadhead on all railroad trains,

And go to all theatres free.

A suite of rooms in some hotel;

A rich and beautiful wife.

I'll leave to those who wish it all strenuous work.

I only want The Simple Life.

I take no heed of worldly things;

I leave care to the morrow;

I want an easy friend who owns a fast steam yacht,

And a motor car that I can borrow.

I would not be a soldier bold,

To follow the drum and fife.

A political pull is all the boon I ask.

I only want The Simple Life.

Quincy Kilby.

The ostrich grabbed the poor music man, and swallowed his silver trombone; "I'm sorry," said he, "but then, sir, you see, my stomach is needing a tone."

The Metric System.—A government statistician says two-thirds of a school year would be saved to American boys and girls by putting the metric system in place of the other 12 or 13 systems now used. Carry the enormous saving of time into the counting houses of the country and into all kinds of calculations from the farm to the factory, and a fairly good idea is obtained of what the metric system would save. And why is not the metric system in use? Clearly because of its cumbersome nomenclature. The common people will not easily take to the long French terms. Divide ounces, pounds, tons, etc., into tenths and the metric system will come; but don't hope to have Hectograms and Myriagrams.

Bread and Butter Degrees.—In these strenuous days young men get knowledge for utilitarian purposes. To be able to get bread and butter. According to President Eliot students are more and more abandoning culture studies and going in for bread-and-butter studies. The classics, literature, pure mathematics and the like give way to studies "leading to more utility in the actual activities of modern life." Not only is this the case with students who are poor and need* to win their bread as soon as possible, but the rich also drop the studies that

were formerly thought necessary for nice discipline of the faculties and culture. At the rate higher learning, once so called, is turning into mere "filthy lucre," the day cannot be a century off when the lovers of learning as a purely intellectual and moral attainment will have to choose the seclusion of their homes. The universities will have gone over bag and baggage to utilitarianism. We are all fighting for existence in these days that the politicians tell us are the days of our greatest prosperity.

FEAR AND DEATH.

The Spirit of the Plague entered the gate.
One, watching, asked, "How many wilt thou slay?"
"A thousand," spake the Spirit, "is my quest."

The Plague made end. The Spirit left the gate.
The watcher cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay."
"Nay, one," the Spirit said; "Fear killed the rest."

R. R. Bowker.

Do we think in words? What do you think? Of course, at first there seems but one answer—that we do; but when you come to think it over, how do we recall to mind a favorite picture or landscape? At the same time, everyone knows how difficult it is to put one's thoughts into words, in speaking or writing; yet the thoughts are there, and according to those who contend that we do think in words, there should be no difficulty whatever in doing so, for with the thought would come the words. We hear the expression: "Words fail to express, etc." It is a question to be thought over, in words, or otherwise.

To a man were given two seeds. One he planted in the sand; and for lack of nutriment and care it grew a withered life, and bore no bloom or any good thing. The other he planted in rich ground, and it flourished great, and bore beautiful flowers and good fruit. And the man said, "Blood will tell." He did not know that both came out of the same pod.

Some men never work harder than when they are doing useless things without pay.

There is a pretty tradition about the lily of France. Three black toads formed the curious device on the shield of King Clovis. But one night, as an aged hermit sat musing in his lonely cell, there appeared an angel before him bearing a shield of wondrous beauty. This shield the angel bade the hermit deliver to Queen Clothilde. Receiving the celestial shield, Clothilde gave it to the King, whose arms thenceforth were always victorious.

Singers should be above climatic influence; it is easy for them to change the air.

Next to stopping at home the most dangerous thing is to go out for a walk. About 34 per cent. of the accidents which befall people occur indoors, and 24 per cent. occur to those walking in the street. Horses and vehicles come next with 18 per cent.; recreation with 6 per cent., railway traveling 5 per cent., trams 3 per cent., the use of firearms 2 per cent., animal bites 2 per cent., assault 1 per cent., and steamship traveling scarcely 1 per cent. To be-

come a permanent passenger on an Atlantic liner is, perhaps, the safest thing.

A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner than when his wife talks Greek.

"I admire a liar," said Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, "even when his prevarications strain my credulity. A friend of mine, who objects to efforts to pry into his personal affairs, recently limped into my workshop.

"'What's the matter with your foot?' I asked, more to be polite than because I cared what was the trouble.

"Then he gained my everlasting admiration by a display of nerve and mendacity I never saw equaled. 'An eel stepped on it,' he said."

Some people never know that the devil has been feeding them stones until all their teeth are broken.

The Church of St. Savior was built to commemorate the departure of Napoleon's army from Moscow. It is one of the most remarkable churches in the world. Although the decree for its erection was made by Nicholas I., immediately after the retreat of the French army, active work on it was not begun until July 27, 1839, and it has been only recently completed. The style of architecture is the Greco-Byzantine, and nine hundred pounds of gold were required to gild the five cupolas. The building will accommodate ten thousand worshipers and cost over eleven million dollars.

Prophecies.—See if they come true. This is what the prophets who publish almanacs and make predictions are saying about May and June:—

An explosion of dynamite, or similar combustible, will happen in England or France about May 24th. In the United States, about the same date, an appalling disaster will happen.—Old Moore.

The first whisper of a very sad national bereavement will go through this country in June, to prepare us for loss later.—Old Moore.

In June the death of a military potentate on the Continent will create much change in the diplomatic world, and will work much in the direction of the world's peace.—Old Moore.

Here is an easy problem—A company engaged supper for a certain sum. But two of the party being absent, the others had to pay ten cents each, extra. What was the cost of the supper, the number expected and the number who came? Call it the "May" problem.

Can you pick out the ten biggest ports in the world? Statistics furnish not a few surprises. The Department of Commerce gives the rank of the ports as shown in the tonnage entered and cleared. Expressed in millions the record stands: Hong Kong, 19; London, 19; Antwerp, 18; New York, 17; Hamburg, 16; Liverpool, 14; Rotterdam, 13; Cardiff, 13; Shanghai, 12; Singapore, 12.

When a Hindoo gentleman falls desperately in love

with an English girl and tries to give expression to his passion in a language unfamiliar to him the result is quite likely to be unique. Here is a letter from a love-stricken Babu:

“It is with faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time past a secret passion has firing in my bosom internally with loving for your—daughter. My educational abilities have abandoned me, and here I now cling to those lovely long tresses of your much coveted daughter like a mariner shipwrecked on the rock of love. As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently rejected from the Rangoon College, and I am now masticating.”

A man won a smoking contest in Paris by keeping a cigar alight for two hours and twenty-nine minutes.

It is the time for the apple blossom and spring cleaning. How preposterous the ideas many benighted people entertain about what they call the everlasting hierarchy of the primal and fundamental duties of life. “Apple blossoms, forsooth” will start up with a wild cry some frantic housewife. “Why! is not this the especial week consecrated from the foundation of the earth to spring house-cleaning? The first duty ringing out its clarion peal in my ears, is it not that from now on till Saturday night I shall be up to my elbows in mops and buckets of soapsuds, scrubbing away, by proxy or in person, at fly specks, peering into cracks and crevices for vermin nests,

and waging Hannibalian Punic war against cobwebs, grease spots and kerosene soot smutches on the ceilings? Apple blossoms, indeed! If these idle, trifling flowers are so bent on being admired, why should they choose as their especial season for coming out in their pink and white muslins this momentous week of house cleaning, when every dead-in-earnest mortal is harried to desperation in wrestling with Satan and all his works? Perhaps, the apple trees had better be looking out after their own nests of canker worms." And, just in the same way, will the husbands of these women be talking about their own driving work at the desk, at the bench and in the office! But, alas, in this way will all remaining traces of spring poetry get shoved to the wall, and husband and wife grow evermore humdrum and unideal to one another.

The great task that is set for us is to put ourselves wholly into the moment—to be like Emerson, of whom John Burroughs said: "Where he was at all, he was altogether."—Rev. Thos. R. Slicer.

The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when and what and where to speak; the time, matter, and manner. The next to it is silence.

The eagle is a noble bird,
And wings its flight on high.
The pigeon is of lowlier mould,
But makes a better pie.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A Silly young Cricket, accustomed to sing,
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and
spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home,
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found,
On the snow-covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree;

"Oh! what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly Ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant

Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it tomorrow.

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend;
But tell me, dear Cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the Cricket, "Not I.

My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?"

"Go then," says the Ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little Cricket.
Folks call this a fable: I'll warrant it true;
Some crickets have four legs and some have but two.

"May a man marry his widow's sister?" If you
think so you are entitled to another think.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Handed Out Upon Request.

St. Peter's.—How old is St. Peter's church in Rome? By whom was it planned and built? How large is it?—The building was begun under Pope Nicholas V, after a plan by Rossellini, in 1450, but the work was neglected for nearly 50 years. Under Julius II a new plan was prepared by Bramonte and this was followed out in the main. Raphael had charge of the building for some time. Michaelangelo designed the dome and nearly completed its erection. The facade is by Carlo Maderno, the colonnade by Bernini. The church was consecrated by Urban VIII, November 18, 1628. It is the largest church in the form of a Latin cross 613 feet long and 450 feet across the transept, surmounted by a dome which rises $434 \frac{3}{4}$ feet above the pavement, with a diameter of $195 \frac{1}{2}$ feet. The facade is 368 feet long and 145 feet high.

Hot Shot.—Do they use hot shot in the navy in these days? How do they put hot shot into a gun without exploding the charge? Does not a cannon ball become hot upon being fired?—A ball, fired from a cannon, probably gets warmed from the heat of the exploding powder, and perhaps by friction in its rapid rush through the air. Red-hot shot are no longer used. They were employed, in the days of wooden vessels, to set fire to the enemy's vessels. This can not be done with steel ships. Hot shot were fired from old muzzle-loaders. The powder was rammed

home, then a damp, thick wad was put in, then the red-hot shot, and the charge fired instantly. Now shells are used to set fire, and are far superior.

Vowels.—We used to be taught in school that: “There are five vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w, and y.” Please tell us when w is a vowel and when y is a consonant.—Y as a vowel is a substitute for i, and i is a consonant as a substitute for y. W and y are vowels: (1) When they end words or syllables, (2) when they are not followed by a vowel in the same syllable, (3) when they are followed by a silent vowel in the same syllable. W and y are consonants when they begin words or syllables and are immediately followed by a vowel. I is a consonant when it represents the consonant y, as in alien. U is a consonant when it represents the consonant w, as in quick, language.

Apocrypha.—What is the so-called Apocrypha?—The word originally meant secret or concealed. In the earliest churches it was applied with very different significations to a variety of writings. Sometimes it was given to those whose authorship and original form were unknown; sometimes to writings containing a hidden meaning; sometimes to those whose public use was not thought advisable. In this last signification, it has been customary, since the time of Jerome, to apply the term to a number of writings which the Septuagint had circulated amongst the Christians, and which were sometimes considered as an appendage to the Old Testament, and sometimes as a portion of it. The Greek church, at the Council

of Laodicea (360 A. D.), excluded them from the canon; the Latin Church, on the other hand, always highly favored them; and finally the Council of Trent (1545-1563) placed them on an equality with the rest of the Old Testament. The Church of England uses them in part for edification, but not for the "establishment of doctrine." All other Protestant churches reject their use in public worship.

Rhode Island.—How came it that Rhode Island had two capitals?—Rhode Island originally had three separate settlements—Providence, founded in 1636; Portsmouth, in 1638, and Newport, in 1639. The necessity for mutual protection led to their union, with a fourth (Warwick), in 1647, and to the chartered compact in 1663. The towns, however, maintained their district organizations, and in the case of Providence and Newport were rivals for the honors of the capital, and, as neither would surrender to the other, the two towns were retained as capitals. Providence, however, is now the capital, and in it is the Capitol building, where the legislature meets usually in January of each year.

Nearest Star.—How far is it to the nearest fixed star? Is it true that when looking at a star we do not see it as it is now, but as it was many years ago?—(1) The nearest of the fixed stars is Alpha Centauri, with a distance of four and one-third light years from our globe. A light year is the astronomical unit for measuring these distances, and means the space that a ray of light, traveling at the rate of 186,-

ooo miles a second, would traverse in a year. It would take an express train, traveling uninterruptedly, more than eleven million years to make this journey. (2) Quite so. When looking up to Alpha Centauri today we do not see it as it is now, but as it was four and one-third years ago, for the rays of light which strike our eyes today had left it so long ago. The stars of the fourteenth magnitude are separated from us by a distance of about sixteen thousand light years. If we were to observe today some catastrophe on one of these stars, if on account of a universal conflagration, it were to appear to us brighter by a few degrees, we would not observe an occurrence of today or yesterday, but one that happened at a time of which history has not the faintest knowledge.

A Skeleton in Every Closet.—Please give the story on which this statement is based.—This expression is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once asked his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. The mother found a woman who seemed to have no trouble, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: “Madame, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, I can be happy?”

The Relation Problem.—You can't beat the Buffalo Commercial arithmetical puzzle, but you can add

to it. The following explains how it works and adds a number of dead grandparents to the original.

Let w = number of living brothers.

x = number of living sisters.

y = number of dead brothers and sisters.

z = number of dead grandparents, or what you will.

Double number of living brothers,	=	$2w$
Add 3,	=	$2w+3$
Multiply by 5,	=	$10w+15$
Add number of living sisters,	=	$10w+15+x$
Multiply by 10,	=	$100w+150+10x$
Add deaths of brothers and sisters,	=	$100w+150+10x+y$
Add 3,	=	$100w+153+10x+y$
Multiply by 10,	=	$1000w+1530+100x+10y$
Add number deaths of grandparents	=	$1000w+1530+100x+10y+z$

Subtract 1530 from total and right (hand?) figure denotes dead grandparents.

Next figure to left (tens) denotes dead brothers and sisters.

Next figure to left (hundreds) denotes living sisters.

Next figure to left (thousands) denotes living brothers.

Quarryman

The above can be better understood if we repeat the problem: Take the number of your living brothers; double this amount; add to it three; multiply the result by five; add to the number of living sisters; multiply the result by ten; add number of deaths of brothers and sisters; subtract 150 from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths; the middle figure will be the number of living sisters; the left hand figure will show number of living brothers.

Note. That Problem.—Referring to the problem propounded by "I. B. F." in April "Bassett's Scrap Book," might I suggest that possibly the trouble over

the loss of the cent is caused by rot. Let me give a Yankee answer: How can the dealer expect to sell at five for two cents 10 apples that cost 2 for a cent, and not lose a cent? That problem seems to me more difficult to solve than I. B. F.'s.

Further elucidation:

Dealer bought 60 apples for 25c., equaling, per apple,....	\$.004 $\frac{1}{6}$
Dealer sold 60 apples for 24c., equaling, per apple,.....	.004

Loss per apple,	\$.000 $\frac{1}{6}$
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Loss of $\frac{1}{6}$ of a mill per apple on 60 apples equals	1 cent.
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The dealer might understand it this way:

He dumps into one basket or box, and mixes up and sells as follows:

30 apples bought at 2 for 1 cent,.....15 cents

Same apples sold at 5 for 2 cents,....12 cents

Loss, 3 cents..... 3 cents.

30 apples bought at 3 for 1 cent,.....10 cents

Same apples sold at 5 for 2 cents,....12 cents

Profit, 2 cents... 2 cents.

Net loss, 1 cent.

Suppose he tries this: Instead of mixing them up let the dealer keep the apples in separate boxes as he bought them. Then sell them at 5 for 2 cents, but insist that the buyer take 3 out of the 3 for 1 cent box and 2 out of the 2 for 1 cent box. He will find that he will use up the cheap ones first and will then have 10 apples of the 2 for 1 cent kind left; 2 for a cent equals 4 for 2 cents. Why would not he lose a cent if he sells those ten 4 for 2 cent apples at 5 for 2 cents?

You might ask I. B. F. this: If a line of silver dollars of infinite length contains an infinite number

of dollars, would a line of infinite length composed of double eagles contain twenty times as much? If not, why not?

H. M. H.

Note. A word and a toast.—I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine and think it very instructive as well as entertaining. If I may be allowed I should like to say that after reading the paragraphs headed "most expressive lines," should like to add as a suggestion, that you add—and words—to the heading and under such I should like to say that I think the most expressive word in the English language governing the subject of right and wrong is the word "sincerity." It covers it all.

I should like to add a toast which I heard a short time ago and think very good, as follows:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the one with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

F. A. M.

Expressive Lines. I beg to offer the following as among the most expressive lines in the language:

"Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then life and death and motherhood be naught."

Kipling's Song of the Women.

It's an east wind that blows nobody any good.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT



Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.

THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

THE PRICE TO PAY.

DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

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SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

PRESIDENT COOKE.

TO AEOLUS, the Governor of the Winds, and likewise to the Clerk of the Weather:

Respectfully represents the League of American Wheelmen, an organization of goodly standing in the New World, that said organization is now completing the Twenty-fifth Year of its mundane existence and is most desirous of celebrating the fell termination of that period at the Hub of the Universe on the 30th day of the current month; that the celebration thereof, to be done in proper form, must be, in the daytime, under the broad canopy of the heavens, that is to say, in the open; and that, for such purpose, there is required a sunshiny sky, a balmy atmosphere and quietness of air:

It therefore prays you, the Governor aforesaid, to hold in leash and strictly confine all rude, boisterous and unreasonable winds and to permit only Zephyr and his gentle companions to stir abroad, on the day above specified, and you, the aforesaid Clerk, to dispose the elements in kindly manner, on said day, as well.

And as in duty bound it will ever pray.

By its President,

Geo. L. Cooke.

ESSTEE'S COLUMN.

Cycling anniversaries are now in order. The Old Essex Bicycle Club of Newark, N. J., held its twenty-seventh annual banquet last month. The club has a membership of 44. Twenty-five members sat at table.

The Rovers' Cycle Club of Charlestown held its 19th annual dinner on Tuesday, April 18th. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm.

The Newton (Mass.) Bicycle Club held its twenty-third annual dinner and ladies' night at Hendries on April 15th. There was a large turn out of members and their lady friends.

We are glad to note that the Bay State Automobile Association has offered a reward for the arrest and conviction

of the driver of the automobile who recently ran over a pedestrian and drove off without waiting to see what damage he had done. When men organize to promote a sport it is an important part of their duty to regulate the conduct of the hogs in their own sty.

So interested has Colonel Albert A. Pope become in motor car road racing that he has entered a machine for the Vanderbilt cup race, in addition to one entered by his son, Albert L. Pope, and it is expected now that he will go abroad to see what the Pope-Toledo cars do in the James Gordon Bennett cup race to be held in France on July 5.

Ever an enthusiast in sport, as evidenced by his support of the largest and best teams during the heyday of cycle racing, Colonel Pope is becoming just as prominent in the speeding of power-driving machines. Two Pope-Toledos have been entered in the International Cup race, and two of the same make for the Vanderbilt cup contest.

The mileage of good common roads in our country is increasing, and the bicycle initiated the reform. Perhaps we may never see another great bicycle craze, but the merit of wheeling as an outdoor exercise is genuine, and the tendency will be to recognize it fully as good roads multiply.—N. Y. Sun.

Boston expects a big delegation from other cities on League Day. Parties are being made up in various places. League members who desire to be with us should confer with the following who will have charge: New York, M. M. Belding, Jr., or Isaac B. Potter; Philadelphia, Marriott C. Morris, 21 No. 7th St.; Providence, President Geo. L. Cooke; Bridgeport, Conn., Fred B. King; Lynn, C. R. Welch.

L. A. W. SILVER JUBILEE.

The Day—May 30. The occasion—our twenty-fifth birthday. The program—as follows:—

9 a. m., or earlier—Runs start from various points for Chestnut Hill Reservoir.

10.30 a. m.—Assembly and Greetings at the Rendezvous—Chestnut Hill Reservoir.

11—Groupings for photographs.

12.30—Adjournment for lunch.

1.30—Runs to the Auto and Bicycle races.

6.30—Dinner at Hendries'. Limited to 300. Tickets, \$1. Apply for them to Abbot Bassett, 221 Columbus Ave. Get your order in early and send cash for dinner ticket. We must know how many to cook for.

Speeches by distinguished guests and a touch of vaudeville. Hurrah from start to finish!

Those who were at the reservoir last year will want to go again. All old-timers welcome. Ride anything. Ordinaries welcome.

League members will please wear L. A. W. and Club badges. The older the badge the better. See daily papers for later announcements.

FRIENDS.

Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New made friendships, like new wine,
Time will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test
Of time and change are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship true knows no decay.

For, 'mid friends, the tried and true,
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas! old friends may die,
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

Author Unknown.

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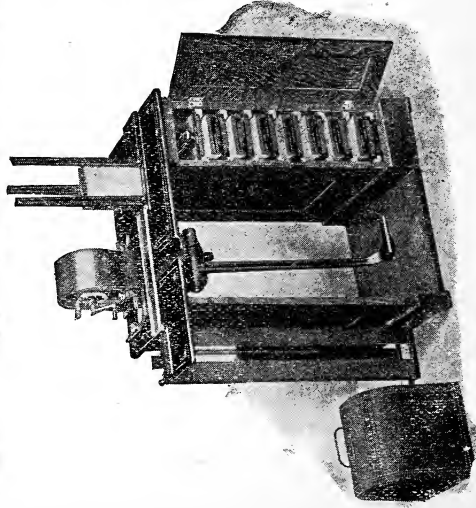
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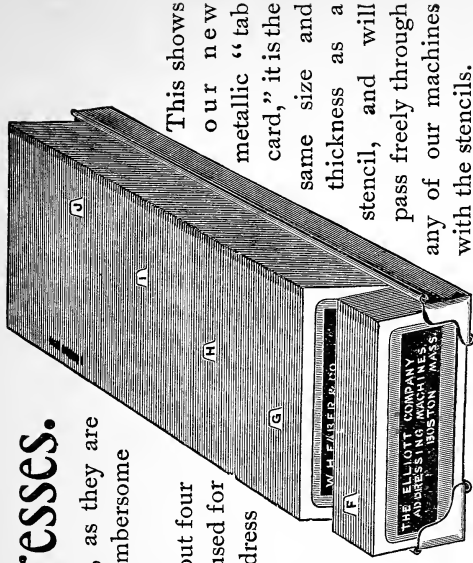
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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 3. No. 4.

JUNE, 1905,

5 Cents.

JUNE.

When the clover is deep in the orchard
And the grass waves fresh and free!
When the strawberry sweet in sunny retreat
Waits for the robin or me;
When the bobolink down in the meadow
Is singing his rollicking song;
When skies are blue and clouds are few
And the days are happy and long;
When the butterfly woos the white rose
And everything seems in tune;
Oh, then you may hear
The clock of the year
Striking the hour of June.

—Anon.

OH WHAT IS SO RARE AS THESE SCRAPS
FOR JUNE!

Silence often covers a lot of ignorance.

Wild oats are not sewn in straight furrows.

The defense of the devil usually hides some share
in his dividends.

A chorus girl recently married a millionaire be-
cause he had the dough and she needed it.

"These are hard times!" sighed the young collector of bills. "Every place I went to today I was requested to call again, except one, and that was when I dropped in to see my sweetheart."

The proverbs of life are very confusing. By the time a man settles down, accepting the theory that a rolling stone gathers no moss, he begins to realize vaguely that there's also lots of truth in the adage, a setting hen never gets fat.

A certain man owed his neighbor a sum of money which he could not pay. The creditor went and camped down upon the debtor's land, and when the debtor tried to drive him off the creditor shot him to death with a gun and afterwards sent in a bill to the debtor's administrator for the powder and ball used. They called it murder. If it were nations they would have called it glorious war and erect a monument to the slayer.

Now up jumps a professor and says that the real Fourth of July is August 18, because the declaration was signed on that date. Why not have it November 4, when the last signature was attached to it? Or, better still, we might make it July 2, when the declaration was adopted.

Fires Which Never Go Out—Marvelous tales come across the water of fires which are never allowed to go out. There are domestic fires burning in Yorkshire today which have never been out for hundreds of years. At the old-fashioned farm houses in the

dales of Yorkshire peat is still burnt. The fuel is obtained from the moors, and stacks of it are kept by the farmers in their stack-garths. The country round about is noted for its "girdle cakes," which are made from dough baked in quaint pans suspended over the peat fires. These fires are kept glowing from generation to generation, and the son warms himself at the fire which warmed his sire and his grandsire and his grandsire's sire, and which will warm his son and his son's son. There is a fire at Castleton, in the Whitby district, which has been burning for over 200 years. The record, probably, is held by a farm-house at Osmotherly, in the same district. This fire has been burning for 500 years, and there are records to show that it has not been out during the last three centuries. That goes ahead of anything we can do over here. Think of warming ourselves by a fire that Christopher Columbus or Elder Brewster built.

W. W. S. is surprised that "an intelligent Bostonian should be misguided and call the metric system cumbersome." He does not read us aright. We called the nomenclature cumbersome. The system is just what we want, but it halts in adoption because the common people shrink from the polysyllabic terms.

When General Miles gets the Massachusetts militia rigged out in Continental blue and buff, with cocked hats, knee breeches, stockings and low shoes, it will be worth while sitting on the fence and watching the parade go by.

School Days Abroad—The beginning of school days is a critical period in the life of a boy or girl in Oriental countries. In the first place, the priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods.

The Chinese father, who adores his son, will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name—like flea, or Chutze, a pig; or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete, this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag containing a brass tag with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and in a gay bag upon his arm is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school, he is taken to the god of learning—Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betelnuts, and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus is he entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.

“Shall we do nothing?” asked an Irish orator, wax-

ing warm on the Japanese war. "Are we to shtand spacheless and say 'Settle it amongst yourselves?' Shall we let thim go on foighting till thur last man is killed and then go home to thur shtarving wives and fam'lies?"

The cost of living constantly decreases as civilization advances, but the cost of keeping pace with the way other people live constantly increases. There's the rub, and it wears hard on the rubee.

A Love Story—A man there was who all through his life had been losing his time in the making of money. And when he grew old he became aware that he had no heart. So he hied himself to the market to buy himself one. The name of the mart was the Market of Love.

A maiden, pretty and fresh as a garland of early flowers, was what the old man there found. "What a heart she must have!"

He told her to name her own price—"And so much do I crave thee, that sum will I give." The terms were her weight weighed in gold. And he bore her away.

Then when she was safe in his house he smothered her fairly with kisses. After that he found out that she, like himself, had no heart!

Clear as daylight it is: Women with hearts in their breasts never sell themselves. Is it not so?

"George," said the teacher of a Sunday school class, "whom, above all others, do you wish to see

when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

Ladies as men view them.—At a club banquet in Kansas City some time ago Congressman Tarsney responded to the toast, "The Ladies of Missouri." He told how the rose had been robbed of its color to form the Missouri woman's lips. He put the damask of the cherry upon her cheeks. He tore the stars from the skies to make the light of her eye. He reached the top-most pinnacle of praise and adulation. Then the Kansas lady who was to respond to the toast, "The Ladies of Kansas," rose and said, with a slight drawl: "The women of Kansas are all that and then some."

It was a "raise" something like that made by an American colored gentleman who by some hocus-pocus had got into a poker game in a London club. His vis-a-vis, an Englishman, picked up three kings and a pair of deuces, and said: "I raise the pot one pound." The colored gentleman picked up four aces. His eyes almost popped from his head. He said, stammeringly: "I don' know much about de system of weights an' measures in dis heah country, but I'se agwine to raise you a ton!"

An apt quotation is sometimes better than an original remark.

An expressman says that old maids are uncalled-for packages.

If it takes a family a week to eat a ham, how long will it take them to eat a hammer?

When you are arguing with a fool; just remember the fool is doing the same thing.

A love match is a species of duel in which the principals do not care for seconds.

Justice might take your part, but injustice takes your all.

Too many irons in the fire eat up much expensive coal.

When an Irishman pronounces sea "say," and clean "clane," he does so on the highest and most unimpeachable authority; for Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden all pronounced these words exactly as he does. As a matter of fact, most of these so-called Irish pronunciations are merely old-time importations from England, and are thus more English than Irish. For instance, three centuries ago and more the educated Englishman always said *harde* (heard), *goolde* (gold), *afeard* (afraid), *childre* (children), *swoorde* (sword), *hoom* (home), and so on; and when the Irishman uses these and similar pronunciations he is simply reproducing the cultured Englishman of the days of Queen Bess. Give the Irishman time to catch up.

Speaking of the festive automobile, there is really nothing new under the sun, for it seems Louis XV. had a horseless carriage constructed for his use by a carriage builder at Paris. Its motive power was a huge clock spring. One day it was wound up too tight and came to grief, and the occupants of the car were thrown into the air. King Louis firmly believed

it was a plot to kill him, and seized the unfortunate inventor, had him sent to the Bastile, where he finally ended his days. His fate put a wet blanket on the horseless vehicle for two centuries and more.

THE MATRIMONIAL STAKES.

I was walking round the betting ring a day or two ago,
When I ran across Van Bibber, who is always "in the
know;"

And I asked which horse he liked the best—"Good Looks"
or "Pedigree"—

But he said: "I rather fancy 'Love'—she's good enough
for me."

"But 'Love,'" we cried, "can't run at all—at least, not with
the rest"—

"Perhaps," said young Van Bibber, "but I somehow like
her best."

Then all of us went at him to convince him he was wrong—
That the mare was overweighted—that the distance was too
long—

That "Pedigree" and "Bank Account" would surely win the
race,

And, though his choice was pretty, she could not keep up
the pace,

But he only shook his head and smiled, and smiled and
shook his head;

"I can't help liking her the best," was what Van Bibber
said.

Then another urged "Position" as the horse he ought to
back;

That she stood first in the betting, and would stand first on
the track.

We said that "Love" was good enough to haul a village
cart,

But not at all the sort of horse to fire a plunger's heart.

"You may be right," Van Bibber said; "I cannot prove
you're not;

But I have risked my hopes on 'Love' and every cent I've
got."

And then the plunger walked away around the betting ring,
And left us standing in our tracks considering the thing;
But whether young Van Bibber won his pot that summer
day
And despoiled our crowd of scoffers, I should hardly like
to say.
But yesterday I saw him, and he smiled and shook his head;
"I can't help thinking 'Love' was best," was what Van
Bibber said.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike
gates. It is plain and simple, and consists of but two
points; his duty to God, which every man must feel,
and, with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would
be done by.—Thomas Paine.

Policeman (to tramp)—I want your name and
address.

Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh, yer do, do yer? Well,
me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number
One, the open air. If yer call on me, don't trouble
to knock, but just walk in.

The profound truth that tomorrow never comes,
and yesterday, although it is always passing, has
never been with us, has led a correspondent to throw
off this little effort:—

"Although yesterday today was tomorrow, and to-
morrow today will be yesterday, nevertheless yester-
day tomorrow would be the day after tomorrow, be-
cause today would be tomorrow yesterday, and to-
morrow will be today tomorrow, or would have been
the day after tomorrow yesterday." We thought as
much.

A certain man has been having fun at the expense of his friends by predicting sagely that the people will not be allowed to choose a president for 1908. Of course someone denies this hotly and begins to argue, and after he has exhausted himself the other one explains that the president for 1908 is already chosen, but that in that year the people will choose another president for the term beginning in 1909. Try it.

When a man is sick, people say, "Poor fellow." It would be more appropriate to say, "I pity his poor wife."

The good woman was visiting the convict prison. "And what are you in for, my unfortunate friend?" she asked of No. 1313.

"'Cause I can't get out," sullenly answered the prisoner.

And the good woman passed on.

What's bred in the bone is charged for as meat by the butcher.

"Dollar bills do not grow on the roadside. You must work for them, and when you have got them you will find the Canadians only too ready to take them from you." That is the text upon which Mrs. Riley, of Winnipeg, Canada, hangs a letter full of warning to the intending Irish emigrant. According to her, much harder work is expected from those who toil than is the case at home, and while wages are higher, prices are in proportion. Her advice to

intending emigrants resembles that of Mr. Punch to those about to marry—Don't.

A Harvard Crimson blush mantled her sweet face as she handed it in. "I wanted to contribute my mite," she said. We said she might, and so we call it

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The grandest work from the hand of the Master
Is glorious woman, our joy and our pride;
Now what a great pity each man is not willing
To get a rare copy to stand by his side

—A. F. P.

We are all after the gold of which there is so very little. The greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in any country could not buy one year's harvest of American corn and wheat. To buy one season's corn crop would take all the gold minted in this country in six years. In the last seven years all the gold mines have produced only enough to buy one year's yield of our six leading cereals. Our wealth is not in the gold we have. We refer to the nation. As an individual we prefer a bushel of gold to a bushel of wheat.

Which would you rather have a half ton of dollars or a ton of half dollars?

Scientists and marine men are at a loss to explain the phenomenal rise in the waters of the Great Lakes during the last ten years. The ship owners rejoice over the unusual condition, for every foot of added draught for their monster ships means thousands of dollars in freight earning capacity. Scientists, how-

ever, shake their heads and recall the prophecy by Professor Henry Maury, of Columbia University, that the entire lake region is tilting toward the Mississippi River, and in time—a long time, of course—Chicago will be submerged. Better come East.

Nobel prizes.—When Alfred Nobel the Swedish inventor of dynamite, smokeless powder, etc., died in 1896 he left his fortune of \$9,200,000 to found a prize fund, the annual interest of which was to be distributed in five equal parts of about \$40,000 each to the persons who had distinguished themselves in five different fields of activity, namely physical science, chemistry, physiology or medicine, idealistic literature, and the advancement of universal peace.

Four annual awards have been made under this bequest, but none of the prizes so far have fallen to Americans. The men in charge of the awards have their headquarters at Stockholm, Sweden. They have their own methods of determining to whom the prizes shall go, and applications or suggestions from individuals receive no attention. Candidates nominated by worthy institutions, societies, etc., are said to be considered however.

Here's a problem. Can you figure it out? A man wanted a railroad ticket and had a \$2 bill. It required \$3 to get the ticket. He took the \$2 bill to a pawnshop, pawned it for \$1.50. On his way back to the depot he met a friend to whom he sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50. That gave him \$3. Now, who's out that dollar?

There is no accounting for tastes. Here is an item from China. His excellency the viceroy of the Two Kuang, at Kuelin, a short time ago, at the execution of a famous rebel chief, stepped forward and caught some of the blood and drank it. Whether he wished to become impregnated with the courage of the robber, or whether it was a feeling of revenge that prompted the act, can only be surmised.

What a commentary on this country that, after all our rhetoric about the beauties of universal peace, et cetera, we should be the rearmost of the nations in adopting arbitration treaties!

There is a place for a dress-suit and a place where it is out of place. We have often thought we would get more enjoyment if our dress-suit was in some other place than on our back and legs. William Hatch, of Denver, had a lively experience in Reno, Nev., the other evening. Mr. Hatch was wearing his evening clothes when he stopped at Joseph Brearly's saloon in the mining camp. The surprised miners in that hospitable resort yelled and took him prisoner. In spite of his protests he was taken to a rear room and mounted upon a drygoods box. Then a man took station at the door and announced that every one could view the exhibit at 50 cents each. For thirty minutes a stream of people paid their half dollars to look at Hatch. Later the miners escorted him to his club and spent the proceeds of the exhibition on refreshments. Query: Did the dress suit?

It is not very flattering to Uncle Sam, is it, when

we stop to think that he thrives on the vices of his people? He collects about \$11,000,000 a month as hush money on the liquor traffic, and \$3,500,000 on the tobacco habit. Half of the entire expense of running the national government is paid direct by the people who drink, smoke and chew. Of course those who do not use liquors or tobacco participate in the benefits of this taxation. If there were no drinkers and no smokers perhaps saving things in the expense line would even up affairs.

"KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When the elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
Easy and fair goes far in a day,
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime's chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just

"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

—Robert J. Burdette.

Cupid, after seeing the average couple safely through their honeymoon, goes off on a long vacation.

Did any one ever see a white colt? If not, where do all the white horses come from? In the case of most domestic animals the color is indicated at birth, but in the case of the horse there appears to be an exception. We see sorrel, chestnut, bay, brown and black colts, which grow to maturity, retaining the same colors, though they occasionally undergo some change of shade, but if there are no white colts how is it that we have so many white horses?

Fighting a way to the refreshment-room is one of the joys of traveling, showing again that none but the brave deserve the fare.

Ovid says—"The common people profess it is unlucky to marry in the month of May." Better wait till next month. It may be that the waiting is responsible for the great number of June brides.

How many of us may get much profit out of a little sermon preached by Ben Franklin. He gives a highly interesting account of the great change wrought in all his own social relations with his fellow-creatures by what looked at first like an alteration, but in trifles, of manner. As a youth, he was too abrupt, opinionated and dogmatic in his ways of speech, till at length he got his eyes opened to see that this brought as lively swarms of irritated mosquitoes around his head as would be generated in a whole cask of putrefying rain water left uncovered outside the kitchen door. So he made up his mind—though for a while it cut clean across the grain of

past habit—to adopt a more courteous and respectful style of demeanor. “I soon found,” he goes on to say, “the advantage of this change of my manners. The conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction. I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right. And this mode, which I first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length easy and so habitual to me that perhaps for the last fifty years no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me.” To appear to “know it all” makes one a bear unbearable.

Orange Blossoms—The wearing of orange blossoms at weddings is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following legend from Spain. An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, and a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means to accomplish his purpose, but, all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but she lacked the dowry which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossom, the

gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the dowry, provided she gave him a branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not relate, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

Our June Problems—If one mile of fence will enclose a square of forty acres, how large a square will two miles of fence enclose?

A man can drive eight miles an hour and can walk three miles an hour. How far shall he drive in order that he may return afoot and get back in eleven hours?

May Problems—We have had one answer. Price agreed upon was \$1.75. Seven people were invited and but five came.

I recollect the tender vine that climbed the cottage o'er.
I recollect the pretty flowers that grew around the door!
I recollect the bees and birds that darted overhead,
And I recollect the sawbuck, too, that stood beneath the
shed.

I recollect the barbecue, the joy of rustic beau,
I recollect that, furthermore, they'd never let me go;
The good old days were mighty fine, as poets all agree,
I recollect 'em, now and then, and that's enough for me.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Handed Out Upon Request.

Inspired Writings—Are there other books besides the Bible that are claimed to be inspired and infallible?—The Koran and the Talmud are among the number we might mention. The fire worshipers of Persia claim the book of Zoroaster was inspired, and the ancestor worshipers of China claim the same for the works of Confucius.

Parthian Shot—What is the meaning of this expression?—It refers to the manner of fighting by the cavalry of the ancient Parthians. It was their plan to feign or pretend to retreat, and when withdrawing from the field in this way they would turn around on their horses and discharge their arrows with unerring accuracy. In this way, by counterfeiting flight, they often secured a victory, the enemy being thrown into great disorder by these showers of arrows.

Night Glass—What is a night glass? Is it true that a person can see as plainly with one of these at night as he can without one in the day time?—A night glass is simply a small terrestrial telescope, or spy-glass, ordinarily in the form of a large opera-glass, with an unusually large lens in the end toward the object to be viewed. This lens serves to concentrate a large amount of light, and so render objects seen at night much more distinct than when viewed by either the naked eye or an ordinary spy-glass. Since it is a principle in optics that "it is impossible, by any optical arrangement whatever, to obtain an

image whose brightest part shall surpass the brightest part of the object," it is obvious that nothing seen through a night-glass, even in the clearest night, can appear as distinct as in daylight.

Mrs. Grundy—What is the history of the mythical Mrs. Grundy?—"Mrs. Grundy" is a phrase from Tom Morton's "Speed the Plough," a play which dates from the end of the 18th century. In the first scene Mrs. Ashfield shows herself very jealous of neighbor Grundy, and her husband says to her, "Be quiet, wool'e, always ding, dinging dame Grundy into my ears. What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?" The phrase has now come to mean what will our neighbors think, but more particularly, an implied protest against an over-scrupulous display of censorious modesty. The old lady has, with many, a more forceful influence than does the church.

There are no J's—Why is not the letter J used in lettering military companies?—The letter J has been introduced with the English alphabet since the year 1630. Before that its sound was represented by I. In writing, however, they were both made the same until about fifty years ago, when the schools began to teach pupils to write the capital I on the line, and capital J with a hook going below the line. Many elderly people still write them the same—that is, they make capital J exactly like I. In military orders, reports, etc., in writing, to have a company lettered J would thus have introduced endless confusion with company I. So the J was dropped and has remained so.

Quotation—Please tell me which of these quotations is the correct one:

“A man convinced against his will
Retains the same opinion still.”

“Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still.”

I would also like to know whence the quotation is taken.—See Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," the third part, first published in 1678:

He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known.

The first two lines are usually misquoted:

A man convinced against his will
Maintains the same opinion still.

Pleasure—Who wrote: "The sweetness that pleasure has in it, is always so sure to come forth"?—The quotation is not quite correct. It is by Thomas Moore. We give the poem:

One bumper at parting though many
Have circled the board since we met;
The fullest the saddest of any
Remains to be drained by us yet.

The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth
That seldom alive till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.

And oh may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup.

Law—What is the difference between common law and statute law?—Statute laws are those which are enacted by the Legislature and recorded in writing,

and are usually collected and published in books. The common law is not a code of written laws enacted by a legislature, but consists of rules of action which have become binding from long usage and established custom. It is said to be founded in reason and the principles of justice. The common law of England was brought over by our ancestors and established here before the Revolution. Some of the States, in their constitutions, adopted after the Revolution, declared it to be the law of their respective States; and it has continued to be law in all the States, and is still so considered, except such parts as have been altered or repealed by constitutional or legislative enactments, or by usage.

Quotation—Who is the author of these lines: "Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are?"—Coleridge in "She is Not Fair."

Golden Rule—Was not the Golden Rule given to the world before the time of Jesus? Can you instance similar rules?—The idea underlying the Golden Rule has been enunciated in many forms and in many ages, both before and after Jesus. We give some of those ante-dating the Savior:

Do unto another what you would have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest.—Confucius, 500 B. C.

We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them act toward us.—Aristotle, 385 B. C.

Do not to your neighbor what you would take ill from him.—Pittacus, 650 B. C.

Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing.—Thales, 464 B. C.

Act toward others as you desire them to act toward you.—Socrates, 338 B. C.

Cherish reciprocal benevolence, which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as your own.—Aristippus, 365 B. C.

What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be also to them.—Sextus, a Pythagorean, 406 B. C.

Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you.—Hillel, 50 B. C.

From the above it would seem that the Golden-Rule principle is one of the most natural sentiments of the human mind.

Woman's College.—When was the first woman's college founded in the United States?—The first woman's college in the United States incorporated as such under the laws of the State of New York was Elmira College, chartered as Auburn Female University in 1852, transferred to Elmira in 1853, and re-chartered as Elmira Female College in 1855. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie; N. Y., comes next. It was founded in 1861 and opened in 1865, and ranks as the first amply endowed and adequately organized college for women.

Chicago.—How many miles does Chicago occupy on the lake front?—From Evanston to the Indiana state line, about twenty-four miles.

Dog's Letter.—Why is the letter R called the canine letter?—The utterance of the letter R is com-

bined with a distinct trilling or vibration of the tip of the tongue, hence the sound is called "the dog's letter." There are many references to this in classical literature. Persius says, "Sonat haec de nare canina litera." In Johnson's Grammar it is noted that "R is the dog's letter and hurreth in the sound." See also Ben Jonson's comedy of "The Alchemist," act ii, scene 6, and the Nurse's reference to the letter R in "Romeo and Juliet."

Lincoln's Speech.—Where and when did Lincoln say, "You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but never all of the people all of the time?"—There is doubt if he ever said it. It cannot be found in his writings and John Hay, his biographer, says that he could find nothing to show that this was an utterance of Lincoln.

Warships.—How do the warships derive their names?—We presume you mean the system of naming our war vessels, adopted some years ago. Battleships and armored cruisers are named after states; protected cruisers are named after cities; torpedo boats and destroyers are named after noted commanders of the navy in the past.

Quotation.—Where can I find the quotation: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."—In Bryant's poem, "The Battle Field." The whole verse is:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

Thersites.—Who was Thersites? Senator Hoar, in his book, says: "It is not necessary to send Hector to the field when the attack is led by Thersites."—He was a scurrilous Grecian chief whose delight was to inveigh against the kings of Greece, an insolent brawler and demagogue, "loquacious, loud and coarse." According to the Iliad, he squinted, halted, was gibbous behind and pinched before, and on his tapering head grew a few white patches of starveling down. After Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, was slain by Achilles, the latter bent over his fallen foe and bitterly regretted his victory over one so young, beautiful and valiant. Thersites ridiculed his grief and was in consequence killed by the hero.

Horse latitudes.—Where are the so-called "horse latitudes?—The zone of calms, or as the sailors call it, the "horse latitudes," is a belt lying along the heat equator, which is not coincident with the mathematical equator, but nearly always north of it. This belt is several degrees wide, being about four degrees in the months following the winter solstice, and about six degrees wide in those following the summer solstice. The climate of this zone is unpleasant, being very hot, moist and foggy, without winds, except frequent very violent storms of thunder and lightning, with tremendous rainfall. The name arose from the fact that ships sailing from N. E. to the West Indies, freighted with horses, from their detention in this vicinity, and the consequent exhaustion of their supply of water, were compelled to throw the live stock overboard.

Gorky.—What is the real name of Gorky and what is the story of his life?—The real name of Maxim Gorki, the Russian realist whose arrest during the recent disturbances was reported, is Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff. He is only thirty-four years of age, but his early career was that of a wanderer and a struggler. A cook's boy on a Volga steamer, a man of all work at Nizon, a railway watchman at Gzaritzyn, a beerseller at his native Nishni Novgorod—all these was Gorki before he became an author. Here is an anecdote they are telling of Gorky. He went to the theatre at Moscow one evening to see a play by a popular writer. Instead of paying attention to the stage, the entire audience rose and greeted Gorky with prodigious acclamation. Then he delivered this address: "What on earth are you staring at me for? I am not a dancing girl, nor the Venus de Milo, nor a drunkard just picked out of the river! I write stories; they have the luck to please you, and I am glad of it. But that is no reason why you should keep on staring. We have come here to see a charming play. Be good enough to attend to that and leave me alone." More delighted than ever, the audience shouted with joy. Gorky jumped out of his seat and left the theatre in disgust.

Every man to his trade. A blacksmith can shoe a horse; a farmer can shoo a hen.

When is an attorney strongest?
When he is feeblest (fee blest).

Oh, would that Poverty had wings!

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL

DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, GEO. L. COOKE, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

First Vice-President, Dr. LOUIS C. LEROY, 6 Lexington Ave.,
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Second Vice-President, MARRIOTT C. MORRIS, 6706 Cresheim
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Secretary-Treasurer, ABBOT BASSETT, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston,
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APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

THE SILVER JUBILEE.

Twenty-five years of co-operative endeavor, twenty-five years of deeds well done, twenty-five years pushing the car of progress with the wheel, twenty-five years of good fellowship. This is why we celebrate the silver jubilee. The silver-topped veterans gathered at the Reservoir in Boston, May 30 last, and vied with the bald-headed ones in making it a jolly time. There were three men in evidence who were at the birth of the League at Newport in 1880. These were Albert S. Parsons, first secretary of the League, who talked peace prospects with the present secretary; also Edward W. Pope and William B. Everett, neither of whom ever held office in the L. A. W., but are content with the halo which the name of Founder gives them, and they said so. Everett displayed a full and complete set of League tickets and the original draft of the L. A. W. constitution. President George L. Cooke, proud to belong to the State in which the League was born, came over from Providence with Gibbs, Bliss, Dunham, Kendall and a lot more. Marriott C. Morris, vice-president of the L. A. W., tried to wake up Philadelphia to the importance of sending a delegation, but he had to come alone, and was a whole delegation in himself. Ex-President Elliott told people about Hickory wheels and pointed to those on passing autos. He had a few new stories. New York had a single representative in ex-Vice-President Cossum of Poughkeepsie. The Empire State did not suffer through any fault of Charley, who has a handsome face under a bald head, full of good cheer. Papa Weston looked younger than ever. He has to regret that he was in Europe when the League was formed, but he has always pulled a laboring oar, and he never misses a gathering of wheelmen. Elmer E. Ehrgood came all the way from Pottstown, Penn. Fred B. King and E. Stuart Sumner came up from Bridgeport, Conn., and Charles W. Hulse represented New Haven. Elmer G. Whitney dropped down from Dover and helped Charles A. Hazlett, League member No. 3, represent New Hampshire. The St. Onge Bros. represented the professional vaudeville end of wheeling. The venerable Andrew Jackson Davis, aged 79 years, and his wife, aged 66 years, rode to the meet on their wheels from Allston. Think of that, ye young fellows, who say you are too old to ride!

The crowd was not so large as last year. There was no free lunch, and Thomas, Richard and Henry went elsewhere. A few crackers and a hunk of cheese draw the mob as well as the rats. Those who came were not in want of provender. It was the chosen few that is the heart and soul of wheeling, as well as the push and the brains. The Boston Bicycle Club, which gave the first president and the constitution to the League; the Newton Club, organized in 1882; the Rovers, still an active club; the Kilfecsmyo Old Men's Club, with riders boasting an average record of 21 years on the wheel, all were there. It was not a meeting of little boys. There was a general hand-shaking, a feature in which Lon Peck led all the rest in power and endurance. Everybody reminisced and there were no tabs taken on the accuracy of the yarns that were told. Dinner was taken at Norumbega Park, and in the afternoon the party divided, some going for a run through the Park system and many going upon the river in a steam launch to see the canoeing. It was a moving sight. In the evening there was the banquet at Hendrie's. The tables were laid in the grand hall. Hendrie served the palate well and then came the formal exercises. President George L. Cooke presided and opened with a short speech, telling of the formation of the L. A. W. in Rhode Island. Abbot Bassett told briefly about the present condition and prospects of the League. Frank W. Weston spoke of cycling as it was, is and is to be. William B. Everett and E. W. Pope spoke for the founders at Newport. Many letters of friendly greeting were received from distant members. President Cooke presented to the two Founders present, Messrs. Pope and Everett, very beautiful badges, in behalf of the Rhode Island members. Secretary Bassett presented Elmer E. Ehrgood of Pottstown, Penn., with a League badge, as the member coming from the greatest distance to the meet.

Quing Kilby chanted a topical song, "How Time Flies." It was full of personal hits and the chorus was given by all present. It was one of those things where volume counted more than purity of tone, and the requirements were fully met.

The Boston Bicycle Club sent a gift in glass receptacles and all were tumblers to the spirit which prompted the act.

There was enough speechmaking to recognize the seriousness of the occasion and then there was a vaudeville

which, though eminently proper, was not serious. The boys wanted to unbend, and they didn't stay bent for any great length of time.

It was a royal good time from start to finish. No stiffness, no formality. The silver jubilee was attended and done up in white paper with a pink ribbon. If you were not there you ought to be sorry. Come to our golden jubilee in 1930.

Twenty-five years of wheeling,
Pleasant and quickly passed;
Twenty-five years of pedal and puff,
And the top of the hill at last;
Twenty-five years of health and strength;
Of frolic and fun galore;
Our lungs breathe deep, our hearts beat strong,
And we're ready for twenty-five more.

—Kilby's Menu.

Members who go to Boston should put up at the Copley Square Hotel, and those who go to Philadelphia should stop at the Windsor. These are first-class hotels, their rates are moderate and they give a discount to League members.

BISHOP DOANE'S LINES TO HIS DOG.

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that his bounty sends—
My dear, old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To him whom God I know and own; his eye
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God his wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I'm near;
Secure that my protection will prevail.
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

—William Croswell Doane.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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JULY, 1905,

5 Cents.

THE WHITE FLAG.

I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow,
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
That night I should divine,
The moment I should see my love,
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamarque.
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; sure
I had been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.

John Hay.

A miss is as good as a mile if she hasn't but one lap.

COOLED SCRAPS FOR THE HEATED TERM.

A plain face is its own chaperon.

Obscure understanding is indicated by silence when one should speak, and by speech when one should remain silent.

Will it be a Heaven to be desired if we take the fire-cracker along?

Noise is an expression of that kind of patriotism which gives us a needless war.

Make home a heaven, and the children will take your word for it as to the heavenly home.

Now comes Angela Morgan to tell the world that "a woman's kiss is worth fifty of a man's." We have known that fact since we were in the cradle.

In the Colorado Deserts, out West, there are rainstorms during which not a drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when it reaches the hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed. These strange rainstorms take place in regions where the thermometer often registers 128 deg. in the shade.

"I have always allowed my wife to wish something for herself for every birthday since we have been married."

"What does she wish generally?"

"Well, the last fifteen times she has been wishing for a piano."

It may be quite true that civilization does now and then get forward upon a powder cart. But that is in open and genuine warfare. We cannot concede that the ill smelling gunpowder of squibs and crackers and torpedoes, exploded at random in city streets, is a promoting agency of patriotism. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that it actually discourages patriotic sentiment by driving those who might cultivate it to flee in disgust from the scene of such fusillades and to wish in their tortured desperation that there was no such day as the Fourth of July upon the calendar. If there were no other way of celebrating the Fourth of July, this one would still be too costly, and it would be better to forego the celebration altogether than to perform it in this manner. The cost in money, in property, in health and in life is enormous. The cost in disregard of law and of the rights of others and in the encouragement of a brutal and savage spirit is too heavy to be estimated.

A Gesilaus, having been asked which was the greater virtue, valor or justice, replied that "if all men were just there would be no need that any should be valiant."

A Boston man has discovered that there were department stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes Job, xiv:14: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

The so-called "end-seat hog" is the fellow who gets there before we do. We all condemn monopolies not our own.

Imagination is a wonderful force. The late Mr. Horace, when the thermometer on the Capitoline hill ran up to 106 deg. in the shade, simply turned his poetic mind toward his Sabine farm and let his imagination sprint among the cool shadowy dells through which his favorite brook babbled—and he believed himself cool. Some of the beliefs of today are not new.

Adam was fourteen feet high and weighed as many hundred pounds, while Eve was only twelve feet high and correspondingly light—so says a Utica evangelist, and no one can really dispute his statement. The hypothesis will admirably explain how Eve was able to pick the apple without climbing so long before the invention of step-ladders.

"How's this?" said Cumso to Cawker as they sat down to the annual banquet of the Allied Sons of Liberty. "There's no wine on the menu, but half a dozen glasses at each place." "The menu is to take home to our wives," was the satisfactory explanation.

If you get lost during your summer outing your watch will make a good compass. Get the number of hours from midnight, divide by two, and point the hour at the sun so that shadow of a match or lead

pencil falls directly across the centre of the watch; 12 o'clock will be north, 6 south, 9 west, and 3 east. Suppose it is 9 a. m.; number of hours from midnight is 9; one-half is $4\frac{1}{2}$; point 4.30 at the sun so the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls across the centre of the watch, and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east, and 9 west. Suppose it is 6 p. m.; number of hours from midnight, 18; one-half, 9; point 9 at sun and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east and 9 west.

NOT FOR SALE.

The blossom generously bestows
Its sweetness on each breeze that blows,
Had you the wealth of every mine,
 Though men might cringe beneath your power,
It would not buy for use of thine
 The perfume of a single flower.

The sunshine as it greets the eye
Expands o'er all a kindly sky.
Had you the treasure to exceed
 The splendors of a Sultan's dream,
You might not claim in sordid greed
 To own a single glittering beam.

And child love, too, when it is sought,
Is easy earned, but never bought,
Though gold its mighty sway expands
 To spur ambition and beguile,
The best in life it ne'er commands—
 Flowers, sunshine, nor a baby's smile.

First Committeeman—I suppose that as a feature of our Fourth of July celebration we should have some young lady read the Declaration of Independence.

Second Committeeman—I don't know. In view

of the usual result of the celebration wouldn't it be better to have her read a paper on first aid to the injured?

Let us all go to Colorado and raise seedless apples. Four of them were sent to England recently; one was honored by being eaten by the king, and the other three were sold at auction, bringing fifteen dollars apiece!

Ceres was sowing grass seed in the front lawn.

"How goes it?" asked Pluto, some days later.

"It is growing in fine style," said Ceres, seriously.

"Ha!" muttered Pluto, darkly and with mock villainy. "The plot thickens."

The bon mot was wasted on the goddess.

The very curious sentence, "Sator arepo teret opera rotas," although good "dog Latin," may be freely translated, "I cease from my work; the sower will wear his wheels." While in verse or prose it may be absurd, it yet has these peculiarities:—

1. It spells backward and forward all the same.
2. The first letters of each word spell the first word; then the second letters of each word spell the second word; the third, fourth, and fifth letters respectively spell each word. Commencing with the last letter of each word from the left will spell the word on the right at the end of the sentence, and, by taking each letter in succession, will spell each word of the sentence back to the left.

In conclusion, by commencing with the last letter on the right, each one respectively will spell the words of the sentence back to the right.

A SIGH IN THE CITY.

Wish I was back in our old town;
I want to be where some one knows me.
Why, I could meet a man I owed
As gladly as a man that owes me.
I want some one to slap my back
An' say, "Well, how's old Bill this mornin'?"
I want to meet some one that smiles
An' don't pass by with scowl and scornin'.

I wish I was in our old town,
Fur I seem lost here in the city;
No use to look at folks you pass,
Their eyes show neither love nor pity.
I want some one to shake my hand
That's out o' use an' growin' rusty;
I want some one to mash my hat—
I know it wouldn't make me crusty.

I wish I was in our old town,
Where if you've luck they're sure to know it,
An' if it goes the other way
They've got some feelin' an' they show it.
I want to stand and have the dogs
Come up an' sniff, with tails a-waggin',
I want to hear the roosters crow
An' hear Jack Wilson's jokes an' naggin'.

Wish I was back in our old town,
I want to hear some people laffin'
An' hear the kids say "Howdy, Bill!"
An' stand again John Joslin's chaffin';
I want to see the girls I know,
An' with Ike Walters go a-fishin'.
Wish I was back in our old town—
But, golly! what's the use o' wishin'!

Some men are good because they are good; others
because they are economical.

How much greater than three-fourths is four-fourths? We heard this question discussed quite heatedly by a group of business men the other day. The hardware man said: "Twenty-five cents is a quarter of one dollar. If I have seventy-five cents, or three-fourths of a dollar and some one gives me a quarter I have a whole dollar; therefore my four-fourths is one-fourth greater than the three-fourths I had." The butcher said: "The quarter you received is only one-third of what you had and it was by adding one-third that you got four-fourths; therefore four-fourths is only one-third greater than three-fourths." We left them hard at it. The problem is somewhat similar to the one we had at school. In order to strengthen a large iron chain a bar was inserted midway each link. This made the chain twenty-five per cent. stronger. If now we take out the bar the chain is weakened only twenty per cent. It seems very plain.

Any boy who has been about a carpenter shop, or has handled a saw and hammer himself, knows all about the different kinds of nails,—fourpenny, eightpenny, tenpenny, and so on,—and perhaps he has sometimes wondered why the different sizes are known as "pennies." Originally, an eightpenny nail, for example, was called an "eight-pound" nail, because a thousand nails of that particular size weighed eight pounds. Carpenters were not particular about pronouncing the names very clearly, and in a short time an eight-pound nail was known as an "eight-pun" nail; from that it became changed to "eight-

pen;" and then somebody, thinking "pen" was a contraction for "penny," changed it to "eightpenny," and that's the way it has remained to this day. It is somewhat curious that a pound should have worked its way down to a penny, and that when we say penny we really mean pound.

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE.

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die."

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

Austin Dobson.

The first day of January of this year came on Sunday, and the last day of December will come on Sunday. Whenever this happens the year will have 53 Sundays. This will occur again in 1911, and also in 1922, 1933, 1939, 1950, 1961 and 1967.

Hume, the historian, found himself one day, at a social dinner, next to Lord John Russell. In the course of conversation, his lordship said: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The great-

est good to the greatest number," was Hume's answer. "And what do you consider the greatest number?" continued Lord John Russell. "Number one, my Lord," was the historian's prompt reply.

The man, the maid, the moonlight!—And never a thought of the mother-in-law.

In the course of an argument the other day, "Smith" gave it as his opinion that a motor-car turning a corner of a level road at high speed, the inner pair of wheels would leave the ground, and not the outer. "Every one of the fellows standing round laughed at me," he says, "but I should like your opinion on the matter." You were right, as it happens, "Smith." Provided the wheels did not skid sideways, which is what generally happens, the machine would be tilted upward on the base of the outer wheels, as a fulcrum. Thus the inner wheels would be lifted from the ground. The general opinion is opposed to this view, but it is sound, nevertheless, as any scientist will tell you.

July Problems. (1) How many balls one inch in diameter will equal one ball two inches in diameter? (2) If a man six feet tall weighs 216 pounds, how much would a man of similar proportions five feet tall weigh? (3) Two men have respectively 216 and 180 pounds of luggage. They decide to carry it over a pole 11 feet long. Where should the weight be hung so each carries his own?

Answers to June Problems.—The fence will enclose

160 acres. (2) The man must drive 24 miles. (Page 108.) The purchaser of the pawn ticket loses a dollar. Correct answers from Miss C. T. S.; G. F. T., L. M. N. and W. W. S.

GONE WITH THE PINS.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last week's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?

Gone where the lost pins go to;
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long past rain,
And the tooth that ached hath lost its pain—
That's what our troubles grow to.

Where are the clothes that we used to wear?
Where are the burdens we used to bear?
Where is the bald head's curling hair?

Gone where the pins disappear to;
For the style has changed and the clothes are new,
The skies are wearing a brighter blue,
The hair doesn't snarl as it used to do,
And the parting has grown more clear, too.

Where are the bills that our peace distressed?
Where is the pin that the baby "blessed?"
Where are the doves in last year's nest?

Where have the pins all gone to?
On the old bills paid are the new ones thrown,
The baby's at school with her pins out-grown,
And the squabs are running a nest of their own—
You can't bring 'em back if you want to.

We can stand the smart of yesterday,
Today's worse ills we can drive away;
What's was and is brings no dismay

For past and present sorrow;
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret,
Are the things that haven't happened yet—
The pins that we'll find tomorrow.

Robt. J. Burdette.

The Obtrusive Hat.—Once upon a time there was a great big hat which was designed and made to ornament a fair lady's head. And the Hat said to itself: "I go where I please and when I please. At the theatre I stay just where I am put and if I get within the view of any one and obstruct his sight of what is on the stage, what care I? Let him sit and admire my beauty." But one day the Law came and pushed the Hat away. Then the Hat said to itself: "This is too bad! I can no longer display my beauty in the theatre, but the concert hall and the church are still open to me. I will not stand aside unless the Law pushes me. Let the men fume and fret! They do not see my beauty. Let them look at me until they do. I seldom go upon the street. My mistress leaves me at home when she promenades. I heard a rude man say to her the other day: 'You wear your Hat indoors when you should not and outdoors when you should.' He did not appreciate that a Hat is a decoration for womankind to admire. But I am coming forward. I appear on my mistress' head at afternoon teas and it is a sure sign that a lunch is a very swell one if the ladies wear their Hats when eating. It is now quite the proper thing for bridesmaids to wear Hats as they walk up the aisle. Is it not delightful? And then only to think what a triumph we score over rude man. His Hat must come off in deference to us. We are always on top and man grovels. He is being punished for sneaking on Eve about the apple. Let him growl! The Hat is bound to reign supreme and Man must pay for it. Call it obtrusive if you will, but dethrone it

you cannot." And the obtrusive Hat bristled with a dozen hat pins as it sailed away.

Ireland.—Did you ever hear the story which accounts for the presence of Ireland on the map of the world? At one time the whole of the green island was submerged beneath the Atlantic. Every seven years it arose; but after a brief period it sank again. Naturally this lamentable state of affairs was laid to the charge of the bad fairies; but one day a boatman threw a horseshoe, which lighted on the highest peak of the Wicklow mountains, just then disappearing. At once the spell was broken, the island rose again, and has remained above water ever since. Hence the name Iron-land; and hence also the fact that Ireland for the most part consists of bog land. So, at any rate, runs the legend.

Never put off till tomorrow what you have done today.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." It's just the same with corn.

THE MIRROR'S PHILOSOPHY.

A mirror met, by chance, a window-pane.

"Good friend," the latter begged, "can you explain
Why our good mistress lavishes on you
Such loving care and such devotion true,
While I, though ever eager for a chance
To serve, am seldom favored with a glance?"

"The reason, gossip, is not far to seek,"

Replied the mirror as he rose to speak;

"Through you each day her neighbor's charms are shown;
I, wiser, tell of nothing but her own."

The supreme court says this is a Christian nation, and this binds us to the Golden Rule. Half a century ago we sent a naval fleet and opened up Japan. Japan has a right to conclude that we were doing as we wished to be done by, and this will justify her in sending a fleet over here to keep us from excluding Jap laborers. Is there anything faulty in this reasoning?

The hand of the poor is the purse of God.

Rev. Dr. Forbes, secretary of the board of church extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has recently spoken as follows: "Steeple are relics of barbarism, and were used to point to heaven when it was thought the world was flat. Now that it is known that the world is round, they point the wrong way and should be demolished. There is enough money wasted in church steeples to pay the debts of the entire country. Pastors should get rid of their bells and chimes and use the money spent for these articles to supply the Sunday schools with libraries.

Every year "The London Times" prints the following advertisement on April 19:

George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron,
Died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April
19, 1824.

"When love who sent forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."

—"The Bride of Abydos."

This annual notice is printed according to the provisions of a certain bequest until the name Byron shall be inscribed in Westminster Abbey.

Most of us have probably speculated, at one time or another, what would happen if a hole were bored right through the earth and one were to drop a stone into it; and F. R. A. S. now gives his views on this puzzling question. "The stone," he says, "would fall with increasing speed to the centre of the earth, where it would have attained a rate of nearly 300 miles a minute. Its momentum would carry it at a constantly-reducing speed through the remaining half of its journey until, by the time it appeared at the Antipodean end of the hole, it would have come to a standstill. It would then begin to drop again, and would perform exactly the same journey on its return to the starting-point. Thus it would continue to travel backwards and forwards from one end of the earth to the other practically forever." Try it some time, and let us know if our correspondent is correct.

Few people are aware that "The Old Folks at Home" was brought about by the grumblings of a negro groom. The author, Stephen Foster, chanced to be changing horses at a Kentucky hotel, when the negro who unharnessed his horse happened to remark in a surly way, "I'm sick of this life. I wish I was back with the old folks at home." Foster at once asked him where that might be, and he replied, "Oh, way down the Swanee River." While Foster was consuming a meal at the inn preparatory to re-starting on his journey, he wrote both the words and music of the song, which at once leaped into fame.

A Southern judge sums up the causes of the

divorce evil in this epigram, which contains more truth than is found in a good many epigrams: "Too much dry goods for the women, too much wet goods for the men."

The new Springfield rifle with which our troops are to be armed will have its barrel entirely covered with wood. This innovation was the result of practical suggestions made to the ordnance officers by enlisted men of the army. Following the campaign in Cuba and in the Philippines many complaints were made to the ordnance officers by officers in the field, who said that after a period of rapid discharges the rifle barrels became so hot that it was sometimes necessary to cease firing for a time to permit them to cool. In many cases men in the heat of battle had the skin burned from their hands by the hot barrels. The wood-covered barrel is the result of these suggestions, the steel being entirely covered to within two inches of the muzzle of the gun.

They tell a queer story on the river of a young lady sculling up to the landing-stage of a certain riverside hotel and asking the waiter to bring her a glass.

"Of what, miss," he asked—"beer or whisky?"

"I don't care," replied the lady, with a wry face; "I only want it to arrange my hair!"

A writer, discussing the lost art of early rising, says: "The proper time to rise is when sleep ends." That's a good thing to learn. Do you know, if we hadn't seen that in a paper, we should have gone on

believing that the proper time to rise was when you were right in the midst of your soundest sleep. What a blessed thing it is for this blind old world that there are some men in it who knew nearly everything!

There has been some bragging about the month of July. It is indulged in, no doubt, as a sort of balancing proposition. We are reminded that Independence Day, the day that ought to be sacred in every American heart, comes early in July; that the "Invincible Armada" was destroyed in that month, and that the same point in the calendar marked the completion of the Atlantic cable. July is the birth month of Hawthorne, Stoddard, Thoreau, Thackeray, Sarah Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Timothy Pickering, John Quincy Adams, John Calvin, Isaac Watts and George Fox.

The difference between charity and philanthropy is that philanthropy can afford to engage a Press agent.

The Duchess of Burgundy said one day to Madame de Maintenon, "Do you know why the queens of England govern better than the kings? It is because the queens govern by the advice of men, and the kings by the advice of women."

A maid with a passion for sherbet
Was asked why she never could curb it.

"I'd leave it alone,"

She replied, with a moan,
"But I'm happiest when I disturb it."

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Had for the Asking.

Quotation—Who is the author of the quotation, “Mine eyes smell onions. I shall weep anon”?—Shakespeare in “All’s Well That Ends Well.”

Pythagorean Letter—Which is the Pythagorean letter and why so called?—The letter Y. It is so called because the ancient philosopher Pythagoras employed it to signify the bifurcation of the good and the evil ways of men.

Yankee—What is the meaning of the word “Yankee,” and how did it originate?—According to a common statement, Yankee, as used in the plural Yankees, is a variation of yenkees, or yengees, or younghees, a name said to have been given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English colonists, being, it is supposed, an Indian corruption of the English word, English, or, as some think of the French Englaize. The word is said to have been adopted by the Dutch on the Hudson, who applied it to the people of New England.

Up and Down—Please give a philosophical definition of what we mean by up and down.—Up and down refer only to this globe. “Up” is away from the centre of the earth; “down” is toward the centre of the earth. The terms, of course, can have no application outside of the earth—to any other planet of the solar system, or to the universe.

Patent Medicine—What is a “patent” medicine?

Are medicines patented?—The term “patent medicine” is incorrect. It should be “proprietary” medicine—that is, a secret remedy, prepared for sale by the proprietor of the formula. One can get a patent on a medical formula, but very few do so, because the formula would be published. Ordinarily the name is registered as a trade mark in the patent office, or the label is copyrighted with the librarian of Congress.

Light—I have three questions: (1) Is interstellar space light or dark? (2) Is the space between the sun and the earth illuminated? (3) Is light possible in the absence of the human eye?—We handed this to a friend well versed in science, and we give his reply as we received it.—(1) Interstellar space is absolute darkness; looking at the starry heaven by night suffices to realize this fact. (2) No; the space between the sun and our globe is perfectly dark, and this is proved by the fact that the higher we rise in a balloon the darker does the sky grow. That which appears to us a bright sky is only the luminous atmosphere around our globe, and not cosmic space between sun and earth. The sun does not shine in space; it traverses it without illuminating it, and only close to earth does it become light. That which we call blue sky is due to the atmosphere surrounding the earth, and that this light of our globe is in reality no light at all, but a sensation produced by the entrance into the eye of certain vibrations. Light does not exist unless we produce it ourselves. To a stone or a plant endowed with consciousness the earth

would appear dark in broad daylight, as they have no organ to produce the sensation of light. (3) It is an error, therefore, to assume that sun, moon and stars would continue to shine even if all men and higher organized animals were dead or asleep. To be sure, either vibrations existed long before the appearance of man on our globe, and will continue long after he will have disappeared; but absolute light was not and will not be in the absence of a human eye.

Parisina.—The following lines are from Byron's "Parisina."

"As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
And thou must punish both in one;
My crime seems worst to human view,
But God must judge between us two."

In some editions I notice that the last word is spelled "too" and in others "two," which is correct?—It is very evident that either could be used with perfect grammatical propriety and sense, and that each represent different ideas, but the numerical word "two" probably expresses the meaning of the author. It is, however, impossible to say which Byron wrote. We have examined five different complete editions of the poet's writings, in four of which we find it given "two," and in the other "too."

Cop and Bobby—What is the origin of "bobby" and "cop," used in England and the United States for a policeman?—Sir Robert Peel established the Irish constabulary and immediately the officers were called "Bobby" and "Peeler." The terms are, however, much older, for in the sixteenth century a "peeler" was a robber. In England the old-time beadle, who was always armed with a cane to drive away idle and disorderly urchins, has, time out of

mind, been called by the said urchins, "Bobby the Beadle." "Bobby" is also an old English word for striking or hitting, a quality not unknown to policemen. The nickname "cop" for policeman is said to have originated from the letters "C. O. P." (corps of police) on the shield worn by policemen. But "cop" is also a contraction of "copper," another nickname for a policeman; both words derived from "cop," to seize or lay hold of anything unpleasant, and used in a similar sense as to catch.

Music and Bridges—Is it true that music will weaken a bridge?—It is true that measured vibrations are more trying to any kind of bridges, and particularly to suspension bridges, than irregular agitation. Music alone would not strain a bridge enough to injure it materially; but a regiment of troops keeping step to music when crossing a suspension bridge would subject it to a very severe strain. Consequently it is customary to stop the music before troops reach the bridge, and let the men break step, and march more or less irregularly. The reason of all this is obvious. The structure will naturally suffer least strain when at rest. When in uniform motion the bridge acquires a momentum equal to its entire suspended weight multiplied by the velocity of the motion. It is manifest that, in the case of a heavy structure, a uniform downward vibration, be it ever so small, would develop a momentum of many tons in the direction of a breaking strain. The same disturbing forces acting irregularly, so as to counteract one another, would be far less trying to the structure.

Poem.—Please publish the very old poem of our school days, beginning “You’d Scarce Expect One of My Age”?—The poem requested is supposed to be spoken by a boy seven years old.

You’d scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public, on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don’t view me with a critic’s eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow:
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learn’d to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia’s soil
Rear men as great as Britain’s isle;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn’t Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or, where’s the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where’s the boy, but three feet high,
Who’s made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cesar, stain’d with blood;
But only great, as I am good.

Feather in His Cap—What is the origin and meaning of the expression?—It means an honor gained. The Indians added a new feather to the head-gear for every enemy slain. All savage races had the same or a similar custom. In Scotland it is still customary for the sportsman who kills the first woodcock to pluck out a feather and stick it in his

cap. In fact, the custom, in one form or another, seems to be almost universal.

Quotation—Who wrote, “When Twilight Drops her mantle down and pins it with a star”?—MacDonald Clark, sometimes called the mad poet, wrote: “While twilight’s curtain spreading far, was pinned with a single star.” Lydia Maria Child in “Death in Disguise,” quotes the lines: “Now twilight lets her curtain down and pins it with a star.”

Split Infinitive—Among the questions given for the grammar examination for admission to the High School were the following: (1) Give an example of the split infinitive. (2) Criticise the localism: “Do you like it”? Are those proper questions in grammar? What is a split infinitive?—On general principles a pupil should not be given questions that cannot be answered from the stock of information he has stored up in going over his appointed work. To step aside from this is an injustice to the pupil. The infinitive form places the preposition “to” before the verb, as “to write,” “to play.” If words are introduced between the preposition and the verb we have what is called a “split infinitive.” Thus: “To so ably write that we may have readers.” Not the best English, and the questioner may have desired that the pupil should be warned against the use of this form of expression. The second question is beyond us. It may have a meaning elsewhere than in our locality.

National Road—What is the history of the Na-

tional Road?—The road had its origin in a compact made before the organization of the government. The first road over the Alleghenies is first mentioned in a bit of Indian talk in a letter by Washington, in 1754, to the Indian chief Half King; also in his letter of the same year to Governor Dinwiddie, in which he wrote: "We advance slowly across the mountains, making roads as we march fit for the carriages of our great guns." The whole of Washington's first campaign was made along the route of the national road. President Jefferson was the first who, in 1801, laid the matter of road building before Congress, and in 1806 he signed the original bill for the road. In the same year the first contracts for work were made, and by 1821 the whole 130 miles between Cumberland and Wheeling was completed. In 1827 the road reached Columbus and in 1830 Indianapolis. Before the government was done with the road \$6,000,000 had been spent on it. Now the road has mostly been surrendered by the States to the counties traversed by it.

Poem.—Will you oblige an old reader by publishing a poem about the man whose pigtail hung behind him?—The poem is by Thackeray and is called:

A TRAGIC STORY.

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place

And have it dangling at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he: "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me 'round"—he turned him 'round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then 'round and 'round and in out and in
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and 'round about
And up and down and in and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And, though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

W. M. Thackeray.

Irish Descent.—Please name the Presidents who were of Irish descent.—Andrew Jackson's father came from Carrickfergus, on the northern coast of Ireland. James K. Polk's great-great-grandfather was of Scotch-Irish blood and came to America in the eighteenth century. James Buchanan's father came from Donegal, Ireland. Chester A. Arthur's father was an Irishman. Grover Cleveland's maternal grandfather was a Baltimore merchant of Irish birth. "There's nothing too good for the Irish."

Quotation.—Who said: "A sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence"?—James Sheridan Knowles in the play of "Virginius."

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL

DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

A FEW BELATED WORDS ABOUT THE SILVER JUBILEE.

Baseball has recently developed what is termed the Squeeze Play, which assists the side materially that uses it to effect. I do not know that this play is exactly analogous to the game put up on me by our secretary in the last number of this publication. At any rate my letter did not appear there. Bassett squeezed his in and mine out. However, as he scored so well with it, I have no fault to find with him. It was more to the point than mine was.

Still I must not waste the whole of my missive, and so I revert to one matter therein, right at the beginning thereof, which has to do with a certain oddity of diction in my petition published in the May number of "Scraps."

In this petition, be it remembered, I prayed to the Governor of the Winds and the Clerk of the Weather, for auspicious weather on the day appointed for our celebration. Certain ominous clouds and rainy spells in the early hours made it seem as if Jupiter Pluvius desired to intimate that he, and not his employe, the clerk, ought to have been addressed; but, if so, he relented, and showed himself the gracious god. So, by that token, the "full" termination of the twenty-fifth year of league's mundane existence, as I phrased it, did not become the "fell" termination of that period, as the printer so queerly insisted in his paraphrase thereof.

"For this relief much thanks." And I take the occasion even now to thank most sincerely the committee men who so carefully attended to the details of the affair, and on the outcome thereof to congratulate most heartily the members of our organization.

By the way, this is my 19th season of wheeling. Yet, again: "There is nothing like the wheel."

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

ESSTEE, THE STAY-AT-HOME.

Not at the beach, nor on the mountain top. The office is not so hot.

We are getting out consul tickets. Read the duties and, if you want to enlist, write for one. A local consul is the official representative of the L. A. W. in the locality for which he is appointed. He must be helpful and courteous to league members; should be ever ready to speak well of our cause; should try and induce wheelmen to unite with us; and should do all in his power to retain members within the fold.

He is not expected to go to any expense in entertaining, nor in serving wheelmen.

He should so conduct himself that men will be made to see that the league membership is composed of gentlemen who are united for helpful work and good fellowship.

What good roads they have in England! Look at the piles of broken stone for repairs, stored in little niches all along the way; see how promptly and carefully every hole is filled up and every break mended, and you will understand how a small beast can pull a heavy load in this country, and why the big draught horses wear long and do good work. A country with a fine system of roads is like a man with a good circulation of the blood; the labor of life becomes easier, effort is reduced and pleasure increased.

Henry Van Dyke.

A very attractive brochure comes to us, giving a history of the New York Bicycle Club. Mr. E. J. Shriver, the secretary, is the author.

Here is a chance for an honest man to come forward. At the Boston reservoir on Decoration Day Mr. Wm. B. Everett mounted an ordinary bicycle. Before doing so he handed his umbrella to a bystander. He has not seen it since. It has an engraved silver handle and is valued highly by the owner. Who will help recover it?

The bicycle is coming back. All signs point that way. We who plod along while the shower is descending will be glad when the sun shines and the crowd comes out again.

Silence may be golden, but it never succeeds in borrowing a dollar.

We give the president of the United States a cannon salute of 21 guns when he is not traveling incognito. Wherefore 21? Why not 25 or 30? The royal salute of England is also 21 guns. One explanation is that the age of majority in England is 21, and when we threw off the yoke of the mother country it signified that we were old enough to shift for ourselves, hence were 21. The "gun of 1776" equaled the sum of the digits, $1 + 7 + 7 + 6 = 21$. In England the original royal salute was seven guns, and later three times seven signified one seven for each of the political division.

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AUGUST, 1905.

5 Cents.

IN NICOTINA.

Oh! she was a gay little cigarette,
And he was a fat cigar,
And side by side, on a tabouret,
They stood in a ginger jar.

Though nary a word could I understand,
(For they chattered in actobac),
Yet wonderful things I am sure they planned;
Like lovers all do—alack!

Today she's a sad little cigarette,
For gone is her brave cigar,
And all alone on the tabouret
She stands in the ginger jar.

* * * * *

Ah! love is a marvellous thing, 't is true,
And many a fault 't will cloak—
But often it ends, as the dream of these two,
In nothing at all but smoke.

—Rena Cary Cheffield.

SCRAPS IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Only two people attend a real picnic.

At this season the piazza is the best room in the house.

This is the kind of weather when a man drinks ice

water all day, and the doctors don't know at night which of the three worlds he will be in next day.

The pious pose is easy enough to the man who has the whole pie.

The father of the girl just engaged has put her in an awkward position by saying that it will be a wrench, as she has not left his side for thirty-five years. She had told her fiance she was twenty-four. Who giveth this woman away?

Culture is learning that takes a bath regularly.

If boys are indeed less expensive to bring up than girls, it is simply because soap happens to be one of the cheapest things in the world.

Like other members of the royal family, the Duke and Duchess of Fife are now motorists, but in the early days of bicycles they were also devoted to that form of sport. When first they bought their machines a man was brought down from a London riding school to give the duchess lessons, and, not being accustomed to the honor, held her rather gingerly. The duke, who was watching, called out to him after a while: "Hold her tighter, man; never mind her royalty; keep good hold of her. Even royalty gets hurt if it falls." The man obeyed, with the result that within three days it was the duchess who was holding the duke up along the country lanes.

A HOMELY HOMILY.

He oft wuz wont to say, wuz dad,
When he wuz gettin' old,
"I haven't much to leave ye, lad,
No yellor boys of gold.
My funds ain't big, I wish they were,
I've lacked the Mida's touch,
But still, ye needn't worry, fer
Ye ain't been used to much."

An' then he'd chuckle kinder low
An' down his head he'd bob,
So's I could not observe, ye know,
His laugh wuz half a sob.
But soon he'd straighten up again
An' leanin' on his crutch,
He'd say: "Folks seldom worry when
They ain't been used to much."

Though dad is gone fer many years
The things he said remain;
An' so I've never shed no tears
Ner cared to onct complain.
That folks wuz better off than me—
That I've no lands ner such
Disturbs me not, because, yer see,
I ain't been used to much.

"When the hour arrives the man appears." But
the hour is striking in Russia—and not a man in
sight!

A very pretty story it is of a nice old gentleman
of Brooklyn who last week addressed a class of
young women at an educational institution and who
advised them to go in for the active life. "Go out
and do something, be something," he exclaimed; "be-
come fishers of men." He wondered why the audi-
ence tittered.

"That man's always looking for work."

"Yes, that's what he says, but he's one of those people who go round with a snow shovel in July and a pitchfork in January."

Have you ever wondered how, when a telegraph wire is broken or damaged between any two places, the operator, sitting in his office can tell exactly where the break has occurred? The explanation is very simple. It requires force to send electricity through a wire. The longer the wire is the greater is the force required. This force is measured; but, instead of calling it pounds, as in measuring the pressure in a boiler, electricians call the units of electrical force "ohms." Suppose a wire between two offices is 150 miles long, and that, on a stormy night, it gets broken somewhere. The operator knows that when the wire was sound it took just 2,100 ohms to send a current through, or fourteen ohms per mile. He now finds that he can send a current with only 700 ohms. He divides 700 by fourteen, and finds that the break in the wire is fifty miles from his end.

It was a reporter with some humor who stated that at the end of a local party "the guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep."

Condensed Novel—She (early in the evening): "Good evening, Mr. Sampson."

Same She (late in the evening): "Good night, George."

A REALLY BAD WEEK.

The week had gloomily begun	
For William Brown, a poor man's	Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun,	
And he had very little	Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,	
I've nothing here but ones and	Tues.
A bright thought struck him, and he said	
"The rich Miss Jenkins I will	Wed."
But when he paid his court to her	
She lisped, but firmly said "No,	Thur."
"Alas," said he, "then I must die!	
"I'm done! I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll	Fri."
They found his gloves and coat and hat—	
The coroner upon them	Sat.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." We would suggest that text to the clergyman who, as shown in a recent case near Chicago, refused to hold the services over the body of a suicide or to permit its interment in the church cemetery. God has not appointed us to say who are the sheep and who are the goats. The poor girl who at fourteen years of age breaks under the strain of her incessant toil and "rashly importunate" goes to her death, may well excite our profoundest sympathies and wake our efforts to make life more tolerable for the toiling children that remain. If the sacred Scriptures preserve for us the noble elegy of David over the great commander Saul who fell upon his own sword when the battle went against him, we may judge with some charity the poor child who finds herself beaten to the earth before she is fifteen. It is sometimes our duty to rebuke sin; it is always our privilege to comfort rather than condemn.

The fool never knows a good thing when he sees it; the lazy man doesn't seize a good thing when he knows it.

A schoolboy recently wrote the following essay on "Friendship":

"A friend is one who knows all about you, and likes you all the same." If there is anything more to be said on the subject, we can't imagine what it may be.

Man is Creation's masterpiece. But who says so? Man!—Gavarni.

The main object of men working in a tunnel is to get through.

August Problems—(1) A goose and two pigeons weigh 12 pounds. The goose weighs 10 pounds more than a pigeon, each pigeon weighing the same. How much does the goose weigh? (2) Two men find their capital to be such that if each had his number of dollars times his dollars they together would have an even hundred. How much did each have? (3) Three men started to cut down a tree three feet in diameter. The first man cut in one foot, the second man cut the same on the opposite side. The third man objected, saying they left more for him to cut than his share. How much was left?

Answers to July problems—(1) 8 balls. (2) 125 pounds. (3) 5 feet from rear end.

What is the true explanation why strong swimmers

so often go down suddenly? Cramp does not satisfy the doctors. Cramp in the leg would not sink even a bad swimmer. Cramp of the abdominal muscles is rare, and even that would not sink a good swimmer. Very likely the true cause is heart failure. Swimming in cold water throws heavy work on the heart, for the blood vessels are contracted, and the blood passes through with difficulty. If one is at all fatigued, the heart is then weaker than usual, and this, combined with the exercise and the cold, would be very likely to produce a fainting fit.

AUGUST DUTIES.

I know that Phyllis is away.
But not because the town lacks savor,
And not because dull is my day,
Nor yet because my food wants flavor.

These things would tell me she was gone
Were I a comic-weekly poet;
But I, whom she has left forlorn,
By other signs and symbols know it.

She bade me write her every day,
I promised it who loathe all writing.
Alack! Fair Phyllis is away,
And daily letters I'm inditing.

Speculation is when you lose; investment when you win.

There are some people who are always ready to figure. Try one of them on this. Tell him to write the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 on a piece of paper, and to point out the figure which he considers the

worst formed in the line. Mentally multiply the figure to which he points by 9, and tell him to multiply his line of figures by the result. Thus, if he points to 5, tell him to multiply 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 by 45. The result is surprising, and is excellent practice for improving badly formed figures. Note that we omit the figure eight.

They cannot move forward who will not say farewell to some things.

Don't wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to lay up money for a rainy day.

About thirty years ago a remarkable bet was made between Capt. M——, a racing celebrity, and another officer who was noted for his activity. Capt. M—— bet \$50 that his fellow officer would not hop up a certain flight of stairs "two at a time." The offer was taken, but, as there were forty-one steps in the flight, he found, after taking twenty hops, that he was left only one step to negotiate, and had lost. He accused Capt. M—— of sharp practice, but the latter replied: "Well, I'll wager you another \$50 I do it." The officer, thinking to get back his money, again accepted. Capt. M—— then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and hopping back one, finished by going up the last two steps, and won.

A motion in favor of the system of sleeping with the bedroom window open has been passed by the Federation of Associated Burglars.

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

Her parents named her “Marguerite,”
And friends and kinfolk said: “How sweet!”
But here I will relate to you
What happened as she upward grew.

Her elder sister called her “Meg”;
Her teasing brother called her “Peg”;
Her girlish chums to “Daisy” took;
Plain “Maggie” satisfied the cook.

And “Madge” she was to her papa;
And “Margie” to her fond mamma;
And “Peggie” in her grandma’s voice;
And “Magpie” as her grandpa’s choice.

With “Margery,” her teacher’s word,
While “Ritta” she herself preferred—
Now, in this list with names replete,
Pray, what became of “Marguerite”?

Abraham Lincoln once met a soldier in prison, and accosted him with, “Well, my fine fellow, what are you in here for?” “For taking something,” replied he. “What do you mean?” “Why,” said he, “one morning I did not feel very well, and went to see the surgeon. He was busy writing at the time, and when I went in he looked at me, saying, ‘Well, you do look bad; you had better take something.’ He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked around, and saw nothing I could take except his watch, and I took that. That’s what I am in here for.”

“Yes,” said she, thoughtfully, “my husband is the best man in the world. But,” she added still more thoughtfully, “that isn’t saying much.”

Mayor Baxter of Portland strikes pretty near the root of the tipping evil to which college students lend themselves at summer resorts. But why single out the students, who are the least offensive of the robbers? At the clubs no tips are allowed. There no member is allowed to purchase favors which others may not have without cost. If a few proprietors of first-class hotels should adopt that Naples system which Mr. Baxter describes, with fair wages to all, and post the notice to this effect, others would follow, and the abuse of tipping be materially reduced, with a gain to both landlords and guests.

In the verse which is printed below, the blank spaces should be filled up with different words, which are composed of the same six letters:

A — sat in his — grey,
Watching the — of the moonbeams play.
"Thou — the weak, thou — the strong,
To thee shall the battle's — belong."
And the — of leaves took up the song.

Will some good friend fill in the blanks, or shall we in our next?

In this season of thunderstorms it is interesting, if not exactly profitable, to read an ancient interpretation of them. The "Prognostication Everlasting of one Leonard Digges," published in 1556, tells us that thunder in the morning denotes wind; at noon, rain, and in the evening a great tempest. He goes further still, and declares that "Sunday's thunder should bring the death of learned men, judges and others; Monday's, the death of women; Tuesday's, plenty of grain; Wednesday's, bloodshed; Thursday's, plenty

of sheep and corn; Friday's, the slaughter of a great man and other horrible murders; Saturday's, a general pestilent plague and great dearth."

A Muskegon (Mich.) man has discovered to his own satisfaction that automobile speeding is a sure cure for every form of tuberculosis trouble. Three months ago, finding himself declining in the first stages of consumption, he tried the "tent" cure, living in the open air with nature, but this proved too strenuous for him. Then the thought of fast automobile riding struck him, and after a few dizzy rides he began wonderfully to improve. Thereafter he pursued this treatment with regularity, starting out every morning at 5 and whizzing for miles through the country. At the end of three months he had changed from a pale, sallow invalid into a rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed, hearty man. With such an endorsement of the benefits of speeding, the road agents who are so bothering the speeders in many localities might be induced to moderate their zeal.

The miser keeps things locked up tight, bold robbers to elude, and when he takes a hasty bite, he even bolts his food.

The census people declare that only 21 per cent. of American families have an income of \$600 a year. Families with incomes of \$600 a day still think plenty and prosperity are abroad in the land.

Short and to the point was the composition of the .

little girl who was told to write down her impressions of the weather. "The world is full of wind."

Russell Sage is full of saws worthy of his name. The maxim which was his father's only legacy to him was this: "Most any man can make a dollar; but it takes a wise man to know how to save a dollar"; and the sum of his own experience—and a successful one it has been, too—in picking up riches is this: "I've done the best I can with the light of day. Think of all there is in that. You must be up early; get all the light you can. Work in it; save in it. Be faithful in little things as in great. And when the night comes, rest and strengthen yourself for the next day's work."

Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped, trampled on, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or perhaps suffering with cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests, or lack of nourishing food or sunshine. There is not a weed alive which will not, sooner or later, respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection. A day will come when the earth will be transformed, when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers.—Luther Burbank.

If you have never been called a crank you have attracted but little attention in this world.

It is when the pocket is touched that things begin

to stir. We might have gone on kicking and abusing the Chinese to the end of time, but for the institution of a retaliatory boycott in China against American goods.

"As a rule," said the fair maid, as she proceeded to run the cards, "widows are selfish. They are always looking out for No. 1."

"On the contrary," rejoined the eligible bachelor, "I was under the impression they were on the lookout for No. 2."

Teacher sends an amusing example of the excuses parents make for their young hopefuls' absence from school. "Pleas Sur, Jonnie was kep home today. I have had twins. It shan't occur again.—Yours truely, Mrs Smith."

"How old is Harriet?"

"Well, she isn't old enough to know that she isn't old enough to know a lot of things that she won't be old enough to know till she is a little older."

In an English inn, where some laborers were sitting one evening, mathematics became the topic of conversation, when one of the company propounded the old-time problem: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what would three herring cost?" There was silence for several minutes while all sat smoking and thinking. At last one of the thinkers spoke: "Bill, did you say 'errin' or mackerel?"

Vegetarians contend that flesh-eating is not only

immoral—immoral because it necessitates the wanton taking of inoffensive life—but also extravagant, for whereas twelve acres of land, if used for the rearing of cattle for slaughter, will maintain one man feeding on the flesh produced, the same area under wheat will maintain twenty-three, and on a mixed crop of fruit, grain and vegetables a still higher number.

There are many kinds of vegetarians. There are, for instance, the Vems, so called because they eat vegetables, eggs and milk. Then there are the VEGs, or strict vegetarians, who never on any account eat animal products of any kind. Then there are the Edenics, who exclude all cooked food; the Wallacites, who abhor salt and refuse bread containing yeast; the Haigites, who do not include peas or beans in their vegetarianism; and the Allinsonians, who have abandoned tea in favor of a solution of dried cereals.

“What lovely black eyes she has!”

“Yes; hereditary.”

“Ah, her mother?”

“No; her father—he was a pugilist!”

“When you know a thing, hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.”—Confucius.

A Turkish testator left to his eldest son one-half of his seventeen horses, to his second son one-third, to his third son one-ninth of his horses. The execu-

tor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide by two, nor by three, nor by nine. A dervise came up on horseback and the executor consulted him. The dervise said, "Take my horse, and add him to the others." There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest son one-half—nine; to the second son one-third—six; to the third son one-ninth—two; total, seventeen. The dervise then said, "You don't want my horse now; I will take him back again."

An exchange has a wicked story about a country vicar, who was endeavoring to teach his Band of Hope to sing a certain melody. At length he cried, "Now, children, try again 'Little Drops of Water,' and do, pray, put a little 'spirit' in it."

Physicians say that whiskers are the lodging place of deadly germs. Ever stop to think that a man with whiskers never dies young?

It is said that an artist at work on a Biblical history undertook to make a sketch of "Rebecca at the well," but he couldn't draw the water.

Liberty is freedom to do what you ought, not what you like.

We laugh at the love of the public for a happy ending to a novel, but I cannot for my life see why we should. The craving of human nature is not necessarily for the claptrap of marriage bells, but

for spiritual compensation—the confidence that, one way or another, everything must end happily.—Hall Caine.

Dr. Johnson.—He was often called an “old bear.” Hear him growl:

Music excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own. Difficult do you call it, sir? (playing the violin). I wish it were impossible!

I would rather see the portrait of a dog that I know that all the allegorical paintings they can show me in the world.

One cannot love lumps of flesh, and little infants are nothing more.

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel.

Sir, if you mean nothing, say nothing.

Never mind whether they praise or abuse you, anything is tolerable except oblivion.

A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek.

“If you will put a piece of common straw matting under the sheet you will find that your little one will sleep much more comfortably during these hot nights,” said a physician to the mother who had consulted him about a delicate child, “and if you put another piece under your own sheet,” he added, “it will do no harm. The rule works just as well for grown-ups as for children.”

Mr. Columbus was paid.—It was with surprise nothing short of painful, that we received the information, just dug up at Genoa, Italy, that Christopher Columbus received only \$300 for the job of discovering America. The sum of \$50 a month, at which rate Mr. Columbus was paid, is not sufficiently dignified, in our estimation, to be classed as salary. Fifty dollars a month is plain old wages. Columbus was nothing but a hired man. Queen Isabella, according to her ledger, just brought to light, employed him to go out and discover a new continent, just as she would hire a new cook for the royal household or pay a hobo a quarter of a peso for sweeping off the sidewalk in front of the palace. It pains us to think of Mr. Columbus in this light. We did not seek to be discovered, in the first place, but if it were inevitable that we should be discovered, we would have much preferred that the job be done by an-admiral-bold-am-I in full dress, sweeping the horizon with a big field glass from his conning tower, rather than by an illiterate hired hand, such as Columbus was, who had no more respect for our feelings than to land on us on Friday.

Among the Arabs there is a curious legend to account for the ostrich's residence in the desert. "On a certain day appointed," so the story runs, "all created beings met together to decide upon their respective order and precedence. All went smoothly until the ostrich, pleading its inability to fly, disowned the birds and claimed to take rank with the mammals. These, however, would have nothing to say to a crea-

ture clothed not with fur, but with feathers, while the birds, when the ostrich went dejectedly back, repudiated it also as a traitor to its race. But the ostrich was equal to the occasion and declared that being neither mammal nor bird it must be an angel. At this all the other animals indignantly rushed upon the ostrich and drove it before them into the desert, where it has lived in solitude ever since, with no one to contradict it."

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

One day when we was settin' round the stove in Slocum's store,

A feller who was selling books come struttin' through the door,

And says to Slocum: "Here, my friend, 's a hist'ry of the war

In fifteen volumes! Just the thing you've been a-lookin' for!"

And then he started tellin' in a highfalutin' way

About the battles it described, when Slocum stopped him: "Say!"

Says he, "I know 'em all by heart, and clear from A to Z; Your books can't tell me nothin' new about the war," says he.

Then Slocum started in and, say! the way he talked, by jing! Made that poor feller's eyes stick out! He never missed a thing,

But pictured every battle, every skirmish, every shot, In such a way he'd make you think he'd been right on the spot.

From Bull Run up to Gettysburg, then through the South and West,

To Vicksburg, Chattynoozy, Seven Oaks and all the rest O' them big fights he took us, right amidst the scenes o' death,

To Appomattox Courthouse, 'fore he stopped to get his breath.

And then the agent says, says he: "I never would 'a' thought

A middle-aged-appearin' man like you had ever fought
Clean through the war!" "You see I have," says Slocum.

"What is more,
I've fought it through a hundred times, and right in this
old store!"

The agent looked dumbfounded, like he couldn't quite
make out

What Slocum meant, till Slocum says: "For twenty years,
about,

Old Silas Hobbs, who volunteered and served through
thick and thin,

Has loafed in here and made me fight the hull war through
ag'in.

"Why, talk about your battlefields that this or that big
fight

Made famous—thunderation! what's just one affair, when
right

Round this old stove for twenty years the hull o' them big
scraps

Has raged, while on the floor Si's cane has been a'drawin'
maps?

Pshaw! I don't need your books, young man; yet there's
one thing I 'low

I'd like to know," says Slocum: "Through them years o'
fightin' how

Did t'other side hang on so long?—for if it's as Si's said,
We licked them all to nothin' every time they showed their
head!"

—Nixon Waterman.

A successful business man who has made his pile
said to us the other day: "The faculties required for
money-getting are the meanest and lowest of those
possessed by man."

The man who invented the 2-piece cover now uni-
versally used on baseballs has been discovered in
Providence, R. I.—Ellis Drake by name. It was in

the old days of "round ball," before modern baseball was discovered. His father was a shoemaker and the boy had the job of covering balls for the other boys. In school one day the idea struck him that a perfect-fitting cover might be made out of two counterpart pieces, and he cut a pattern out at once. The invention was a valuable one but it was never patented.

Cyrus Townsend Brady tells the following story of a young married couple in New York:

One morning at breakfast, after looking over a pile of bills, the husband inquired:

"Why do you have an account at so many stores, my dear?"

"Oh," said his wife sweetly. "Don't you see? If you buy things that way it makes all the bills so much smaller!"

Teachers are prone to be prejudiced, the little boy said to his mother: "Teacher is so prejudiced! She has an idea that she knows how to spell words and that they should all be spelled her way."

A German professor of psychology has gone to work to prove what everybody knows by his own experience, that pain impresses more deeply than pleasure. He has made many experiments, and with the same result in each instance, the pleasurable is not lasting in its effect, while the disagreeable remains a haunting factor in the future. Joy kills as well as sorrow, but, like the snows of last winter, it vanishes, while its antithesis eats the heart and will not permit

itself to be forgotten. It is all very well to let science determine this by "curious experiments," because German professors must be doing something, but most intelligent human beings substantiate the theory to their own satisfaction every day.

"Why do you call Mrs. Moozy an odd plate?"
"Because she's not in our set."

"In England," said the traveler, "it is considered wrong to have more than one wife."

"It is not merely wrong," answered the Sultan as he glanced apprehensively at the harem; "it's foolish."

Every dog has his day—and wise is the dog that knows when he's having it.

The breaking of a bottle of wine over the bow of a ship when it is launched is a survival of barbarism, though few ever pause to consider whence came the custom. In the olden days when sacrifices were offered to propitiate the gods of a nation, it was the practice to select some poor person as a victim, and to cut his throat over the prow of a new vessel, so that his blood baptized it. It isn't related, however, that the ladies performed this christening service, as they do now in a more humane and harmless manner.

One of the happiest times of my life was when I had all my teeth extracted, and, if I had my time to live over again, I would rather have them all out at the beginning.—Bishop of Newcastle.

Drink water and get typhoid fever. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jim-jams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage appoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire toxæmia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should make sure that the air has been properly sterilized.

There used to be two old proverbs that were made to do duty whether a girl was pretty or plain. Sometimes her elders reminded her that "Beauty is deceitful and favor is vain," and if she was good looking this was supposed to tone down her satisfaction, and if she was plain the proverb was supposed to encourage her. Sometimes the mothers and aunts and elderly friends changed their remark to run, "Beauty is only skin deep." This always made the homely girl "mad," if she had any proper spirit in her, for, of course, being a woman, she knew well enough that a dimple in the chin or a pair of fine eyes would be worth more to her in her duel with fate than any intellectual gifts or spiritual graces she could acquire. Skin deep though it might be, she would have liked a little beauty, and not unnaturally she looked upon herself as badly treated. The homely woman is generally the best thing to have around.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Handed out to Those who don't know.

OTHERS MAY READ.

Veto Power.—Does not the King of England have the power to veto any measure the Houses of Parliament may pass?—He has the right but he would hardly dare use it. It has not, in fact, been exercised since Queen Anne took it into her head to refuse consent to an army measure in 1708. Many monarchs have threatened to exercise it, but since then none has ventured to do so. The power is, in fact, considered extinct, and it is the opinion of an eminent historian that “the King of England would have to sign his own death warrant if both Houses present it to him.”

Rain.—What is meant by an inch of rain falling?—As reckoned by the meteorologists, this means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet. That is to say, that when an inch of rain has fallen there is, roughly speaking, about one hundred tons of water on an acre of land.

Dog Days.—What are Dog Days, and why so called?—This is the name given by ancient astronomers to the twenty days before and the twenty days after the rising of the Dog star, or Sirius, with the sun. It was for years the common opinion that this conjunction of the rising of the Dog star with the rising of the sun was one of the causes of the extreme heat of summer. This conjunction, however, does

not occur at the same time in all latitudes, nor is it constant in the same region for a long period; hence there is much variation as to the limits of the dog days. It is a mere accident that the rising of Sirius with the sun occurs at the hottest season of the year. In time it will take place in the depth of winter. Dog Days this year June 25 to Sept. 5.

The Earth—I am looking for a poem which gives definitions of the earth by different people. For instance, the maiden calls it a “place to be gay.” Can you print it?—You must refer to the following, author unknown:

Earth.

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves.
 What is earth, rich man?—A place to work slaves.
 What is earth, graybeard?—A place to grow old.
 What is earth, miser?—A place to dig gold.
 What is earth, schoolboy?—A place for my play.
 What is earth, maiden?—A place to be gay.
 What is earth, seamstress?—A place where I weep.
 What is earth, sluggard?—A good place to sleep.
 What is earth, soldier?—A place for a battle.
 What is earth, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle.
 What is earth, widow?—A place of true sorrow.
 What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you tomorrow.
 What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me.
 What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea.
 What is earth, statesman?—A place to win fame.
 What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name.
 What is earth, monarch?—For my realm it is given.
 What is earth, Christian?—The gateway of heaven!

Seeing Stars.—Is it true that one at the bottom of a well can see stars by daylight?—We think not. No satisfactory evidence has been adduced to support it. It is one of the instances which prove that truth is still lying at the bottom of the well. The tradition

is a very old one, and the idea seems to be that the shutting off of the scattered light and reducing the area of sky illumination acting on the retina, render the stars visible always. Try looking up through a tall chimney and see for yourself.

Carat.—Is a carat a measure of weight or fineness? —It is used by jewelers to express both. A carat weighs 4 grains, or the 120th part of an ounce, troy. In determining the fineness of a precious metal, 24 carats is considered the standard of purity; hence an 18-carat gold ring would be a ring containing 18 parts in 24 of pure gold.

Quotation—Who wrote the following lines:

“An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless;
The world is wide,—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are All.”

—They are from a poem called “Moments,” by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).

Filipinos.—Why, in writing about the natives, do we use the letter “F,” when the islands are spelled with a “Ph”?—Filipinos is the Spanish name of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, and we use the word as pronounced and spelled in the original language. This spelling is justified by the same rule of philology as that of many other proper names, i. e., Bordeaux, Don Quixote, etc. The word Philippine is an Anglicized form, just as the names Munich for the German Munchen, Brussels for the French Bruxelles, and the like.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL

DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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ESSTEE HAS GONE WHERE THE BREAKERS
BREAK.

Altogether too warm to push the pen or drive the wheel.
We are to look at the sea and eat clams and fish.

We shall lie about our big catch of fish next month.

If you don't get a quick answer to your letter, just lay it to the clams.

The clam is gentle in its nature, but it cannot sing a song nor ride a wheel. Give the clam a one'r.

Will cycling come back? We think so. Cricket is coming back. This old-time game went out so completely that young men of today know nothing about the game. And now the Monday morning papers have very many scores of the previous Saturday games. There are cycles in other things than financial panics.

According to Bradstreet's, 26,601 new motor cars, valued at \$34,650,500, were turned out by a hundred manufacturers in the last year.

M. and Madame Dalbi of Grenoble, France, have left there for Constantinople on a tandem bicycle. The ride of close on 7,500 miles will be worth \$45,000 to them. They had a rich and eccentric uncle who died in Constantinople. He left them the sum mentioned, but on condition that they should travel from their native town to fetch the money at Constantinople by the road, using no other means of locomotion than cycling. It appears that the deceased uncle himself cycled from Grenoble to Constantinople in the early days of safeties, and was so proud of his achievement that he determined his heirs must prove themselves worthy to enjoy his money by accomplishing the same feat.

Most people hold the idea that they can judge speed accurately, while, as a matter of fact, not one in fifty is in the least way capable of doing so. At an inquest held recently an engine driver said his work gave him a good idea of various speeds, but he knew that cyclists betrayed

great ignorance as to the speed they traveled. Motor cars skim over the road so easily that it is a most difficult thing to estimate their speed; whilst those traveling in an auto find it practically impossible—unless they have had very considerable experience—to gauge it.

Giving evidence in a motor case the other day, a policeman said the car went by him like “greased lightning”—whatever that may mean—and a second policeman, called to corroborate, said the motor was traveling sixty miles an hour. Subsequent evidence proved that a cyclist was keeping pace with the car, so that the most moderate of the two officers must have over-estimated the speed to the extent of about thirty miles an hour, at least.

Betty Botter bought some butter;
“But,” she said, “this butter’s bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better.”
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So ’twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

There are some men who like to reduce every thing to figures. A man who signs himself “A Wheeler,” writes:

“Just as a matter of curiosity I figured out a little while ago how large a bicycle could be made out of all those in use at the present day. I may say I have special facilities for getting the information on which my calculations were based, and your cycling readers may be interested to learn that if this could be done the result would be a bicycle three and a half miles long, and a little over two and a half miles high.” If, therefore, any reader meets a cyclist rid-

ing such a machine as this he will be able to draw his own conclusions as to the manner in which the bicycle has been constructed.

To the uninitiated the significance of the X's on a barrel of beer is an enigma, but to those who know it indicates the quality of the liquor contained within. Originally they were crosses, and are derived from the custom of the monks of putting this sacred sign on their vessels as a sort of silent oath on the cross, that the barrel held good liquor.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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5 Cents.

OUR HELPMEEETS.

"A man is as old as he feels,"

"A woman as old as she looks."

Is that fair to the heart of a woman

Who nurses and stitches and cooks—

Who gives with a sweet, lavish love,

Her youth and her strength and her heart?

Is it fair to the heart of a woman,

When time claims her beauty as pelf,

To set her aside with a laugh?—

Whose blood courses warm—never cold;

Is it fair to the heart of a woman

Which never—no, never grows old?

SEPTEMBER SCRAPS FALL INTO LINE.

Popularity Street is paved with pretty speeches.

Charity covers a multitude of sins that don't deserve it.

Hunger is sure to come to those who sit down and wait.

The recording angel gets none of his data from the epitaphs on tombstones.

Death rings the curtain down on our little lives and we are not even allowed to see the bouquets.

A genius for figures has worked it out that all the gold that was ever mined in the world would only make a cube 30 feet square. Hardly enough to bother with, is it?

September is said to be a good month to be born in, and it certainly can boast of a long list of warriors, statesmen, poets and scientists who first saw the light in September days. Among warriors are Augustus Caesar, Nelson, Collingwood, Clive and Lafayette. Among statesmen, Francis I. and Queen Elizabeth, Richelieu and Louis XIV., Brougham and Castelar. Among poets and writers, Ariosto, Weiland, Lessing, Dr. Johnson and Bossuet. Among musicians, Meyerbeer; among lawyers, Marshall and Story; among scientists, Humboldt and Faraday. Certainly this is a pretty good list of world heroes, and it could be greatly lengthened. Miss Willard and Miss Jewett have September birthdays, and Dudley Warner and James Fenimore Cooper also.

People don't like to live in haunted houses, and yet when they move into a house they don't object at finding the "shades of the departed" left in the windows by the last tenants, especially if they are good shades.

Stars radiate heat as well as the sun. It is claimed by scientists that wherever there is white stellar light there must be stellar heat. This heat is rendered sensible by collecting it in the focus of a telescope, the lenses acting as a burning glass to converge the

rays of light and heat upon an instrument called a thermo-multiplier, or heat magnifier.

SO LITTLE MADE ME GLAD.

So little made me glad, for I was young,
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through,
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy now I'm old;
Your hand in mine, dear heart, beside the fire;
The children grown unto our hearts' desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet between the little then and now
What worlds of life, or thought and feeling keen;
What spiritual depths and heights unseen,
Ah me, between the little then and now!

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
Then we rush onward through the changing years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little. We are old.

"One of the most interesting of sights in my travels on the East Coast of Africa," said a traveler, "was the permission given each day by one of the tribe chiefs for the sun to set. At one of the small forts where we stopped, the male natives were drawn up on the parade-ground before the chief's hut as the sun was setting.

"With pomp and ceremony the ruler advanced to the front, and majestically waved his hand toward the sun.

"One of his subjects explained to me that it was the royal sanction for the sun to set. When asked as to whether the chief gave his permission for the

sun to rise in the morning, the man replied that the sun must always rise before the ruler, but that it could never go down unless the royal hand waved approval."

Switzerland is celebrating the anniversary of its inauguration under a Federal Government, which stamps the country as the oldest Republic in the world. The Swiss Confederation had its origin in a league composed for the purposes of defence by the men of the three cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden so far back as 1291. As years went on other cantons joined the Confederation, some of the latest being the cantons of Geneva, Valais, and Neuchatel.

Congressman Cooper, of Texas, tells about a distinguished army officer who, on one occasion, offered prayer before a regiment. He summed up the causes and objects of the war—the war with Mexico—and asserted that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you, good Lord, to Polk's message on this subject."

All the wealth in the world cannot produce an oak tree without waiting for it to grow, and all the ukases in the world will not make the Russians a self-governing people. True liberty comes only through evolution. But a start has been made in Russia; the seeds have been planted.

It is a curious fact that the higher the civilization

of a race the lower the action of the senses. Actual experiments have shown that, whereas the ear of the white man responds to a sound in 147-thousandths of a second, that of a negro responds in 130-thousandths, and that of a Red Indian in 116-thousandths.

A BOY'S CHOICE.

I'd ruther take a w'ippin' than a scoldin' any day,
Cuz a w'ippin' makes you tingle, but you go right out an' play,

An' after w'ile you're over it an' 'en at dinner, w'y,
Your mother's awful sorry an' she brings a piece of pie
An' says she hates to do it, cuz it hurts her just as bad
As it does anybody w'en she w'ips her little lad.

An' then at night she kisses you an' puts you into bed.
An' tucks the covers in an' says you're Mamma's Turly-head,

An' my, she's ist as lovely. An' she sits beside of you,
Ist 'cuz she feels so sorry over w'at she had to do.
An' en she leaves the candle burn an' says for you to cali
If you want anything from her, an' you-ain't scairt at all!

But w'en you get a scoldin' she don't never bring you pie.
Becuz you'll surely break her heart; an' 'en she starts to cry;
An' my! you feel so sorry, an' you wisht she wouldn't, 'cuz
It shows you how you grieved her an' how turble bad you wuz.

An' all day long she never smiles; an' w'en you go to bed
She never leaves the candle burn or calls you 'Turly-head.

An' sometimes you see big, w'ite things a-lookin' at your bed,

'At makes you scairt an' pull the covers up above your head,

An' 'en you s'pose how would you feel if Mamma wuz to die,

An' blumby you feel so bad 't you ist start to cry.
So w'en she looks at you so hurt an' talks to you 'at way—
I'd ruther take a w'ippin' 'an a scoldin' any day!

—J. W. Foley.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

We had a dream the other night, and it was not all a dream, for there was a great big lot of truth in it.

A visitor from Mars came to us and we went with him to a grand civic function at which were present the ambassadors from the different nations. We introduced our friend that he might talk with them about things of the earth and the relations held by the different nations towards each other.

We led him first to Japan, and the little fellow from the island kingdom had this to say:

"Do you see that man by the window, with the eye-glass? That's Russia. Rather mild-looking, but a fearful robber! He has nearly 9,000,000 square miles of territory of his own. That doesn't satisfy him. Some time ago he grabbed Bokhara and Khiva—almost as large as Great Britain. Then he seized Manchuria, and was on the point of stealing Korea, when I put an end to his game. He lifts up his hands in holy horror when we tell him we shall keep half of Sakhalin. Why, he took that from us. One of our people discovered the island and claimed it in the name of Japan. After a few years of possession, Russia pushed our people out and hung out its own flag. We were weak then. We have shown the world that Russia is a great bully and not to be feared."

Having heard about Russia we took our friend over to the ambassador from Russia to see what he would say about his neighbors. He had much to deliver.

"I am charmed to know you. Take my arm. I want to point out to you our most noted pirate—the terror of all nations. There he is with his thumb's in his armholes. His name is England. For the past two hundred years he has been stealing, right, centre, and left. There is scarcely a spot on the globe that is safe from this villain's depredations. At present his empire amounts to 11,391,000 square miles—all stolen property, except his own little island of 121,000 miles. And even half of that—Scotland and Ireland—is the proceeds of robbery. He won't help me to get a seaport on the Pacific. Will you tell me why in all fairness I should not have an outlet?"

France was next interviewed.

"My Dear Mr. Mars, I saw you talking to Japan just now. Do you know what he is—the most youthful of the world's highwaymen? He commenced in 1895 by robbing China of Formosa—viz., 13,458 square miles. But he has now stolen Korea, 82,000 square miles, and very likely he will steal Manchuria. There's Germany going up to speak to him—another robber! He stole Alsace and Lorraine from me. He has robbed the native Africans of 931,000 square miles. In Asia and the Pacific he has stolen 96,000 miles of land. They say his next haul will be Holland. He is rather young—35 years old—to be such a robber. By the time he reaches my age he will, if he can, be the greatest thief in the world!"

Germany had opinions about neighbors, and here they are:

"Glad to know you. You were talking to France—a very dangerous person; one of our champion

highwaymen! France has been stealing land ever since she could crawl. Most of it has been taken from her, no doubt. I myself took Alsace and Lorraine, which she had stolen from me. But she is consoling herself by fresh robberies. She stole Algeria and Tunis, and a further vast extent of African territory—3,792,000 square miles in all. In Asia she has stolen Cochin China, Annam, and other places, to the extent of 256,000 miles. In America, also, she has committed great robberies, but only a small amount remains in her hands. That pirate, England, relieved her of most of her booty. Still, she retains over 4,000,000 square miles of stolen property; and now she is sneaking about Morocco. When France gets possession she closes the door to the trade of other nations.”

Austria distrusts her neighbors, if we can believe what she said to the Martian.

“I am very glad you came to me. Let me warn you. Those people you were speaking with are very undesirable acquaintances—all robbers and desperadoes! And here is another coming towards us—Italy. Italy is a union of ancient freebooters, and if she had the power she would outdo them all. As it is, she has been able to steal only about 186,000 square miles in Africa.”

Italy came up as Austria turned away.

“What did that hoary old robber say to you? He is now decrepit, but at one time he was the great robber of Southern Europe!”

Turkey made its contribution to the general fund of neighborly kindness.

"May I introduce myself? I'm Turkey. Rather queer folk those others. Robbers every one! That's Spain, the pirate of all the seas at one time. She has only 80,000 miles left out of many millions. England stole many of her possessions, and the United States—the latest recruit of the highwaymen—relieved her of the rest. There's Portugal—that dark man—another noted freebooter. He still holds on to 802,952 miles of booty, principally in Africa. Very likely England or Germany will soon knock him on the head. Those three men at the end—Holland, Denmark, and Belgium—look honest enough. They are thieves, every one! Denmark was a merciless pirate and highwayman long ago. He hasn't much left—only 86,634 square miles. Holland stole countless miles of land, and she still holds on to 783,000 of them. That's Greece. He was a famous robber long ago. I alluded to the United States. I think he is the coming pirate. He stole Texas from Mexico, the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico from Spain, Hawaii, and some other places."

Visitor from Mars: "Those Christians, then, are they all robbers?"

Turkey: "Every one. I am in continual dread among them. Only fear of one another prevents them from waylaying me."

Visitor: "And yourself?"

Turkey: "Oh, I never steal. Say, come over to Constantinople and I will show you a lot of pretty ladies."

Just then we were approached by a tall gentleman

in evening dress who proved to be Uncle Sam's ambassador.

"May I have a word with you, stranger? If you've got anything that can be stolen, you had better hold it tight. This earth of ours is a queer place. Not an honest man in it but myself. The story of this globe is one long series of robberies. And the curious thing is that no country will admit that itself is a robber."

Visitor: "Not even you?"

United States: "Well, I've taken a little territory in the interests of liberty. But robbery I leave to Europe."

England: "Ah, you've made the round of the nations. A nice set of robbers—eh? And if it weren't for the protection of me and my fleet, they'd steal every square foot of the globe. By the way, if Mars would like to come under the British Flag as a Crown Colony, or, say, a Protectorate, I should be most happy."

It was now time for my friend to leave. Said he, "Have you not a commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not steal?'" "We have such a commandment for people. Not for nations. The morality of men is far ahead of that of nations. Might makes right is our rule now as it was in the dark ages." "Good-bye! Let me get back to Mars. We do better things at home. Let me get away before I lose my watch."

The way to conquer the foreign artisan is not to kill him, but to beat his work.

September Problems.—(1) A miller, after deducting his toll of ten per cent., gave the customer one bushel. How much was taken to the mill. (2) Bought a lot of eggs for 12 cents; had there been two more, they would have cost one cent less per dozen. How many in the lot? (3) Try this for a puzzle in verse:

A MELODY OF MANY LANDS

1. The land that we loved in our earliest days,
2. The land where our queer fish should go.
3. The land of a tax the parishioner pays,
4. The land that is far from the "Po."
5. The land that is somewhat inclined to push out,
6. The land that is closely kept in,
7. The land that was named for a lady, no doubt,
8. And the land of a Siamese twin.
9. A land that is verdant, if names be correct,
10. A northern land, yellow and brown,
11. A land that is more to the west we suspect,
12. And the land that with care is weighed down.
13. A land uninviting to wheels or to teams,
14. The land that with wine fills your cup,
15. The land that is bound to go under, it seems,
16. And a land that has lately turned up.
17. The land that was christened for anger or spite,
18. The land of a people more brave than polite,
19. The land that a skater will please,
20. And a land that is famous for cheese.
21. And a land that is "shut," as some heedless ones say,
22. A land where the maize plant is known,
23. A land quite indefinite, no special way,
24. And the land that's Her Majesty's own.

Answer to August problems.—(1) Ten and two-thirds pounds. Each pigeon weighed two-thirds of a pound. (2) \$6 and \$8. (3) 41.64 per cent. Answers from D. C. Hasbrouck, Peekskill, N. Y.; H. W. Brinckerhoff, N. Y. City; F. P. Doherty, N. Y. City.

The French Republicans of the first revolution, when they revised the calendar in a way intended to be scientific, but which now seems to us so grotesque, closed their year with September, which they called *Fructidor*, or fruit month—the culmination of the year. In that month, too, fell the complimentary days to eke out the year, five in ordinary years and six in leap year, all of which were holidays. On those days the ordinary business of life was suspended and all the people gave themselves up to unrestrained pleasure and rejoicing. These days were called the “*sans-culottides*.” On the last day, which closed the year, every Frenchman was obliged to take anew the national oath “to live free or die.”

This calendar remained in force for twelve years, when it was discontinued by the Emperor Napoleon and the Gregorian calendar restored. The French people still make it the merriment month of the year.

We fill the blanks in the poem given on page 170 of our August issue. The missing words have the same letters:—

A sutler sat in his ulster grey,
Watching the lustre of the moonbeams' play.
“Thou rulest the weak, thou lurest the strong,
To thee shall the battle's result belong,”
And the rustle of leaves took up the song.

According to the Mohammedan creed, ten animals beside man are admitted into Paradise. These ten are: 1, the dog; 2, Balaam's ass; 3, Solomon's ant; 4, Jonah's whale; 5, the ram of Ishmael; 6, the Queen of Sheba's ass; 7, the camel of Salet; 8, the cuckoo of Belkis; 9, the ox of Moses; 10, the animal called *Al Borak*, which conveyed Mohammed to heaven.

The following three great generals were never defeated: Alexander the Great, who died 300 B. C.; Julius Caesar, who died 44 B. C.; the Duke of Wellington, hero of Waterloo, who died 1852.

The Revolutionary War, from its first outbreak at Lexington, April 19, 1775, to the final disbanding of the army, April 19, 1783, lasted just eight years to a day.

The two words "abstemious" and "facetious" contain the five vowels in their order. The word "indivisibility" contains more letters of one kind than any other word, and the word "possesses" is but one letter behind.

"Once upon a time, I dreamed I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming that I am a man."—Chaung tzu.

In the barber shop there are no rebates and from the call of "next" there is no appeal. And it is the even and equable treatment of Croesus and commoner alike which constitutes the striped pole a true palladium of the rights of man. In the barber shop, at least, exact justice survives.

A TOAST TO HER.

You ask me to tell all I love,
All those who are dear unto me;
My affection to all I can easily prove,
As I love all who smile upon thee.

Here's my love to all those who love thee,
And my love to all those whom you love;
And my love to all those who love them who love thee,
And all those who love them whom you love.

And all those who kind wishes may feel
Toward thee, or kindness bestow;
For them I am full of affectionate zeal;
Toward them with kind feelings I glow;

I love all who wish well unto thee,
And all unto whom you wish well;
And all who wish well to well-wishers to thee,
And well-wishers to all you wish well.

And all those who on thee have e'er smiled,
Or thy goodness and beauty confessed;
And all who e'er kissed thee when thou wert a child,
For those my true love I'll attest.

Here's my blessing to all whom you bless,
And a blessing to all who bless thee;
And a blessing to all who bless them that you bless,
And to those who bless them who bless thee.

And my love I will give unto all
Who love me for my love unto thee;
And surely on them my affections will fall
Who love me for your love unto me.

Here's my love to all those who love thee,
And my love to all those whom you love;
And my love to all those who love them who love thee,
And all those who love them whom you love.

Our word "school" is derived from a Greek word meaning "leisure." The education of men was obtained not so much from books in ancient Greece as from lectures on philosophy, the public assembly, the theatre, the games, and the law-courts, where most of their unoccupied time was spent.

The truth is mighty, and will prevail, especially if it is disagreeable.

See if he guesses right. "What do I see during September? Wars and rumors of wars. Kings and Emperors slain by the hand of man, and death, disease, and pestilence stalking through the land, and the passions of man unbridled and unkempt. On the heaving and turbulent bosom of the ocean, as well as on the roaring track of the railway, will the harvest of death be a plentiful one. It will be a month of sadness, a month of vicissitudes, and a month of misfortunes."—Raphael.

It is easier to preach than it is to practice, therefore it must be easier to be a clergyman than a physician.

An illustrative answer was given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Edinburgh University. Professor Tait had given as one of the questions in an examination paper, "Define transparent, translucent and opaque," which was dealt with by the student thus: "I cannot precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way—

the windows of this classroom were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon will be opaque." The answer gained full marks from the professor. It isn't so at Radcliffe or Vassar.

Statistics are now brought forward to show that America has supplanted France as the leader in the motor car industry. Not only does the United States supply 95 per cent. of the cars now in this country, but American manufacturers are now shipping cars all over the world.

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how.

It is amazing to consider the possibilities if the sun were some other color. If it were blue, for instance, there would be only two colors in the world—blue and black; or, if it were red, then everything would be red or black. In the latter case we should have red snow, red lilies, black grass, black clear sky, and red clouds. There would be a little variety, however, if the sun were green. Things that are now yellow would still remain that color, but there would be no reds, purples, orange, or pinks, and very few of those cheery hues that make the world so bright and pleasant. It is lucky that Old Sol is not a gentleman of another color.

There's no use casting your bread on the waters if you keep your cake to yourself.

"There are three ways to learn the value of a dollar: The first is to spend it, and see what you get for it. The second is to earn it, and see what you do for it. The third way is to save it, and yearn for all the things it might buy if you were weak enough to spend it."

NOCTURNE.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb'

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Senator Beveridge was answering an argument. "The gentleman has been splitting hairs," he said. "He has been trying to prove that two like things are different. He resembles the young lady who defended her sex's reticence. 'A woman can't keep a secret,' someone said to this young lady. 'She can, too,' the young lady answered. 'It isn't the woman who gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to who let it out.'"

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

When in doubt ask the Scrapper.

Ancient Cities—Please give the date when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed.—Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in August, '79. The date commonly given is August 24.

Dutch Courage—We all know what it means, but when was it first used?—In the Dutch wars it had been observed that the captain of the Hollander's men-of-war, when they were about to engage with the enemy, usually set a hogshead of brandy abroach before the mast, and bid the men drink "sustich" that they might fight "lustick."

Serfs—When were the Russian serfs set free?—There was a partial emancipation of the serfs in Russia in 1858. The decree for the total emancipation of serfs (23,000,000) in two years was issued March 3, 1861. Under this decree serfdom ceased to exist March 3, 1863. The Russian serfs were not of a race different from the great mass of Russians, but peasants held in servitude by the land owners. Serfdom had been in existence as an institution recognized by law for 250 years when it was abolished in 1861.

South Pole—Why is the North Pole the object of more research than the South Pole?—Soon after the discovery of America European navigators began to search the Arctic zone for a passage to Asiatic coun-

tries which would be less dangerous and circuitous than that usually traveled. Although the object of polar expeditions has changed somewhat, yet one of the reasons which actuated them influences the explorers of the present time. The nearness of this pole has rendered it of greater interest than its southern counterpart. Expeditions are fitted out more easily for the shorter voyage. Relief can be procured with less delay. Other reasons are that from the closer neighborhood of the continents, and from the action of the Gulf Stream on the one side and the Japan current on the other, and from the fact that the earth is in perihelion during the winter season of the Northern hemisphere, and in aphelion during the winter season of the Southern hemisphere, the Arctic Sea is more free from ice, which in the Antarctic region is an impregnable barrier in the way of discovery.

Harvest Moon—When does the Harvest Moon appear?—The “harvest moon” is the full moon nearest to the autumnal equinox, September 22. At that season the moon, when nearly full, rises for several consecutive nights about the same hour, so that there is an unusual proportion of moonlight evenings. The phenomenon is more striking in higher latitudes than in the United States, and disappears entirely in the tropics. It is most marked when the ascending node of the moon’s orbit is at or near the vernal equinox, as it was in 1894. The phenomenon is due to the fact that at the time of the autumnal equinox the full moon (necessarily opposite to the sun) is in that part

of the orbit which makes the least possible angle with the eastern horizon at the point where the moon rises. Because there is strong moonlight almost all night on several successive nights, which state of affairs is very favorable to harvesting, this full moon is called the "harvest moon." The "hunter's moon" is the moon next after the "harvest moon," where, as in the "honey-moon," the word "moon" stands for month. The harvest being over, hunting may begin.

Emancipation—Kindly give dates when the northern states emancipated their slaves.—Vermont adopted a state constitution in 1777 abolishing slavery. Massachusetts adopted a constitution abolishing slavery in 1780 and New Hampshire in 1783. Gradual abolition was secured by statute in Pennsylvania in 1780, in Rhode Island and Connecticut in 1784, in New York in 1799. The ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota. Slavery was totally abolished in New York July 4, 1827. Gradual abolition cleared Pennsylvania of slaves by 1850, but New Jersey had at that time 236 slaves.

First Railroad—When and where was the first railroad built in the United States?—In 1827 a railway was completed at Quincy, Mass., by Gridley Bryant and T. H. Perkins, for the transportation of the granite of which Bunker Hill Monument was to be built. This was the first railway in the United States, and was operated by horse power. The switch was invented by Mr. Bryant; also, the first eight-wheeled car. The wooden rails of the track were plated with iron to make them more durable.

Quotation.—Please print Dryden's lines which were printed under a portrait of Milton.—Dryden's well-known lines, first printed in Tomson's folio edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1688, are as follows:

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the former to.

Golden Mean.—Whence comes the expression and what is its real meaning?—The maxim of Cleobulus, one of the "seven wise men," who was King of Lindus, in Rhodes, in the sixth century, B. C., was: "Keep the golden mean." The expression is also used by the poet Horace, whose verse, freely translated, is:

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door."

The expression has also been used by many subsequent writers.

Darkest Hour—Is there any explanation of the fact that the darkest hour is just before the dawning?—There is not, principally because the assertion is not by any means a fact. Investigation has proved that the average coldest hour, taking the year through, is between 3 and 4 a. m., while the darkest hour is naturally the one when the sun is furthest from the horizon, or midnight. Like many other sayings, this is not based upon scientific fact.

Grandfather.—Some time ago I saw a statement

where it was shown that a man was his own grandfather. Can you tell us how this may be?—Very easy when you get the combination. A widower and his son marry; the father marries the daughter of a widow, and the son marries the young lady's mother, thereby becoming father (in-law) to his own father, and consequently grandfather to his father's son; that is, himself. We do not advise the step.

H. W. Brinckerhoff writes—Referring to your definition of carat in August number: The carat, as a weight for precious stones, is 3.2 grs. in the United States, 3.17 grs. in London, and 3.18 grs. in Paris, and is divided into 4 jeweler's grains.

That Pigtail.—We should have put down Thackeray as translator, not author. We are willing to be forgiven and have forwarded copy as requested. "In looking over your July Scrap Book, I have come across the 'Tragic Story,' for which you give credit to Mr. Thackeray. Now I believe that this was published among Thackeray's ballads with the distinct statement that it was adapted from the German of Chamisso, and his lines seem so much more pleasing in every way that I hope you will send your inquirer the lines, a copy of which I here enclose. With due respect to Mr. Thackeray's abilities in other directions, I think it will be conceded that Chamisso was a better poet, and this little piece may or may not have been written with a moral in view. In any event, we may easily think up a moral for the lines."—H. A.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT



Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.

THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

THE PRICE TO PAY.

DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents,

ESSTEE'S FALL OPENING.

There are no more fish in the sea. After repeated attempts to get a few out of the water, we have given up in despair and we believe some one has pulled them all out.

Clams and quahaugs are looking up and we have been putting them down.

One does and sees funny things in his vacation and he never tells all.

Periodicals are now ripe. Look at our list and pick a few. The boughs are low and so are the rates.

The long-felt want is here. Thos. A. Edison announces that after 2 years of experimenting he has solved the problem of electrical propulsion of auto vehicles by storage batteries. With the new battery he says a pleasure vehicle can make 100 miles on a single charging. The inventor claims that an ordinary delivery wagon can now be operated for 58 per cent. of the cost of maintaining a horse, and that he can drive a two-ton truck at the rate of 35 miles an hour.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

I have appointed Aug. 31, 1905, as the day for the election of officers of the R. I. Div. L. A. W.

The meeting will be at once adjourned to Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1905. Hour and place to be announced by postal.

James G. Peck,
Chief Consul.

N. H. Gibbs,
Secretary-Treasurer.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

The annual election of Delegates to the National Assembly will take place in December. We call attention to the following provisions of the Constitution:

Art. IV., Sec. 2. Nominations for the office of representative may be effected by the making of a certificate of nomination signed by not less than ten members eligible to vote for such representative and filing the same with the Secretary-Treasurer during the month of October.

Sec. 3. If sufficient nominations to fill the list of representatives from any state or group of states are not made and filed with the Secretary-Treasurer then the President shall make nominations to fill the vacancies. If more than sufficient nominations are made they shall be printed on the ballots in the order received, with nothing to distinguish any particular name. There shall be published in the official organ during November a full list of all nominations, with a statement as to which were nominated by petition and which by the President.

States containing less than a hundred members will be grouped by the Executive Committee, to make districts which will be represented in the Assembly upon a basis of one delegate for 100 members and for one extra delegate for every hundred members in excess of 50. This is a basis of representation similar to that employed with the large states.

The large states will be entitled to elect delegates as follows:

New York, 5.
Massachusetts, 5.
Pennsylvania, 3.
New Jersey, 1.

State officers are no longer ex-officii members of the Assembly.

Abbot Bassett,
Secretary-Treasurer.

PARLOUS TIMES AT ONSET BAY.

That is what your President fell upon this season. And all, in the main, because of a little motor-boat—a "fifteen foot" rowboat with a diminutive motor. It ran all right the first week; then it stopped and wouldn't go. And one came and cranked it; and another came and cranked it; and a third came and cranked it; and so on, even up to seven. But still it wouldn't go. Then came an expert from a nearby city, who worked over it for half a day, and went away—baffled. Further came from the Hub a greater expert, who spent a whole day upon and about it, and went away—baffled. So ended the month of July; and so exer-

cised in body and mind was I in the matter that I had to forego my usual monthly talk with you. I simply couldn't write the letter!

August came in. Again came the expert from Boston, spent another day, examining, studying, working and cranking—cranking, by the way, seems to be the thing of things in such cases—and went away—baffled. So I arose in my wrath and summoned yet a third expert, one from the Whale City, and bade him take the whole machine apart, during my third week's absence—for I came and went in alternate weeks—and probe the matter to the bottom. He did so; but, as it happened, a boy in the boat solved the mystery. But for him I believe it never would have been ferreted out. It was so simple that everyone overlooked it, or, rather, failed to look where it was located. The boat ran all right the entire last week of my stay there. Bless the ordinary boy's curiosity, say I!!

But that wasn't all that came my way. I had my wheel with me, of course, and fell back upon that as a solace in the time of my trouble. Near the end of my third week the rear tire went flat. I found two minute punctures in it. With an occasional pumping I rode it four miles or so to Wareham, where I had it plugged; and that so well that it stood up under me the remaining few days there. I took it to Providence and there, as the tire was a year old, had it replaced by a new one. With it I returned late in the week to Onset; rode from the depot to the hotel—one and three-quarters miles; ate my dinner; and again found a fresh, clean, sharp cut therein, fully one-third of an inch in length and clear through the texture; a cut impossible to even temporarily repair with cement, practically unmendable with a plug, necessary to be vulcanized, with the delay incidental to that process.—!!!

So as I said in the beginning these were parlous times for your President.

Meanwhile, during the latter part of these troubles, your Secretary was tarrying at the entrance of the Cape of Cod, so to speak, and, being neither a motor-boatist, nor an automobilist, was loafing out his vacation there with naught to trouble or annoy. Yet he did not know that one day I wheeled into Orleans, after twenty miles' riding over continuous macadam, with ten minutes only wherein to catch

the westward train; else I should have gone to look him up at the ocean side.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

Something Going On All the Time—The multiplicity of amusements in many small towns, and the manner in which they combine spiritual and temporal enjoyment, was illustrated to a snow-bound traveler, who said to the proprietor of the "tavern" in a New England town:

"I suppose that you have little going on here in the way of entertainment."

"That is where you are mistaken," was the half-resentful reply. "I haven't been to bed before 10 o'clock a single night for a week. Monday night the Methodists had a pie social in their church, and Tuesday they had a b'iled dinner in the Baptist church and Wednesday night the Presbyterians followed suit with a baked-bean dinner, followed by tabalows like Ruth and Boze gleanin' in the fields, an' so on. Then Thursday night the Unitarian folks had a pound donation party for their pastor and his wife, and Friday night the Episcopalians had an oyster supper an' a movin'-picture show. Sat'day night the Congregationalers had a pink tea an' Miss Jarley's wax works, an' the next Monday night the United Brethren had a fair with Jacob at the well and guess-how-many-beans-in-the-pot an' a grab-bag. The Free-will Baptists are going to have a poverty party and a popcorn social tonight. Talk about nothin' goin' on! Why, we couldn't go any more if we lived right in New York!"

Don't expect to recognize the devil by his hoofs. He has them manicured beyond recognition.

Not the least interesting thing about the late Jay Cooke was the origin of his first name. He was the son of Congressman Eleutheros Cooke of Ohio who once lost an election because many voters misspelled his ponderous name. The old gentleman thereupon declared that he would give his next son a name that would spell itself, and "Jay" was the appellation selected.

"I want a drink and I need a shave," said one of a group of men on a street corner. The intensity of the gaze he directed at the saloon across the way and the bristly growth on his face bore witness to the truth of his remark. He took from his pocket a dime. "The only coin I have," he said. He felt of his face, and looked disgusted. He moistened his lips with his tongue as one does when he is dry. "I'll flip it up," he said, after deep thought. "Heads a drink, tails a shave." He flipped the dime into the air, and it jingled on the sidewalk. The owner bent over. "Tails," he exclaimed, in tones of reproach. "I'll make it two out of three," he said, and tossed the coin again. It rolled through the gutter to a sewer opening.

Kindergarten Review. We have a fine proposition in clubs of five, or for single copy. Write for it.

L. A. W.

PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT.

Selected list of Periodicals most called for and our prices for the same. If you do not find the Magazine you want on this list write for our club price on the same. Write for our club price on any Magazine you may want.

	List Price	Our Price
American Amateur Photographer, N. Y.m	1.50	1.25
American Illustrated Magazinem	1.00	1.00
American Machinist, N. Y.w	4.00	3.80
Arenam	2.50	2.25
Argosy, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Atlantic Monthly, Bostonm	4.00	3.40
Automobile Magazinem	3.00	2.75
Bicycling World, N. Y.w	2.00	1.75
Black Cat, Bostonm	.50	.45
Book Keeper, Detroitm	1.00	.75
Bookman, N. Y.m	2.00	1.90
Broadway Magazine, N. Y.m	1.00	.80
Camera, Phila.m	1.00	.90
Camera and Dark Room, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Cassell's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Cassell's Little Folks, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Century Magazine, N. Y.m	4.00	3.75
Collier's Weekly, N. Y.w	5.20	5.20
Cosmopolitan, Irvingtonm	1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.m	3.00	2.75
Critic, N. Y.m	2.00	1.80
Current Literaturem	3.00	2.75
Cycle and Auto Trade Journalw	1.00	.80
Delineator, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Engineering Magazine, N. Y. (a)m	3.00	2.75
Engineering News, N. Y. (a)w	5.00	4.50
Etude, Phila. (a)m	1.50	1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.50
Forum, N. Y.w.....q	2.00	1.75

Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass. (a)	m	1.00	.90
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	m	1.00	.90
Harper's Magazine	m	4.00	3.45
Harper's Weekly	w	4.00	3.45
Horseless Age, N. Y.	m	2.00	1.75
Household Ledger, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
House Beautiful, Chicago	m	2.00	1.85
Illustrated London News (N. Y. edition)	w	6.00	5.75
Independent, N. Y.	w	2.00	2.00
Judge, New York	w	5.00	4.50
Kindergarten Review, Springfield	m	1.00	.75
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m	1.00	1.00
Leslies' Weekly, N. Y.	w	4.00	3.50
Life, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Phila.	m	2.50	2.10
Literary Digest, N. Y. (a)	w	3.00	2.75
Little Folks, Salem (a)	m	1.00	1.00
Masters in Art, Boston	m	1.50	1.50
Masters in Music, Boston	m	2.00	2.00
McClure's Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	1.00
Metropolitan Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.50	1.40
Motor	m	3.00	2.50
Motor Age, Chicago	w	2.00	1.75
Munsey Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	.95
Motor World	m	2.00	1.75
Nation, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.90
North American Review	m	5.00	4.50
Outing, New York	m	3.00	2.50
Outlook, New York	w	3.00	2.90
Photo American	w	1.00	.95
Photo Beacon	m	1.00	.85
Photo Era	m	2.50	2.25
Photo Miniature	m	2.50	2.50
Photo Times-Bulletin	m	2.00	1.75
Popular Science Monthly, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.90
Printer's Ink, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.00
Prof. and Amateur Photography, Buffalo, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
Public Opinion, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.75
Puck, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Recreation, N. Y. (a)	m	1.00	.75
Review of Reviews, N. Y.	m	2.50	2.25
Rudder, N. Y.	m	2.00	1.90
Reader, The, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.50
Saturday Evening Post, Phila.	w	2.00	2.00
Scientific American	w	3.00	3.00

Scientific American Supplement	w	5.00	5.00
Sci. Am. and Supplement		7.00	7.00
Scribner's Magazine, N. Y.	m	3.00	3.00
Smart Set, N. Y. (a)	m	3.00	2.50
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SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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OCTOBER, 1905.

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OCTOBER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant;
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are vagrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.

When springs run low, and on the brooks
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together—
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

BROWN OCTOBER SCRAPS.

October breaks open the chestnut burrs and shakes down the beechnuts.

October is a busy month, and our Saxon fathers had a happy habit of naming it a hurry month.

Mostly the crimson and golden apples are in evidence. An orchard is the highest evolution of civilization. It is there that man's work shows at its best. There are centuries of progress in a Spitzenburg.

"Mr Manton says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife."

"Yes," remarked a lady, "but was that due to kindness or caution? That's what I should like to know."

The question is often asked by travelers, "Where is the safest seat in the train?" The answer is given by an engineer, who, after scientific calculation and protracted experience, asserts that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one.

According to Professor William H. Pickering's new book on Mars, the clouds of that interesting planet are always of a light yellow color. The poles, on the other hand, are sometimes yellow, sometimes pure white, and sometimes a light but vivid green.

In Japan all animals seem to be tame, and approach man without fear; the bees don't sting, the snakes preserve their venom, the dogs bite not. It looks as if the spirit of kindness and toleration which distinguishes the race has been extended to the brute creation.

"Tommy, what is nothing?" inquired the teacher of the new recruit.

"When you hold a horse's head for a man, and he says 'Thank you!'"

The largest raindrops are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter. To determine the size rain is allowed to fall into a thick layer of flour, each drop forming a pellet of dough, and these pellets are compared with dough pellets obtained from drops of known size delivered on the flour by artificial means.

The advice of the president to parents to bring their children up to work is sound. What the country imperatively needs is a system by which men can get money only by earning it. The other ways are bringing all our institutions perilously near destruction.

We always sympathize with the under dog—except when the upper dog happens to belong to us.

Gladys Helen Montague, her transparent red-gold hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at a mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Gladys's calligraphy was of the style which makes three characters perform the duty of twenty-six. In reply came:—

My dearest girl,—Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare to hope that you would stoop to bless such as I? I pray that I may be worthy of you, my darling. I long to press you to my heart.—Ever thine, Reginald.

My Dear Miss Montague,—On Wednesday I start on a tour round the world. If at any time you should change your mind, a word from you will bring me to your side. My letters will be forwarded from my club.—Faithfully yours, Reginald Fitzmaurice.

Dear Gladys,—After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit the occasion? I cannot stand this strain much longer.—Your anxious Reginald.

Balloonists say that birds' flight is limited to 1,315 feet above the surface of the earth.

Until a century or so ago July was always pronounced with the accent on the first syllable—to rhyme, in fact, with "duly." How the present mistaken pronunciation ever came about passes com-

prehension. From the days of Spenser, who wrote, "Then came hot July boyling like to fire," to those of Dr. Johnson, anyone who had ventured to speak of "Jew-lie" would have been voted a very ignorant person.

Gas—A substance we make light of until the bill comes in. "You may hide your light under a bushel, but you'll get a bill from the gas company just the same."—Shakespeare, page 9.

Striking an average among many accounts, the ordinary man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, has amused himself for 3,000 day, has been ill for 500 days, and has spent 1,500 days in eating, and 1,000 in drinking. He has consumed 17,000 pounds of bread, 14,000 pounds of meat, 6,000 pounds of vegetables, and drunk at least 7,000 gallons of liquid. Now, you gentlemen of fifty, what do you think of yourselves after that?

She—You say you are devoted to art. What is the particular art that you love best?

He—Thou art.

Spoiled postal cards are redeemed at a discount of twenty-five per cent. to compensate the government for the expense and losses connected with such redemption, the greatest part of the expense being at the department, where the cards must be recounted

and destroyed and credit to the post office where the redemption occurred allowed.

Sweet are the kisses that never touched our lips!

The trouble in many households is that the husband's earning and the wife's yearning capacity are in inverse ratio.

After all, the simple life is widespread here. We do nothing but labor to get a few dollars to pay the office-holders. Political bosses do all our thinking for us, so we have no cares along that line, but simply work and sleep until it's time to go to the poorhouse. Surely nothing could be simpler.

St. Petersburg is not unlike Venice. It occupies six large and many small islands at the mouth of the Neva.

"Armies will be diminished and abolished only when people cease to allow themselves to be made the slaves of other people, and subject themselves to the animal training which is called military drill and discipline. And people will cease to submit to that training when the sense of human worth shall have awakened within them. That result, again, will only occur when true enlightenment spreads among men. Not that enlightenment by which man recognizes the right of one people to control the actions of any other, and therefore permits the doing of evil deeds; but that enlightenment by which man refuses to surrender his liberty into the hands of others, and re-

gards himself as alone responsible for his actions. Only then will armies be diminished and abolished.”
—Tolstoi.

AMBITION.

I wish I was a candidate a-ridin' round the place
An' greetin' everybody with a happy, smilin' face,
An' havin' all the folks come out a-sayin' howdy-do
An' wishin' you good luck in all you undertake to do.

It must be fine to go a-visitin' 'most every day
An' watch the big percessions pass an' hear the music play;
An' see your picture painted so artistical an' neat
A-swingin' an' a-swayin' on the banner 'crost the street.

In our debatin' circle I have learned the truth sublime
That pursuit is really better than possession, every time;
I'd like to hustle 'round a-makin' speeches through the state,
I don't want any office. 'Druther be a candidate.

Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect
that his flowers and garden will resemble the views
shown on the seed packets.

When Columbus discovered South America, near
the mouth of the Orinoco, the Spaniards found an
Indian village built over the water on piles. As it
reminded them of Venice, they called it Venezuela,
or “little Venice.”

A fool and his money are soon spotted.

Dr. Minot J. Savage, the prominent Unitarian
pastor, recently said in a sermon on divorce that a
large number of divorces are to be welcomed, on the
ground that they are almost always in the interest of

oppressed women and that they give them another opportunity for a free, sweet and wholesome life. "Law," he continued, "does not make marriages. Men and women if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect; all the church can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact that already exists. But if there is no marriage, then it is desecration to keep up the sham."

A sleepy man, sitting in his easy chair, began to troll an old song, when his spouse broke in with, "Don't sing too loud for fear you'll wake yourself up!"

The last volume of Murray's "New English Dictionary" indicates that, while the letter "P" was the letter least frequently used as an initial in the old English dictionary, it is now used as an initial more often than other letters except two. No fewer than 4,931 words now begin with "P," and of these only three are old English words.

That the success of a dinner party does not depend on the excellence of the chef, but on the proper assortment of the company, was precisely the opinion of a very witty old lady, who wisely said: "My dear, it isn't the menu that makes a good dinner, it's the men you sit next to."

As the people grow honest their government will grow honest.—William Allen White.

"I hate grammar awful," remarked a young fellow to whom something had been said regarding that study.

"Do you?" replied an elderly gentlemen. "No doubt you will like it better when you become acquainted with it."

THE HIRED GIRL PROBLEM.

Hello! We want a servant girl.

You've got no servants—what?

What's that? Oh, yes. I understand

Beg pardon. I forgot.

An employe will suit as well;

Yes, black or white will do;

We're looking for a hired girl,

No matter what her hue.

What's that? A green one? Well, how much

Does she expect to get?

What? Four per week, with room and board?

Well, please don't send her yet.

The last one that we had was green;

We only paid her two;

And what she did was small compared

With what she couldn't do.

Our house is not a training school,

With pay to any girl

That comes along—speak louder. What?

You say you've got a pearl.

Who only wants three afternoons,

Two nights, and has a beau,

And who won't work upstairs if she has

To do the work below.

Well, what's the price of pearls today?

What? Six per week? How nice;

I didn't think that one could get

A pearl at such a price.

However, if she—what? Oh, yes,

We always go away
In summer time and let the help
Keep right on drawing pay.

What's that? She doesn't like the street
We live in? Well, we'll move;
We never wish to do a thing
Our help does not approve.
Pray ask her in what neighborhood
She'd rather live—what's that?
No matter what the neighborhood,
She won't live in a flat.

You've got another? What's she like?
What's that? She's not a pearl?
Well, send her up if she is like
An old-time hired girl.
She isn't? Why? They're out of style?
Just wait a minute—I——
Well, send her up. Perhaps we'll suit,
At least, I know we'll try.

—W. J. Lampton.

A clever young man became interested in watching the seeds falling from a sycamore tree. He observed that they acquired a rotary motion before reaching the ground, and, inquiring into the cause, he found that the two wings were slightly turned in opposite directions, which caused them to revolve in falling. The idea of making a screw propeller on this principle at once occurred to him.

No man ever yet made a track that someone else did not walk in it.

It is a wise son that owes his own father.

An American who has been traveling in England brings home a story about the Prince of Wales.

When his Royal Highness was a little fellow at school he ran out of money and knew his parents too well to ask for an advance on his allowance. He thought the matter over and then sat down and laboriously prepared a letter to Queen Victoria, his grandmother, pathetically begging her to send him half a sovereign (about \$2.50). The Queen thought it a good occasion for improvement of his mind and instead of forwarding the money wrote an autograph letter, full of wholesome advice. A few days later she received a brief response which said: "Dear Granny: Never mind about that money now. I don't need it. I have sold your letter for £2 (\$10)."

FORGETFULNESS.

As I strolled on the beach with fair Isabella—

We were friends of long standing, I'd known her a week—
Was it love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella
That fluttered in crimson across her soft cheek?

Hope tugged at my heartstrings and made me audacious.

For when Coquetry blooms like a Provencal rose,
It is a sure sign that she means to be gracious,
And bless with sweet favor some one of her beaux

So I sat me to wooing, both blithely and bravely,

Caught in mine a small hand in a brown gant de Suede,
Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging her suavely
To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed,

When she stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured, discreetly,

"But, you see, I'm engaged!" and pretended to sigh,
While a swift recollection upset me completely—

"Great Heaven!" I gasped, "I forgot. So am I."

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a

week, and for want of food at varying periods, depending on other circumstances.

Government statisticians have been figuring diligently over the cost of 30 of the commonest articles of food in 1904 as compared with former years and now a report has been issued telling what probably was already painfully evident to every ordinary person, that the cost of living is on the rise. From reports made by 2,567 typical families in all parts of the country it is figured that the average cost of food per family in 1896—the year of lowest prices—was \$297 a year, while in 1904 it was \$347. Clothing and other articles than food are not counted. Broad is the way that leads to the poorhouse and many there be who will find it.

To be consistent all the time betrays a low order of intellect. It shows lack of versatility.

Molly—Papa, I wish you'd close the door of your room when gentlemen are calling on me. Your snores are something fierce.

Dad—Well, it won't hurt 'em.

Molly—Perhaps not; but they might think it's hereditary.

The constitutional convention in the Indian Territory voted in favor of calling their proposed new state Sequoyah in honor of the originator of Cherokee alphabet. Sequoyah was a half-breed, his father a German and his mother a Cherokee squaw. He

was born in Georgia in 1770, and although an illiterate man he carved out of pine bark 86 characters which were adopted by the tribal council as an alphabet. Later an Indian translated the Bible into the Cherokee language, by which means Christianity was taught to the Cherokees. Sequoyah also organized a good system of schools in the Cherokee nation. He died in Mexico in 1844.

Give a man an inch and he wants a tumbler full.

FIGURED FORTH.

This is the life of man. He starts at 0,
Then as an infant, 1-derful is thought.
The first great epoch of his early youth
Is when he cuts his primal pearly 2-th.
Next, with 3-markable rapidity,
He learns to speak, to walk; and finally
Comes 4-th from infancy and is a man.
Then, if 5 not mistaken, he will plan
In business, art or letters mighty deeds—
Or else mu-6 realm. If he succeeds,
Or if he fails, what matter, so he tries?
His 7-ly rest comes as the sweeter prize;
For age steals on apace, and at the gate
Of death he stands, his life to consum-8.
Be-9-ly Mother Earth lulls him to rest
With 10-der care. He's Numbered with the blessed!

That was really a wonderful vote in Norway on the secession question, with only 184 "antis." We cannot think of any question under the sun on which the people of this country would show such unanimity.

The great historic interest attaching to the pens

used in signing the peace treaty between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth, the other day was evidenced by the extraordinary keenness of makers in all parts of the world to gain the distinction of supplying them.

Pens poured in from dozens of different manufacturers; and, to avoid disappointing any of these enterprising firms, it was decided that the treaty should be signed with quill pens.

If the newspaper reports can be believed, however, quill pens were, notwithstanding the announcement previously made, not used at the signing of the treaty. The two Russian representatives are said to have subscribed their signatures with pens brought from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. The holders are described as being of brown-colored wood, tipped with black horn.

The two Japanese envoys likewise came equipped with their own pens, though they are reported to have bought theirs in the United States. If this is actually the case, American manufacturers will leave no stone unturned to discover the identity of the make for advertisement purposes.

It is understood that on each side the signatories retained their pens after the signing of the treaty.

It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

A machine has been invented for manufacturing cotton automobile tires. The tires are woven something like lampwicks only they are heavier and of closer texture. They are said to resist a pressure of 6,000 pounds to the square inch.

The horny-handed man calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the clerk "salary," the banker "income," a landowner "rent-roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same at the end of the week.

The great and mighty Supreme Court is bigger than the Constitution. The Constitution has it that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside." If citizens of the United States, why are they not entitled to the protection of the Constitution in all equal rights of citizens? If a Chinaman, born in the United States, leaves the country he loses his citizenship. So says the Supreme Court. One more blot on the escutcheon.

Where there's a will there's delay.

October Problems—(1) If I had seven times as much money as I have, I would then have as much more than \$20 as I now have less. (2) A lady found \$2, and then had five times as much as she would have had if she had lost \$2 instead. (3) Try to get an answer to this:

My first may lean upon your sweetheart's breast,
 Yet give you not a moment's sad unrest.
 To those who ne'er can run or creep or fly,
 My last will happily the want supply;
 My whole outshines by far the fairest toast,
 And when it's liked the best it suffers most.

Answer to September Problems: (1) One and one-ninth. (2) 16 eggs. (3) A Melody of Many Lands.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Lapland. | 13. Rutland. |
| 2. Finland. | 14. Portland. |
| 3. Scotland. | 15. Netherland. |
| 4. Poland. | 16. Newfoundland. |
| 5. Jutland. | 17. Ireland. |
| 6. Pentland. | 18. Gothland. |
| 7. Maryland. | 19. Iceland. |
| 8. Maitland. | 20. Holland. |
| 9. Greenland. | 21. Shetland. |
| 10. Northumberland. | 22. Maasland. |
| 11. Westmoreland. | 23. Aland. |
| 12. Cumberland. | 24. Queensland. |

Figurative Fun. Take 142857 and multiply it by either 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6 and you will get the same figures in the same order, but beginning at a different point. Multiply by seven and you will get all nines.

Jack made a bet with a friend that the home ball nine would win by twice as many runs as their opponents scored. The score was: Home, 1; Opponents, 0. Which won?

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

In order to know one must ask.

The Hague.—Why was it chosen as the seat of the Peace Conference?—Holland is a small country which does not cut a large figure in European politics, and one reason which is said to have influenced the choice of The Hague is that the kingdom was looked on as a sort of neutral ground.

Flying Dutchman.—What is the story of the Flying Dutchman, and who was he?—According to a popular legend he is a Dutch captain, Van Straaten, who, as a punishment for his wicked life, is doomed to sail recklessly on the sea without ever reaching the shore. He is represented as clad in Dutch costume of the seventeenth century, and leaning on the mast of his ship and causing danger and destruction to all vessels he encounters. Richard Wagner borrowed from this legend the plot of his opera.

Kiel Canal.—Where is it? How long is it? Has Russia an interest in it?—The Kiel canal is entirely in German territory. It joins the North Sea and the Baltic, and is between the mouth of the Elbe river and the gulf of Kiel. It was begun in 1887; is 60 miles long; is 28 feet deep, 197 feet wide, and any war vessel that does not draw more than 24 feet can go through it. Russia has no interest whatever in it.

Sappers.—We speak of “sappers and miners.”

What is a sapper?—The word sapper is from the Italian “zappare,” to dig.

Questions.—I want to find a poem, published a short time ago, which asked questions and found the answers in the names of cities and States.—Perhaps this is what you are looking for:

A FEW QUESTIONS.

If Buffal was an Indian boy
And he was minus dough,
And he should buy a costly toy,
How much would Buffalo?

If Otta was a little mite
As slender as a fay,
So everybody said, “How light!”
Now what did Ottawa?

If Koko was a Japanese
One thing I'd like to know,
If all the hay was cut, now, please,
Just what did Kokomo?

If Chicka had an awful fright
That filled her soul with awe,
To know would fill me with delight
Just what poor Chickasaw.

If Aris came to sudden grief
Because he was a crook,
And they should make him out a thief,
Pray tell what Aristook.

If Jolly was a hungry lad
And touched each man he met,
I wonder when a meal he had
How much poor Joliet.

If Chica was a little maid
And stubbed her little toe,
And of blood poison was afraid,
Now where would Chicago?

Save the Face.—What is the origin and meaning of this expression?—It comes from China. To “save the face,” and its converse, to “lose face,” are common expressions in “pidgin English.” If a Chinaman, of whatever standing, suffers in reputation or position by punishment, reprimand, or slights before inferiors, etc., in the words of himself and his friends he “loses face.” One long resident in China tells this story: “A friend of mine was kicking (figuratively) his boy out of the house, on an accusation of stealing, before his coolies, when the accused turned on his master and threatened to get ‘plenty dollah’ out of him at the court for libel. My boy, who was present, observed to me, ‘He makee save face,’ waiving altogether the question of guilt or innocence.”

Wall Street.—Where did Wall Street get its name?—Francis A. Walker gave this explanation of the origin of the name: “In 1653, a wall was built across Manhattan Island to keep out the savages. This line of defense covered the present course of Wall Street, which was so called because it was built on the old wall.”

Charles Auchester.—What musical people are introduced in this story?—Charles Auchester, Joachim; “Seraphael,” Mendelssohn; Clara Benette, Jenny Lind; Laura Lemark, Taglioni; Starwood Burney, Sterndale Bennett.

Sad Iron.—Why is a flat-iron often so-called?—The earliest use of the word “sad” in English seems to have been in the sense close, compact, hard, firm;

not light or soft. This meaning is now obsolete, but some still say sad bread, meaning that which is heavy, and it is possible that the flatiron was called sadiron in the early days for the same reason.

Domesday Book.—What is the Domesday Book of England, so often made mention of in literature?—The Doomsday (Domesday) Book, so called because its decision was regarded as final, is a book containing a digest, in Norman French, of the results of a census in England undertaken by William the Conqueror, completed in 1086. It consists of two volumes, which are now kept in the Public Record Office. In 1783 a facsimile edition, printed from types made for the purpose, was issued by the British Government. According to Hume, Domesday Book is “the most valuable piece of Antiquity possessed by any nation.”

Humidity.—What is meant by “humidity” in the weather reports?—The amount of watery vapor in the atmosphere. It varies considerably according to places and conditions in the same place. In the weather reports “humidity” is the amount of this vapor in the atmosphere at a given time, compared with the amount that would be required to saturate it completely under the existing conditions as to temperature. The figures used to represent it range from 0 (denoting absolute dryness in the air) to 100, a number selected to indicate its complete saturation.

Holystone.—Why is it so called?—This is a soft stone, used by sailors for scrubbing decks, and is said

to have got its name because it was originally used solely for Sunday cleaning. Others assert that the first stones used for this purpose were taken from churchyards; while it is also said to get the name from the fact that a sailor has to go on his knees to use it.

Diet of Worms.—What sort of a body was the Diet of Worms, mentioned in connection with Luther?—It was an assembly of the princes and other leading representatives of all the several States of the German Empire, convoked by Charles V at the ancient town of Worms, in Hesse Darmstadt, to consider various important state affairs, conspicuous among which was the course to be pursued toward the Reformation and Luther, its acknowledged head. Luther bravely appeared before the Emperor in the midst of this august assembly and defended himself and his followers against the charge of heresy with a dignity and eloquence that commanded the admiration of the Emperor and many of his former foes, as well as of the Protestant princes and statesmen. He was suffered to leave the city under safe escort, but his friends fearing that he would be assassinated if he returned to active life, carried him off to the castle of the Wartburg and detained him in this secret place as a prisoner for several years, until his adherents had become numerous enough and strong enough to guarantee him liberty and the right to advocate his principles without fear of molestation.

Bunker Hill Monument.—What is its height and

the number of steps?—The height of Bunker Hill Monument is 221 feet; it is 31 feet square at the base; 15 feet square at the top. Its foundations are 12 feet under ground. The inside of the shaft is a hollow cone 7 feet wide at the bottom and 4 feet 2 inches at the apex, where it terminates in a chamber 11 feet in diameter, reached by a winding staircase of 294 steps. The cost of the monument was \$150,000.

Her Portrait.—Is the picture of a woman's head on the silver dollar that of a real person, or is it ideal?—It is a picture of Miss Annie L. Williams, who was a Philadelphia schoolteacher in the winter of 1877-8, when it was drawn. At that time G. T. Morgan, the designer, was working on the sketches for the imprint of the then new silver dollar. Prof. Thomas Eakins, then of the Academy of Fine Arts, advised him to use a life study, and introduced him to Miss Williams, then living at Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets, in Philadelphia. Miss Williams possessed strikingly classical features, and she consented to sit for the drawing and her profile was used to complete the design of Liberty on the dollar. Morgan put his initial on the head, but it requires sharp eyes to find it.

A flat—A people coop. Seven rooms and a landlord, with hot and cold gas and running servants. A flat is the poor relation of an apartment.

Relations, as somebody said, are disagreeable acquaintances inflicted upon us by Providence. But it is no use in losing one's temper about what they say; it only pleases them.—Richard Bagot.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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ANNUAL ELECTION.

The Executive Committee has grouped the States containing less than 100 members which have representation in the National Assembly as follows:—

District I.—Two Representatives.

Maine	25
New Hampshire	27
Vermont	6
Ohio	78
Indiana	9
Kentucky	16
	<hr/>
	161

District II.—Two Representatives.

Rhode Island	85
Connecticut	64
Foreign	10
	<hr/>
	159

District III.—Two Representatives.

Michigan	19
Wisconsin	13
Illinois	58
Missouri	32
Iowa	15
Minnesota	11
Kansas	6
Montana	3
Wyoming	1
Idaho	1
Washington	2
	<hr/>
	161

District IV.—One Representative.

Delaware	1
Maryland	31
District of Columbia	18
Virginia	4
West Virginia	4
North Carolina	2
Tennessee	4
Georgia	3

Florida	2
Louisiana	2
Texas	8
Oklahoma	1
Colorado	9
Utah	1
Arizona	1
California	21

 112

Grand total in the small States, 593.

WHEELING AND CLAMBAKES.

September is past and over, and a fine month it is for wheeling, surpassing May even in that respect. At least, I find myself more inclined to seize upon the slightest chance offered in the later month for the use of my wheel, and my mileage increment is at its biggest. And as in the years gone by, so has it been in the current year: the opportunities presented themselves frequently and seductively.

There was the Wheel About the Hub. I couldn't miss that, now that I am a member of the Boston Bicycle Club. The gentle dews from heaven did not distill upon us on this trip. We had three perfect days, and, as before, I wheeled across the country back to Providence from the end of the run. This gave me a good third of the month's miles to my credit.

Then I had to go to Onset, and cycled most of the way there and part of the way back. It was not on Labor Day or the day preceding—obviously—but at a subsequent date. I went to put away for the winter my boat there, my "fifteen-foot" rowboat with the d-m-, no, dim-inutive motor. As to this, I have had some interesting correspondence and numerous talks with L. A. W. members, since my account appeared in the last SCRAPs. Each one wanted to know what the boy found out; one wished me to forward the boy to him to examine his boat. Mine is housed now and storage charges will be the sole expense thereon until next season. Meanwhile my wheel has escaped further puncture.

Also there were the big bakes, the Annual Clambakes. They are just over the Rhode Island line in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

I always wheel to these—it gives me a famous appetite; and after an hour's rest, more or less, I wheel back—it aids digestion. One of these bakes occurred the last week in August. This was the "Antiquarian" in Rehoboth Village, where they fed 1,500 people under a tent. On the first Wednesday in September came the "Hornbine" in South Rehoboth; there they fed 1,200. This particular affair has never been postponed by rain in the more than forty years of its establishment, and it is held in the open air. Think of that for persistent good luck! The second week in September brought the "Band Bake" at Swansea, and again 1,200 people were fed. Now as to "Bakes," so-called, most folks, not to the manor born, fall into egregious error concerning them. Those who come hither and go down the bay to Field's Point, Boyden Heights, Crescent Park and Rocky Point, imagine and state that they have partaken of a "clambake" at these resorts. It is not so: they have eaten simply a "shore dinner." At a "clambake" everything, except the bread and the watermelons, is cooked in the "bakehole," and this whether the "bakehole" be on the ground, or in a barrel, or in a washboiler. At a "shore dinner" only the clams are so cooked; the other cooked food is boiled, fried, broiled or baked in the ordinary way. At the "clambake" no such exotic stuff as chowder and fritters appear; the necessary ingredients are clams, fish, stuffing in pans, potatoes (usually sweet) and green corn in the husk, with brown bread as a starter and watermelons for the wind-up. Now when, after the stones are heated red hot and the rockweed is spread over them, and upon it are placed the clams, fish, stuffing, potatoes and green corn, and any extras, if desired, that may commingle without detriment, e. g., onions, tripe and little sausages, and all are thoroughly covered up and subjected to the torrid steam and the permeating flavors of the rockweed, the requisite period of baking is ended, a repast is turned out whose deliciousness fails of description and which can only be appreciated in the eating. And, out in the open one can eat more of it than of any other meal, spread, or banquet, and fear no evil consequences.

There have been other trips, of course, in the interim upon my wheel, but not out of the ordinary. Altogether I have rolled up, in the month rising 400 miles.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 1, 1905.

A WHEEL ABOUT THE HUB.

On Friday, Sept. 8, 1905, was started, under the auspices of the Boston Bicycle Club, the annual two days' tour about the Hub. Twenty-six wheelmen, sixteen of whom were on bicycles, reported the historic run of 1879, and spent two perfect days in unalloyed pleasure. To go upon a "Wheel About the Hub" is an event in the life of a wheelman which will be remembered and cherished as long as he lives. The story of the trip has been told many times and as one program is but the repetition of another, and as it is not the program but the grand carmaraderie which prevails, always new and inspiring, and impossible to put into fitting language, we give our space this year to a peep into the history of the affair.

In 1879 cycling was in its infancy. People went to the club houses, to see the club start upon a run, with all the interest they now exhibit at the door of a fire barn when an alarm is rung in. The L. A. W. was not yet formed. Frank W. Weston was conducting and issuing, semi-occasionally, the American Bicycling Journal. The late Charles E. Pratt, then president of the Boston Bicycle Club, proposed in August, 1879, what he called "A Two-Days' Out and Home Run" from Boston, and the suggestion was carried out on Sept. 11 and 12 following. It was a most successful affair. The Boston and the Massachusetts Clubs furnished the greater number of riders, and there were wheelmen present from Worcester, Salem, Orange, N. J., Washington, D. C., and Hartford, Conn. Forty riders in all. Two representatives of Scribner's Magazine went along in a buggy. The route was about the same as that taken in recent years. An hour was spent at Brook Farm, which is now left out, and there was no halt and swim at Ponkapog. The lunch in the grove at Readville was a pleasant surprise from Col. Pope.

The roads were not then as they are now, and one cannot fail to admire the pluck and persistency of the men of

1879 who rode those many miles over the then sandy roads on machines which were new to them and which they could not have had the perfect command over gained by long use. As a matter of fact, it was a tough experience for some of them, but they did not succumb. So great was the success of this run that a repetition was called for, and on Oct. 24 and 25, 1879, the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs and invited guests held what was called in the American Bicycling Journal "Another Two Days' Run." The route was changed and a westerly course taken. To South Framingham for dinner, Northboro for the night, Bolton, Sudbury, Wayland, Waltham, Boston.

In both tours the late Edward C. Hodges, then captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, was in command. The itinerary of first run called for 36 1/4 miles the first day and 60 1/2 miles the second day. This included the return to Boston on Saturday. In recent years the night is spent at Kimball's and the return to Boston is on Sunday.

The tour was not christened till the illustrated article describing it came out in Scribner's Magazine, early in 1880. It was then and there called "A Wheel Around the Hub," and one of the larger illustrations pictures a group of wheelmen riding on the felloe of a horizontal wheel, "around the hub" of same. As the tour does not go around the hub, it is now referred to as "A Wheel About the Hub."

The illustrated article gave a boom to cycling that was remarkable. It was the most effective "starter" that was given the wheel, and the yearly repetition of the tour is one of the things which make all of us who are fortunate enough to live near enough to engage in the run, cling even more closely to the sport we love so well.

And now if Boston can do a thing so attractive, why not others? Why not Chicago, Philadelphia, New York? Is Boston to have a monopoly of sentiment and pleasure? Think of it.

In the tour of 1905 there was but one "original," Frank W. Weston. Three riders, Obermayer, Meserole and Pitman came over from New York, President Geo. L. Cooke rode up from Providence and S. C. Smith of Syracuse, N. Y., went along. All others were Boston men.

And now let us call a halt just as Scribner's called it at the end of its descriptive article.

"The bugler sounded 'Boots and Saddles,' and as the last of the party whirled away, the words of our Highland Laddie's song rang clear and hearty on the evening air,—

"The sun lay crimson in the west,
The soft breeze fanned my brow,
I rode the steed I loved the best,—
Would I were riding now!"

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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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5 Cents.

CASTE.

A violet once in a garden grew
At the foot of a sunflower bold,
And he fell in love with her eyes of blue,
She with his crown of gold.

But he never could stoop to tell his love,
Though again and again he tried;
And her voice could not reach to the heights above—
Thus they yearned for each other and died.

SCRAPS OF TURKEY AND MINCE PIE.

Better stuff the turkey than yourself.

The Turkey gives his life for our happiness, but we have to axe him.

Turkey is the inspiration of Thanksgiving. Mince pie is the root of regret.

On the wings of a bird we fly to the heaven of appeased appetite.

Thanksgiving's sauce of delight—Cranberry.

We have given up going to church on Thanksgiving Day, but Turkey still rules the roast.

Football is not so young. In the "Boke" named "The Governour," printed in 1531, written by Sir Thomas Elyot, are these words:

"Verily as for two the laste—i. e., pynnes and koytynge be to be utterly objected of all noble men.

"In likewise foote-balle where it is nothings but beastly furie and extreme violence; whereof proceedeth hurte, and consequentlie rancour and malice doe remaine with them that be wounded: wherefore it is to be put in perpetual silence."

Our musical editor, fresh from a Symphony concert, says; "It is not the business of music to realize ideas or thoughts; music is the one medium through which our feelings—as distinct from our thoughts—can be uttered."

What is the difference between a paper dollar and a silver dollar? Never mined.

Attendance upon the primaries will prove quite a help to your political education; but to get at the true inwardness of politics you must gain the confidence of the men who prime the primaries.

According to the Mexican Herald, Thanksgiving was an institution on this continent centuries before the landing of the Pilgrims. It is related that when the great shower of ashes fell from Popocatepetl the Aztec authorities decreed an annual Thanksgiving day to commemorate the escape of their mighty city, Tenoxtitlan, now the city of Mexico, which, though something like fifty miles distant from the volcano,

came near being overwhelmed. "In the lapse of time it fell into desuetude, and it was left for a strange tribe, called 'los Gringos,' to revive the old custom."

WHAT DOES YOUR WIFE THINK?

Of course you're a hero, you've said it yourself,
You've told all the men at the club,
And all other heroes are laid on the shelf;
You're the only big fish in the tub.
You're brave as a lion, yet gentle and kind,
What reason is there we should doubt it?
But we'd just like to ask, if you really don't mind,—
Now what does your wife think about it?

You'd have us believe if the world was composed
Of men like yourself there would be
A view of such wonderful beauty disclosed
As would gladden our spirits to see.
You're clever and wise, so you'd have us to know,
Conceit? You are wholly without it?
No doubt every word you have told us is so,
But what does your wife think about it?

Some night when she's sitting up darning your socks
Or mending at tatter and tear,
As she tenderly sings to the baby she rocks,
A grief-stricken lullaby air,
Then ask if you're noble and gentle and kind,
Before to the world you shall shout it;
For it ought to be worth your endeavor to find
What the one who knows best thinks about it.
Nixon Waterman.

Beware of the good-looking man, little sister. He will monopolize the mirror.

There are two kinds of things, my son, that you should never worry about—those things that cannot be avoided and those which can be. That which can-

not be helped may as well be accepted with resignation, and instead of fretting yourself about that which can be avoided, better save time and nerve-tissue by taking the necessary means to avoid it.

A woman, the 13th child and born on the 13th of the month, recently died in Alabama at the age of 105. Might have known something would happen to her.

New York papers are asking what city in the world can rival New York in the matter of water frontage. It must be confessed that no other city can show the 155 miles of frontage on river and harbor that is aggregated along the boundaries of the five boroughs of greater New York. Of the 155 miles, all, or nearly all, is enclosed harborage, very little of it being on the open sea.

Did you ever ask yourself why a woman changes her name at the altar? And did yourself answer the question? The custom is involved in much obscurity. A recent authority advances the opinion that it originated from a Roman custom, and became common after the Roman occupation of England. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times the married women of most European countries signed their names in the same way, but omitted the "of." In spite of this theory, it is a fact that as late as the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century a Catherine

Parr signed her name without any change, though she had been twice married. As far back as 1568 it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name, and legally receives the name of her husband.

PULPIT REALISM.

He was an eloquent preacher—forceful and vivid, you know. What he described you could almost see; and he had such a flow

Of language and figures and ideas! You've missed a most wonderful man,

If you haven't heard old Dr. Fourthly, who preaches as no other can.

There was his sermon on Sampson—everyone said it was "strong."

When he preached about Israel Captive, we all groaned, "How long, Lord—how long?"

He fearlessly told about Jonah, and made us swallow it, too; When we threw it up to him later, he seemed to be tickled—would you?

When he preached about Daniel, he roared—when he spoke about Balaam, he brayed;

When he told us of Jael he sure struck the nail on the head, ere he prayed.

But his best was "The Prodigal Son," which remains of all others my choice—

When he told how he ate with the swine, he related it all in a husky voice!

He heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says: 'The theatre caught fire last night.' 'Did they save any-

thing?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the program.' Isn't that a good one?"

His wife said it was, and the next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says: 'Theatre caught fire last night.' Another asks: 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replied the first, 'they went on with the program and finished.' Isn't that a fine joke?" The grocer said it was excellent, but confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.

Conceit manifests itself in various ways. Doctor Sam Johnson once awoke in a towering rage from a dream in which he had fancied himself embarked on a desperate argument with Burke or somebody else, in which, to his wrath and humiliation, Burke had completely routed him. For a while nothing would quiet down the irate gladiator and allow him to go to sleep again, till suddenly it darted into his head that as all had occurred in a dream, he was in reality the very prompter who had supplied stupid Burke with his arguments, and so that it was only he himself who had gone to buffets with himself and so badly used himself up. With this comforting recognition the burly giant at once turned over on his pillow and dropped off to sleep like a cherub.

"What happened to Rollignan?" "He dhrowned."
"An' couldn't he swim?" "He did, for 8 hours, but he was a union man."

MRS. MULLIGATAWNY.

Mrs. Mulligatawny said, "I think it's going to rain."

Mr. Mulligatawny said, "To me it's very plain."

Mary Mulligatawny said, "It must rain anyhow."

William Mulligatawny said, "I feel it raining now."

And yet there were no clouds in sight,

And 'twas a pleasant day;

But Mrs. Mulligatawny always liked to have her way.

With Mrs. Mulligatawny the family all agreed,

For all the Mulligatawnys feared her, very much indeed,

And did, whenever they were bid, as Mrs. Mulligatawny did,

And tried to think, as they were taught, as Mrs. Mulligatawny thought.

Mrs. Mulligatawny said, "Now two and two are three."

Mr. Mulligatawny said, "I'm sure they ought to be."

Mary Mulligatawny said, "Arithmetic is wrong."

William Mulligatawny said, "It's been so all along."

Now two and two do not make three.

And three they never were;

But Mrs. Mulligatawny said 'twas near enough for her.

With Mrs. Mulligatawny the family all agreed,

For all the Mulligatawnys feared her, very much indeed;

And did, whenever they were bid, as Mrs. Mulligatawny did,

And tried to think, as they were taught, as Mrs. Mulligatawny thought.

Mrs. Mulligatawny dropped out of the world one day.

Mr. Mulligatawny said, "I don't know what to say."

Mary Mulligatawny said, "I don't know what to do."

William Mulligatawny said, "I feel the same as you."

Mrs. Mulligatawny left the family sitting there,

They couldn't move, they couldn't think, because they didn't dare;

For Mrs. Mulligatawny had always thought for them,

And all the Mulligatawnys thought the same as Mrs. M.,

And did, whenever they were bid, as Mrs. Mulligatawny did,

And tried to think, as they were taught, as Mrs. Mulligatawny thought.

—Arthur Macy.

The size of the Atlantic waves has been carefully measured for the Washington Hydrographic Bureau. In height the waves usually average about thirty feet, but in rough weather they attain from forty to forty-eight feet. In storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long, and last ten or eleven seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not spend itself for twenty-three seconds.

English law in the time of the Conqueror prohibited the peasantry from cutting any wood in the forests, but granted them what was "blown down by the wind." Hence the term "windfall" became synonymous with good luck.

Dueling on bicycles is reported to be a new diversion in Spain. Two members of the Bicycle Club of Granada recently met in a knife duel, which is probably the first encounter of the kind ever fought upon wheels. Accompanied by their seconds, they wheeled out some distance on the road to Malaga, to a secluded spot. There, posted 700 feet apart, at a sign they wheeled towards each other, each directing the machine with the left hand, and brandishing in the right that terrible knife of Spain—the navaja. At the first clash Perez pierced the left arm of Marcus, but at the third encounter Marcus thrust his knife into Perez's right breast. In a few minutes the latter died of internal hemorrhage.

Never place your clock at the head of the stairs; it might run down.

The coming bicentenary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin will be celebrated Jan. 17, 1906, on a Saturday, although he was born on Sunday. In the eyes of many of his Puritanical contemporaries Franklin was a horrible example of the results of being born on the Lord's day. In some of those Massachusetts towns where the ministers were strict, baptism might have been refused to him, for some of the severer Puritans held that a child born on the Sabbath was hopelessly unregenerate. The world has moved and is moving.

SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

I cannot make the thing come out,
Though I have thought and thought and thought,
And tried to make a careful note
Of everything that I have bought.
The more I think and think and think
The more in vain my brain ferments.
Confound the pesky cash account!
Where did I spend that thirty cents?

Ten cents for car fares—that's all right;
Three dollars for a new straw hat;
For luncheon, fifty; shoeshine, five—
Oh, hang it! Yes, I've got all that!
Considering the scant supply,
The treasury has too many vents.
It's outgo, outgo all the time—
Where did I spend that thirty cents?

Cigars, four-fifty; grape juice, ten
(I think it had some foam on top);
Bleachers and peanuts, thirty-five,
And ten cents more for ginger pop.
But still that haunting deficit
My deep perplexity augments.
What was it for?—Oh, well, here goes!
"For foreign missions, thirty cents!"

It is an interesting scientific fact that nothing that falls from the mouth of the deepest mining shaft in the world ever reaches the bottom. This has been demonstrated at the famous Red Jacket shaft of the Big Calumet and Hecla copper mine. The article, no matter what shape or size, is invariably found clinging to the east side of the shaft. Members of the faculty of the College of Mines are now engaged in experiments with a view of developing data as to the thickness of the earth's crust. It is not hoped to solve the perplexing problem.

By their superb self-control and good sense under trying conditions, Sweden and Norway have won the admiration and gratitude of the world. For a splendid advance in the path of the highest civilization is always a fruitful example.

Sorrow, like rain, makes roses,—and mud.

Blue sky does not necessarily mean fine weather. Everyone knows that. But tell the average man that there may be just as much rain overhead when the sky is clear as when dark clouds cut off the sunshine, and he will laugh at you. It is true for all that. Clouds are, as a rule, only a matter of temperature. The air may be heavy with moisture, yet clear as crystal, and heavenly blue. Along comes a cold current of air, which we call a wind, and in a very short time that invisible moisture is condensed into clouds of visible vapor, and tumbled down on our heads in the form of rain. Appearances are deceitful, even in weather.

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, but the man who is short doesn't feel funny.

There is quite a mine of wit and wisdom in toasts, many of which are hidden from the world at large and revealed only to a privileged and convivial few. Among them trade and professional toasts are by no means the least entertaining, as, for instance, the shoemaker's sentiment, "May we have all the women to shoe and the men to boot," or that beloved of glaziers, "The praiseworthy glazier who takes 'panes' to see his way through life." A favorite toast among lawyers is, perhaps, not so respectful to those in high places as it might be—"The Bench and the Bar. If it were not for the Bar, there would be little use for the Bench"; and certainly it is not so witty or appropriate as this of the pawnbroker: "When we lend our cash to a friend, may it be to his interest to pay the principal and his principle to pay the interest."

AN ARAB PROVERB: "MEN ARE FOUR."

The man who knows not that he knows not aught—

He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.

Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—

He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.

But whoso knowing, knows not that he knows—

He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.

The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—

Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him.

Some of us are glad to know just how much of the government cash we own. The treasury reports that the per capita circulation of money in this country is now \$31.40, which is the highest point ever reached, the estimated population being 83,493,000. This is

an increase of nearly one-third in the last seven years. France is the only country which now has a larger per capita money stock than we—about \$40 to each man, woman and child. It will, however, cost more than the difference for us to become a Frenchman.

The sweetest song you can sing as you work will not atone for sweeping the dust into the corners.

Anyway, there is no room for trouble in an air castle.

Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound, or a cur and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too.

At the peace convention held by the Shakers at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., Dr. James Peebles of Battle Creek took the stand that the way to secure universal peace is to stop holding up war as the ideal. "Cease preaching the doctrine of an eye for an eye and praising Jehovah as a god of battles; disband the boys' brigades which breed and encourage wars; give suffrage to woman who will voice her sentiments for

peace; cease to resurrect yearly the war ghosts of Yorktown and Bunker Hill. There should be no more boasting verbiage about whipping the British. True patriotism does not consist of noise and bloodshed, but in justice aglow with mercy and equal opportunities for all," he said.

Of two evils choose the one least likely to be talked about.

It is quite a common thing to hear and read of bells with a "silvery tone," but it would be a difficult matter to trace the origin of the phrase, for, as a matter of fact, silver is little better than lead, and its inclusion in bell-metal would prove fatal to the tone. Copper and tin are the only two metals employed in the making of a bell, the latter being rather less than one-fourth of the entire weight.

After all that has been said of the Simple Life, the general opinion is that a happy life means a good digestion and a good bank account. With these anyone can be good, and without them, it would be difficult for the most devoted believer in the simple life to keep his temper sweet.

A press cablegram from Germany acquaints the world with the momentous fact that Emperor William's bulldog August has died as the result of being chewed up by a mouse. The dog made the mistake of swallowing the mouse alive and was thus not in a position to get at him. Great news, this.

When a company of men have had a jolly time, the only thing that will reconcile them to breaking up and going home is the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in promiscuous discord. Then great tears are seen to course down manly cheeks, and agony is depicted in grewsome colors upon every face. What a sentimental thing a man is.

What's in a phrase? If we really "worked like a dog," all day, we should spend the twenty-four hours thus: One hour digging a woodchuck from a wall, two hours worrying a bone, half an hour begging "the folks" to take us downstairs, and the rest of the time sleeping on a mat in the cool doorway. Do not "work like a dog."

This expression of abiding love may be indirect. An absent wife once wrote to her maid-of-all work in Boston: "Use the gas stove this warm weather. Heat the water for Mr. X's bath in a tea-kettle. Don't let him have the kettle, for he would surely scald himself." Here is an instance of doubly indirect affection. It is the affection that includes the elements, protection, forethought, and, although there is a touch of the natural feminine contempt for man interfering in domestic economy, yet the letter is, in reality, a love letter. If it were read in court today, would it not excite inextinguishable laughter? Can you not hear the snickerings, the peals, the guffaws of the crowd; the rapping of the smiling judge? Yes, love letters are often silly: but, when one ponders the vanity of life, there is a reckless sublimity in such folly.

UNCLE HENRY'S OPTIMISM.

I don't pretend to say that things are all right here below,
There's few folks that have angels' wings, there's gobs of
sin and woe;
The man's a fool that shets his eyes and says there's noth-
ing wrong—
It ain't the good chap gits the prize, unless he's big and
strong;
This here old world ain't heaven yit, it's full of wrongs
today—
But I've the faith to think we'll git 'em straightened out
some way.

I don't uphold the man who stands around and talks of love
And sort of folds his peaceful hands and thinks that up
above
There's One who guides us, wet or dry, who's plannin' fer
us here
And who will reach out by and by and make sin disappear—
I don't believe that kind of stuff, but I believe some day
We'll have the grit and wit enough to clear the wrongs
away.

I don't deny that God is there—He may be watchin', too;
But don't let's leave to His kind care the work we ought
to do.
If He'd intended to take hold and banish all the woe
It seems to me that He'd of rolled the clouds back long
ago—
I don't believe that He's inclined to clear the wrongs away,
But I believe He'll let us find out how ourselves, some day.

Some people think it ain't jest right to not sing happy songs
About a sky that's always bright, a world that's free from
wrongs;
But I can't, somehow, seem to think it's noble not to care,
Or that the wrongs at which you wink don't keep on bein'
there—
The world ain't paradise just yit, there's sin to wash away,
But I believe we'll have the grit to clean it up some day.
—S. E. Kiser.

However customs may have changed concerning quantity, the traditions of quality are almost universally observed. Thanksgiving would hardly be itself without certain things to eat on that day. The composition of the meal should strictly follow, as nearly as possible, the old Pilgrim custom. We know that the Pilgrims celebrated their first Thanksgiving with turkeys and oysters as main elements in the feast. These were native products; probably that included native fruits and vegetables so far as possible. They were in the cranberry country, and they learned the use of corn and pumpkins from the Indians; potatoes were then unknown in this part of America. Quite likely they had samp, or cracked corn, in the feast. They had no apples and they probably drank beer brought from England. A few years later an elaborate feast was probably evolved with the various regulation viands, and the custom extended to the Puritan neighbors of Massachusetts Bay. We may assume that by the beginning of the 18th century the Thanksgiving dinner all through New England had assumed the character that it has ever since maintained. Some of the white meat, please.

“Yawning,” says our medical correspondent, “is really one of the finest of exercises. The filling of the lungs, expanding the chest, and stretching the arms, which are essential to a good, hearty yawn, form a splendid daily exercise; and the man who yawns a dozen times at intervals during each day may snap his fingers at the doctors.”

A SONG OF URBAN JOYS.

Let the other folks remember country life in raw November;
 let them sing about the cider and the "sass";
 Let them hail the blacklog blazing, giving cheer that's just
 amazing, making red the rounded cheek of every lass.
 They may merry be and cosy, basking in the fire-light rosy,
 and partaking of the chestnuts big and fat;
 But I'll raise my little ditty to November in the city, where
 I'm happy in my twenty-dollar flat.

While we lack the farmer's pleasures, life its recompenses
 measures to the dweller in the crowded city block;
 We may miss the husking frolic, but when baby has the
 colic we don't have to go for miles to fetch the "Doc."
 While we miss the barnyard clatter, still we're not com-
 pelled to shatter solid ice within our basin with a bat;
 So I'll raise my little ditty to November in the city, where
 I'm happy in my twenty-dollar flat.

November Problems.—Dr. Herman S. Davis, of the International Latitude Observatory, Gaithersburg, Md., furnishes the problems for this month.

(1).—The number 1464 can be divided into six parts, such that no two parts shall be equal but

the first part plus 2
 the second part minus 2
 the third part multiplied by 2
 the fourth part divided by 2
 the fifth part raised to the power 2
 and the square root of the sixth part

will each be equal to the same number: What are these six parts?

(2).—There is only one other number smaller than 1464 of which the same above facts are true: What is this other number? and what are the six parts into which it is divided?

Try two little things that are very easy.

- (3).—My second is cold; my first is not,
A little change will make it hot;
You may take it sometimes and sometimes
give;
But court it never as long as you live.
-

- (4).—I strengthen the weak; I cross the wide sea;
I frighten the thief; and I grow on a tree.
-

Answers to October Problems.—(1) \$5; (2) \$3.
Charade—Muffin. We have had four answers to the ball-nine question: 1.—Jack wins because 1 is more than twice as many as 0. 2.—No one wins. The opposing team failed to score and the conditions were not reached. 3.—Jack loses because there was no score which could be doubled. 4.—Jack wins because twice 0 is 0. Take your choice.

Melody of Many Lands.—Permit me to suggest regarding the answers to "A Melody," etc., that a better answer to question eight would be England, "Eng" being the name of one of the Siamese Twins. (It is better. Ed.) Other answers for some of the other questions, perhaps as good as those you give in October number are 14.—Rhineland. (Like Portland better. Ed.) 15.—Hel-go-land. (Not so refined as Netherland. Ed.) 20.—Switzerland. (About even. Ed.) 22.—Corn-land. (Never heard of it. Ed.)

C. G. R.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Not Intended For Those Who Know Everything.

Eleven and Twelve.—Why do we not begin the teens with oneteen, twoteen, thirteen?—The names “eleven” and “twelve” are curiously formed in all languages of the Teutonic stock. “Eleven” means “one left”—after counting ten, German, “ainlif.” Twelve means “two left,” in Gothic, “twa lif.” We can hardly tell why this was so arranged.

Speaker.—Whence comes the term “Speaker,” as applied to a presiding officer?—The origin of the term “speaker” is remote. We of the United States get it from Great Britain, where it is used as the title of the presiding officer of the House of Commons. The office existed early in the reign of Henry III, but the title was not used until the reign of Edward III.

Quotation.—Who said “Winter lingers in the lap of Spring”?—We don't know. Goldsmith in “The Traveller” says: “Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.”

White and Black.—Are white and black colors?—White and black are not colors. Black absorbs all colors, and therefore shows none; white keeps no color, returns all, and retains none. Color is molecular reflection, a property innate in the substance itself. Grass is green because it keeps all the colors except green, which it does not want, and reflects it

back. Of course, things of everyday life that are called black and white are seldom properly so called.

Beef and Onions—(1) Who is the author of "Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon"? (2) "I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does honor to my wit"?—(1) It is from Shakespeare's play of "All's Well That Ends Well." (2) It is from "Twelfth Night," by the same author.

Bride.—Is a woman a bride before or after marriage?—The dictionaries say both. We put the question to a charming (brides are always charming) young lady as she stood receiving friends under the marriage bell. We asked if she had been a bride or was then a bride. "When I went to meet the bridegroom," said she, "I was a bride-elect, now I am a bride." We think that this is better than the dictionary definition.

A Cry for Help.—Who said "We welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves"?—We are unable to find it. Who will help us?

More Letters.—In Scrap Book for September I notice that you name the word "indivisibility" as containing more letters of one kind than any other word, and say that the word "possesses" is but one letter behind. What is the matter with "dispossesses"? This is a very common word among officers at law.—G. L. C.

Generation.—How long is a generation?—Of no certain length. A generation is the interval of time that elapses between the birth of a father and the birth of his son, and was generally used in computing considerable periods of history. The interval of a generation is consequently of uncertain length, and depends on the standard of human life, and whether the generations are reckoned by the eldest, middle or youngest sons. Thirty-three years have usually been allowed as the mean length of a generation, or three generations for every hundred years. In compiling pedigrees, great attention is necessary to the number of generations in any given period.

Continent.—Is North America, by itself, a continent?—It is allowable to speak of North America as a continent, as indicated in Webster's definitions and examples, in one of the latter of which he cites the expression, "the continent of Asia." But, strictly speaking, it is better to regard North and South America as one continent, also Europe, Asia and Africa as but one. This is in conformity with the usage of the most eminent geographers of the present day. The tendency of modern science is to give precision to definitions.

Presidents.—Who was the oldest and who the youngest President when entering the White House?—On entering the White House, Washington was 57 years old, Adams 62, Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams each 58, Monroe 59, Jackson 62, Van Buren 55, William Henry Harrison 68, Tyler 51, Polk 50, Taylor 65, Fillmore 50, Pierce 49, Buchanan

66, Lincoln 52, Johnson 48, Grant 47, Hayes 54, Garfield 49, Arthur 51, Cleveland 48, B. Harrison 55, McKinley 53, Roosevelt 43. As seen above, the first Harrison was the oldest and Roosevelt the youngest of all the Presidents when going to the head of the government.

Twilight in India.—I have seen it stated that there is no twilight in India. Is this true?—Not exactly; but the period of duration of twilight is very short compared with that of more northern or southern countries. The last beams of twilight fade from sight when the sun is twelve degrees below the horizon. In India, or any place near the equator, the sun's path is at nearly right angles with the horizon, and hence it is only a short time before it is twelve degrees below. The further from the equator the less becomes the angle which the sun's course makes with the horizon, and the longer the time required for the sun to sink twelve degrees below the horizon, hence the longer period of twilight.

Fagging—Explain "fagging" as practised in the schools of England.—In certain English schools, as Eton, Harrow and Winchester, a schoolboy of a lower class is compelled to perform menial services for another boy who is in the highest or next highest form or class, having to prepare his breakfast, carry messages, etc., in return for which protection and assistance in various ways are accorded.

Putnam's Ride—What is the story of Putnam's ride down a precipice?—One day in March, 1779,

General Putnam, who had his headquarters at Horse Neck, was shaving before his mirror. Suddenly there appeared in the glass before him the reflection of a body of British soldiers coming up the road. Dropping his razor and grasping his sword he rushed out of the house, sprang on his horse, and hurriedly brought his men together on a hill near by to resist the advance of the enemy. The British force was so large, however, that he could not hold out against it with his little handful of men, and, ordering his soldiers to scatter in a neighboring swamp, he spurred his own horse over a precipice and descended a zig-zag path, where the British dragoons did not dare to follow. The British general, Tryon, who was in command of the English, plundered the people in the vicinity and then went back to King's Bridge. But by this time Putnam had got his men together again and was in hot pursuit, and on the way succeeded in recapturing nearly all the booty.

Diamonds.—Can the formation of the diamond be accounted for by geologists?—The philosopher Steffans is accredited with the dictum, "Diamond is quartz which has arrived at self-consciousness!" And an eminent geologist has parodied this metaphysical definition thus: "Quartz is diamond which has become insane!" As a matter of fact, the diamond is one of the riddles of nature—a perennial puzzle. What it is chemically we do know; but how in nature's laboratory it became what it is still remains a mystery. Some believe in the volcanic origin of diamonds, and that they belong to and are part of

the matrix in which they lie. Side by side with this theory there is, however, still some room for the meteoric theory of the origin of the diamond.

Q.—Please tell us what you can of “Dorothy Q.” whom Oliver Wendell Holmes has made the subject of a poem. A.—Dr. Holmes himself, in a note on his poem of “Dorothy Q.,” said:

“Dorothy Quincy, the subject of the first poem in this volume, was aunt of the first Josiah Quincy, Jr., ‘that fervid orator who expended his life for the cause of his country, dying on shipboard in sight of home, as he returned from England after hostilities had begun only seven days.’ She was also the aunt of a second Dorothy Quincy, who became the wife of John Hancock, president of the first Continental Congress.

“The painting hung in the house of my grandfather, Oliver Wendell, which was occupied by British officers before the evacuation of Boston. One of these gentlemen amused himself by stabbing poor Dorothy (the pictured one) as near the right eye as his swordsmanship would serve him to do it. The canvas was so decayed that it became necessary to remount the painting, in the process of doing which the hole made by the rapier was lost sight of. I took some photographs of the picture before it was transferred to the new canvas.”

If President Roosevelt succeeds in eliminating brutality from football, he might then attack the college yell.

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Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



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AS DAYLIGHT SHRINKETH.

At the time of the year when the seaside hostelrys have closely barred their spacious portals, and the summer cottager, save and except the tenacious tax dodger, is hastening with doubtful reluctance citywards, and motor boats and all that ilk are withdrawing, the while the hunter's moon waxes and wanes, from their exasperatingly uncertain activities, and the whooping fans of the diamond are yielding to the vociferous rooters of the gridiron—that is to say, as Autumn is wearing on apace—the clerical employee of the meteorological department of nature—vulgo dictu, Clerk of the Weather—who, somewhat hesitatingly, it is true, yet, nevertheless, at the critical moment, so to speak, not uncertainly, responded in the affirmative to my special request previously addressed to him for beneficent atmospheric conditions on L. A. W. Jubilee Day, and from the hard impact of whose tergiversations on Labor Day last and its antecedent Sunday it took us a week or so to fully recover, has, after giving unto us, by way of atonement for those days of dismalness, a September of extraordinary gloriousness thereafter, provided us further, for reasons best known to himself, but which we have no reason to inquire into, an equally glorious October. No one, at least in New England and its vicinity, can gainsay that it was a glorious month, and whereas I, whose thoughts, as the afternoons shorten and the sometime reminders of winter's chills possess the air, and the whirligig dances of the fallen leaves call unmistakingly, and a bit unpleasantly, to mind the sure approach of the season's end, the closeness of another milestone in my cycling life—and in my increasing age as well, by that same token—scarcely bethought myself of the frost and hardness of earth, of the ice and snow, that so near at hand are awaiting; but, whenever opportunity offered, as because of that very benignity of the weather, it so often happened that it did, bestrode my trusty steed, my well-tried wheel, and pedaled hither and yon as though the month were of a verity the month of the harvest moon instead. And, "maugre," as formerly was said, or, more colloquially and in present parlance, "barring," the increasingly early darkness of the days and, rarely, a touch of coldness in the northerly wind, no violent stretch of the imagination was needed to deem it such. However, the month is ended: November is ushered in. Already the faintest of

aromas seems to titillate the olfactory nerves, reminiscent and prophetic of Thanksgiving; yea, even of Christmas, feasting. At any moment we may hear and feel the frigid blasts of the northwesterners from Manitoba and the Dakotas. A few days of Indian Summer, perhaps, in the interim, and then down upon us will come for keeps Winter and his legions of snowy Goths and icy Vandals. And then—my wheel and I shall patiently await the coming of Spring.

GEO. L. COOKE,

President L. A. W.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 1, 1905.

REPRESENTATIVE NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations for the office of Representative to the National Assembly, L. A. W., have been made:

MASSACHUSETTS.

Quincy Kilby, Boston; W. B. Everett, Dorchester; Alonzo D. Peck, Boston; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham; Charles W. Pierce, Brighton.

NEW YORK.

L. P. Cowell, N. Y. City; Edward F. Hill, Peekskill; J. C. Howard, N. Y. City; Henry G. Wynn, N. Y. City; H. W. Bullard, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DISTRICT II—R. I., CONN., FOREIGN.

Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence; C. W. Hulse, New Haven.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

At the annual meeting of this Division the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Chief Consul, John H. Barrett. Vice Consul, Robert A. Kendall. Representatives, J. J. Butler, Fred A. Bliss, G. C. Blake, C. B. Burnham, C. B. Fisher, F. C. Healy, E. C. Parkhurst, F. T. Sibley, J. Ward.

NELSON H. GIBBS,

Secretary.

Thomas A. Edison says we sleep too much; another man says we eat too much; and still another that we drink too much. On the other hand, if we didn't indulge in a few excesses somebody might rise up and tell us that we live too long.

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American Illustrated Magazinem	1.00	1.00
American Machinist, N. Y.w	4.00	3.80
Arenam	2.50	2.25
Argosy, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Atlantic Monthly, Bostonm	4.00	3.40
Automobile Magazinem	3.00	2.75
Bicycling World, N. Y.w	2.00	1.75
Black Cat, Bostonm	.50	.45
Book Keeper, Detroitm	1.00	.75
Bookman, N. Y.m	2.00	1.90
Broadway Magazine, N. Y.m	1.00	.80
Camera, Phila.m	1.00	.90
Camera and Dark Room, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Cassell's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Cassell's Little Folks, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Century Magazine, N. Y.m	4.00	3.75
Collier's Weekly, N. Y.w	5.20	5.20
Cosmopolitan, Irvingtonm	1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.m	3.00	2.75
Critic, N. Y.m	2.00	1.80
Current Literaturem	3.00	2.75
Cycle and Auto Trade Journalw	1.00	.80
Delineator, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Engineering Magazine, N. Y. (a)m	3.00	2.75
Engineering News, N. Y. (a)w	5.00	4.50
Etude, Phila. (a)m	1.50	1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.50
Forum, N. Y.w.....q	2.90	1.75

Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass. (a)	m	1.00	.90
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	m	1.00	.90
Harper's Magazine	m	4.00	3.45
Harper's Weekly	w	4.00	3.45
Horseless Age, N. Y.	m	2.00	1.75
Household Ledger, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
House Beautiful, Chicago	m	2.00	1.85
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Independent, N. Y.	w	2.00	2.00
Judge, New York	w	5.00	4.50
Kindergarten Review, Springfield	m	1.00	.75
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m	1.00	1.00
Leslies' Weekly, N. Y.	w	4.00	3.50
Life, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Phila.	m	2.50	2.10
Literary Digest, N. Y. (a)	w	3.00	2.75
Little Folks, Salem (a)	m	1.00	1.00
Masters in Art, Boston	m	1.50	1.50
Masters in Music, Boston	m	2.00	2.00
McClure's Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	1.00
Metropolitan Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.50	1.40
Motor	m	3.00	2.50
Motor Age, Chicago	w	2.00	1.75
Munsey Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	.95
Motor World	m	2.00	1.75
Nation, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.90
North American Review	m	5.00	4.50
Outing, New York	m	3.00	2.50
Outlook, New York	w	3.00	2.90
Photo American	w	1.00	.95
Photo Beacon	m	1.00	.85
Photo Era	m	2.50	2.25
Photo Miniature	m	2.50	2.50
Photo Times-Bulletin	m	2.00	1.75
Popular Science Monthly, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.90
Printer's Ink, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.00
Prof. and Amateur Photography, Buffalo, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
Public Opinion, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.75
Puck, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Recreation, N. Y. (a)	m	1.00	.75
Review of Reviews, N. Y.	m	2.50	2.25
Rudder, N. Y.	m	2.00	1.90
Reader, The, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.50
Saturday Evening Post, Phila.	w	2.00	2.00
Scientific American	w	3.00	3.00

Scientific American Supplement	w	5.00	5.00
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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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WARM WORK FOR US.

The December number of the Scrap Book went up hurriedly to heaven in smoke. Sealed, directed and ready for mailing, it made a fine blaze and very much smoke. The mailing list was under the same roof but it hid itself away and suffered no more injury than a good soaking and much scorching. So much we saved, though it had to be reconstructed. No insurance. The mailing firm does not guarantee against loss of this kind. There were others. Our loss was but a part of a total of \$100,000. We should like to rise like a Phoenix from its ashes but we couldn't find any ashes to rise from. The best thing we can do is to combine the December and January numbers, making the book larger than usual.

There will be found in this number a few references to Christmas. These may now seem untimely, but do not forget that the fire was untimely. The Scrap Book has had a warm reception, but never before such an one as this. This is our explanation. We hope to give up smoking in future. We are pardoned? Thanks.

Mr. Vanderlip's eloquent description of our wonderful prosperity and his tag to it concerning the perils with which we are confronted on account of it have called to mind a dramatic episode in one of Victor Hugo's novels where a gunner was decorated for an act of uncommon bravery—and immediately thereafter shot for a previous neglect of duty.

If we did all the things that we intend to do, we'd soon find that we shouldn't have time to intend to do so many.

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a dime," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," said she, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

A gang of thieves was recently arrested in Edinburgh, and at the trial it developed that each one had promised their leader not to drink during "business hours."

Plum pudding was called "hackin," because the goodies which compose it were chopped. In the 17th century the name was changed to plum pudding, because raisins were then called French plums. A belief, connected with the manufacture of the pudding, was that every member of the household in order of age must help with the stirring. This ensured good luck and prosperity to the family.

Charles Lamb said, "A speaker should not attempt too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience"; and he tells how, on being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, and said: "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest. We have often wished that speakers would leave something to our imagination after the manner of Charles Lamb's friend; but can the imagination of common people like ourselves supply the grand thoughts and brilliant rhetoric of a gifted orator? How easy it is to tear these old stories to tatters.

A TROUBLESOME TIME.

These days are pretty tough on boys, outside it's wet an'
cold,
An' if you hang around the house the wimmen folks all
scold;
No matter what room you go in they're sure to raise a
shout,
What for, you ask? Why, just for this—there's presents hid
about.

If I to touch a bureau drawer should ever chance to dare,
They'll yell, "You John Alonzo Jones, you come right out
o' there!"
The garret an' the spare room's locked, an' that's beyond a
doubt
The surest sign that there's a heap of presents hid about.

Why, gee, they've even locked the barn, they've got stuff
in the hay!
There ain't no place at all these days a boy can go an' play:
An' I'll be glad when Christmas comes an' they can smuggle
out
The blooming bunch of presents they have got concealed
about.

To borrow one's mental fare from free libraries is a dirty habit, to begin with. It is rather like picking up eatables dropped by someone else in the road, and making one's dinner of another's leavings. Those who have really learned to read are no encouragers of the free library craze. The true lover of books will never want to peruse volumes that are thumbled and soiled by hundreds of other hands—he or she will manage to buy them and keep them as friends in a private household.—Marie Corelli.—She has books to sell.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't have them lighted.

It is a surprise to learn that so frivolous a thing as a mince pie had any religious meaning, but it had. The early pies were baked in oblong form to represent the manger at Bethlehem. The meat used was mutton, in memory of the flocks watched by the shepherds on the first Christmas night. The spices used in the pies, represent the frankincense and myrrh offered by the wise men. Mince pies were made on an enormous scale. One made at Newcastle, Eng., in 1770, was nine feet in circumference and weighed 168 pounds.

If the ice will bear a goose before Christmas it will not bear a duck after.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshiped the cat, among others.

They thought she was like the moon, because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, half moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moor, for the word means the face of the moon. The word has been changed to "pas" and "pus," and has come at last to be "puss," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. But few think of the name as given to her thousands of years ago, and of the people who then bowed down and prayed to her.

WHATCHY GOIN' T' GIMME?

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the youngest boy to pa;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the youngest girl to ma;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the maiden to her beau;
Everywhere the answer is, "O, sumpin, I dunno."

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the little boy at school—
His just fore Christmas goodness make him mindful of each
rule;

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" sings the gamin in the street;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" on our every hand we meet.

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the yawning money box
Meant to catch the coin to feed the hungry folk in flocks;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the wretched and the poor,
Living in their penury a stone's throw from your door.

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the great big world, of
you;

"Lifetime full of usefulness, heart sincere and true?"

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" Hear it everywhere you go—
Always comes the answer, "O, just sumpin, I dunno."

There is one awfully funny thing about the tariff, if you ever thought of it. It is only when the domestic article is superior to the foreign that it requires protection.

The ancient city of Galway, Ireland, has four great gates, facing north, south, east and west, respectively. On the north gate is this pious supplication: "From the ferocious O'Flahertys, good Lord, deliver us"; on the south gate is inscribed: "From the devilish O'Daly's, good Lord, deliver us"; on the east gate the astonished tourist reads: "From the cutthroat Kellys, good Lord, save and keep us," and on the west gate a last prayer: "From the murderous O'Maddens, good Lord, preserve us."

Hang up your stocking on Christmas eve, keep young! There are no people who are in a sadder plight than those world-worn men and women who cannot hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to whom Christmas carols bring no stirring of the pulses, and who dismiss the Christmas tradition as a childish superstition. It is related that, once upon a time when James Russell Lowell was passing a building which bore the inscription "Home for Incurable Children," with a twinkle in his eye, he turned to the friend who was walking with him and said, "They'll take me there some day." The moral of that observation is obvious. And this is the season for its application.

One-half of man's energy is wasted. Only the down strokes count in chopping wood.

IF I KNEW EVERYTHING.

If I knew everything I fear
My life would be a bore.
I could not wait and speculate
And ponder any more.
I'd find my answers ready made,
I'd know them in advance,
And life would be too dull for me
Without the charm of chance.

I could not read a story then,
Through which "the villain still
Pursues her," while she thwarts his guile
With many a precious thrill.
I'd know its ending from the start,
The same as women do,
Who, when they read a book, proceed
To scan it wrong end to.

In wooing I should know just what
Her answer was to be;
'Twould seem, alas! as tedious as
A twice-told tale to me.
I could not ponder if she'd say,
"Yes, yours through weal and woe!"
Or with a sigh inform me, "I
Will be your sister, though."

If I knew everything—but, pshaw!
I don't, so what's the good
Of thinking so? But this I know,
I wouldn't if I could.
I much prefer to live along,
Pleased, puzzled and perplexed,
'Mid hope and doubt, to guess about
What's going to happen next.

—Nixon Waterman.

Bishop Potter thinks 20 minutes is long enough for a sermon. He might as well say 20,000 words are

enough for a book. It all depends on the sermon, or the book, as the case may be. We have heard 20-minute sermons that were just that much too long, while others an hour long have been too short. If a preacher feels that he has little to say he should certainly cut his discourses short; but if he has a message to deliver let him deliver it even though a few of his fatigued listeners do fall off the seats. It's a poor sermon you can cut off by the yard, as 5-dollar oil paintings are.

About the most convincing proof of man's superiority over woman in common-sense is evidenced by the fact that hardly any of his clothes button at the back.

The originator of the phrase, "a policy of pin-pricks," is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte. At his meeting with the Czar of Russia at Tilsit, June, 22, 1807, he is reported to have said: "Nations should avoid the pin-pricks which forerun cannon shots."

In some parts of the Tyrol a beautiful though curious custom prevails. When a girl is going to be married, and just before she leaves for the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a tearkerchief. It is made of newly spun and unused linen, and with it the girl dries the natural tears she sheds on leaving home. The tearkerchief is never used after the marriage day, but is folded up and placed in the linen closet, where it remains till its

owner's death, when it is taken from its place and spread over her face.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow;
The buds of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flower, without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own,
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has shown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
You will see me again,
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith M. Thomas.

Money—Something that talks, but a poor man can't keep it long enough to know what it says.

The question of women wearing hats in church recalls the fact that men also formerly wore theirs at worship. Pepys shows that in the seventeenth century both men and women wore their hats to worship. "To church," he writes, "and heard a simple fellow open the praise of church musique, and exclaiming against men wearing their hats on in the church." Later he notes that he saw a minister "preach with his hat off . . . which I never saw before." The hat was then an integral part of both male and female costume, and Pepys catches "a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner."

Woman is a theory, man is a fact. Theories are pleasanter than facts.

Not long ago we heard the following remarkable story: "A certain young lady had two lovers, one called John and the other Joseph, whose claims on her affection were so equal that she could not decide which to prefer. Both proposed to her on the same day, and in her dilemma she promised to give each an answer within a week. Sunday came and she had still not made up her mind, when help came from an unexpected quarter. When she went to church as usual on the Sunday morning the clergyman gave out as his text Genesis xli, 55, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do.' That settled the matter. She did not actually 'go to Joe,' but when Joseph came to hear his fate—well, he was not kept long in suspense."

Santa Claus—Many conscientious parents object to telling even young children what they consider falsehoods about Christmas. But is it really wrong to tell the children what they do? The story of Christmas contains much of truth and it also contains much of fancy, rather than falsehood. Santa Claus exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and we well know that they abound and give to life its highest beauty and joy. Without Santa Claus there would be no childlike faith, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

“Effen nyt” (exactly nothing) is the single phrase

carved on an ancient monument of white marble in the graveyard of the new church of Amsterdam, on which there is also sculptured a pair of slippers. The decedent, it is said, had conceived the idea that he would live a certain number of years. Desirous to make the best of them and leave none of his means unenjoyed, he made a nice calculation, and so appointed his wealth that it would last just his expected lifetime. Fortune befriended him. When he died there was nothing left but a pair of slippers. His relatives put up the tombstone and the legend.

Here is an old one. So old that it is new. It comes from our scrap book of vintage of 1872. How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now, we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16. And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total, 163. Wrong again; what could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total was 893? If Eve 811st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1623? I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total, 8938. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total, 82,056. We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8081242 keep Eve company—total, 8,082,056. All wrong.

Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore when Adam 81814240fy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.

Dust—The material from which man is made and that is the reason why woman sweeps all before her.

A naval recruiting officer declares: "Patriotism is the strongest in the Western and Middle states. Those states give us by far the largest proportion of recruits." The conclusion he draws is very much warped. Recruiting in the army or navy in time of peace has nothing whatever to do with patriotism. If boys recruit they do it because they fancy they can better themselves; it is a business proposition merely. Patriotism, so labeled as such, is a good deal of a myth in this country. The Japanese have it to a fanatical degree and they are glad to die in defense of their country's honor: this ideal has been bred into them during countless generations. Death to an Oriental is welcome because it means an advance to a higher state. The rankest patriotism is fanaticism.

After all, Mr. Grover Cleveland has probably been saying only such things about the woman suffrage movement that a great many other men think but dare not say.

When hard luck strikes the average man it doesn't get a cent.

It was an excellent horse in all respects save one; for some unexplained reason, it definitely refused to go over a bridge which formed part of the only decent road out of town. The unfortunate buyer of the animal tried to cajole it in every way that he could to reconsider its decision. In vain! Therefore the buyer decided to sell the horse as a punishment to the animal, and sat down to concoct an advertisement which would make all who read it stay awake at night longing for that horse. A flowery description of its merits flowed easily from his pen till he came to the point where, generally speaking, the guileless seller states his reason for wishing to tear himself away from such a treasure. That gave him pause for a moment, but only for a moment. His pen flowed on, and wrote: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner would like to leave town."

Our punster speaks of the man with squeaking boots as the coming walk loud.

The word "jack" is applied to any contrivance which does the work of a boy or servant. In French the name "Jacques" is a term used for a youth of menial condition. The term "country jake" is of kindred sense. Jack-lord, Jack-a-napes, Jack Tar, Jack-o'-Lantern, Black Jack, Jack Rabbit, the term Jack applied to the knave in playing cards, Jack-in-the-box, and Jack-at-all-trades show the derivative meaning. Hence jackknife means a boy's knife. In early days the jackknife headed the list of a boy's toys, and,

with his skates, gave him the greatest pleasure. His skates were made of—what do you suppose? Beef bones, fastened to the soles of his feet!

TO Q.

Now, "Q," by all that's queer,
Why don't you hide your tongue
And lay aside that leer?
It doesn't please me hung
Out so upon your chin.
Pray do, do, take it in!

I know you're short and fat,
But will you tell me why
You hang it out like that
In weather wet and dry—
In cold as well as heat?
It really isn't neat.

I do not wonder, now,
That "queer" begins with "Q,"
But tell me, please, just how
It is that little "u"
Must always be at hand,
Or else you cannot stand.

A Humpty-Dumpty face
Is not so bad to own,
"O" often takes first place,
And sometimes all alone;
He's quite as round as you,
And twice as useful, too.

Rather than play the clown
And make myself absurd,
I'd turn me upside down,
I would, upon my word—
And, in a corner, hook
Myself up by that crook.

—E. Barnes.

The pole-star is really the most important of the stars in our sky; it marks the north at all times; it alone is fixed in the heavens; all the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours. But the pole-star or Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify, but for the help of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper" or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the Dipper points nearly to Polaris, at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the Dipper's outer side. Various Indians call the pole-star the "Home Star" and "The Star That Never Moves," and the Dipper they call the "Broken Back." The Great Bear is also to be remembered as the Pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch; that is, it goes the same way as the sun, and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.

We are always building bridges for things with wings.

A true republic should be like a custard pie—without any upper crust.

A farmer counts his cattle by the head. The men he employs are only hands.

December Problems—We have had quite enough of mathematical problems for the present. Now tell

us the solution of a few of another kind. (1) I sent my second to my first, but many a whole passed before I saw him again. (2) I put my second 'round my legs, swept up my first and put my feet on my whole. (3) We all love my first; she loves my second, and you, my friend, are, or should be, my whole. (4) If she should first for my whole, we hope she will second to it.

(5) Here is a double acrostic written by Queen Victoria to amuse her children. (1) A city in Italy; (2) A river in Germany; (3) A city in the U. S.; (4) A city in North America; (5) A city in Holland; (6) The Turkish name for Constantinople; (7) A town in Bothnia; (8) A city in Greece; (9) A circle on the globe. Write the names one under another. The initial letters read downwards will give the name of an English city. The finals read upwards will give the thing for which the city is noted.

Answers to November puzzles—(1) The answer to the first problem is: 34, 38, 18, 72, 6, 1296 of which the sum is 1464. The answer to the second problem is: 14, 18, 8, 32, 4, 256, the number of which these are the parts being 332, which is the only number less than 1464 of which all the six parts will be unequal. The only other number (less than 1464) which can be so divided is 36, the parts being 2, 6, 2, 8, 2, 16: but here three parts are equal which was forbidden, in the conditions of the problem. (3) Notice; (4) Bark.

Correct answers from Horace Andrews; F. W. Blacker; William Sawyer; Edwin Schwazerbach.

We have resolved to say nothing about New Year's resolutions. They are, no doubt, forgotten by this time. Better do it. Don't wait to push yourself with a resolution.

Our circulation last month stands on the fact that we had papers to burn.

It is the widow of Krupp who sells big guns in Europe; it was Mrs. Colt who ran the revolver factory. Verily "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

As this is calendar time, take heed to Camille Flammarion's suggestion. That noted French astronomer would have an entirely new calendar. It should begin the year at the vernal equinox, March 21, and to every quarter he gives two months of thirty days and one month of thirty-one days. The 365th day, set aside as a fete day (for the whole world), is not counted in any month; two such days following leap year. The object of this plan, says a Paris correspondent, is to make the dates fall always on the same days of the week, and thus give a calendar that is good for any year. May it get here very soon.

Twine means two cords twiced or twisted. Thread is three cords three'd or thriced.

Noon originally was the ninth hour of the day, according to Roman ecclesiastical reckoning, namely, the ninth hour from sunrise, or the middle hour between midday and sunrise—that is, about 3 p. m.;

later the ecclesiastical hour of noon, at any time from midday till the ninth hour. "Noon," being originally applied to the ninth hour, later became used to designate the service of "nones," which was then performed, and came to mean loosely "midday," and, in exact use, 12 o'clock, which is high noon, when the sun is in the meridian.

Speculation.—Paying a nickel for a seat in a street car, and then waiting till you get it.

Dr. A. T. Still, the founder of osteopathy, tells the principles on which that system of cure is based. He says: "We believe that the diseases of which most people die today before their time are due, not to a lack of some sort of a pill or tincture, but to the mal-working of some organ or set of organs, and that this, in turn, is due to mechanical interference with the nerve supply, and we have found most of these interferences at the vertebral foramina." The "vertebral foramina" are the little orifices in the backbone through which the blood supply to the spinal cord and the nerves to the viscera pass. When for any reason these orifices get partially closed, there is pressure on the nerves, and trouble results. Osteopathy assumes to remove the difficulty by manipulating the bones so as to relieve this pressure

They talked at the club of happy and enviable endings; of the Grecian youths who, having served the gods, were rewarded with sudden death as the greatest boon; of Nelson dying victor on his battleship; of the peaceful passing of beneficent old men and

women. One hoped for an apoplectic stroke; another for a gradual fading away; and an enthusiastic member of the militia said something in a loud voice about dying gloriously for his country. Old Hunks shook his head and said: "Gentlemen, one of the finest deaths I know was that of Boucheron, the French playwright. It was about ten years ago. His plays had been bringing him in large sums; he was making more money than any other two dramatists in Paris. One evening he went to the box office of a theatre and asked: 'Well, what are the receipts tonight?' and, asking, dropped dead. Thus was his view of art crowned with a crown that no rival could tarnish or take away." And yet, think what he missed in the spending of it.

It is not commonly known that the slit in the lapel of a man's coat is the outcome of a unique and beautiful custom among the orthodox Jews. In days gone by, when death visited a Jew's household, he cut the lapel of his coat, murmuring in Yiddish: "Oh, God, I accept Thy judgment!" This custom has come down from antiquity, and is known as "krea" (rending the garment). The cutting of "krea" is associated with such solemn and religious obligations that many a stern Hebrew father, as a punishment for a son or daughter who marries out of the faith, will rend his garment as a token of the death of such a child. The act is emblematic of the profoundest grief, but also has its comforting influence, for it accepts, with the resignation of the typical religious Jew, the will of the Almighty.

King Alfred of England, having no means of measuring time, noted the hours by the burning of candles marked with circular lines of different colors, which served as hour-lines. To prevent the wind from blowing out the candles, he had them incased in horn scraped so thin as to be transparent. Glass was then little, if at all, known in England. Thus lanterns may be said to be the invention of a king.

What is a roorback? Well, it is a canard. But what is a canard? To explain this it is necessary to tell a story. Away back in the 50's of the last century, but within the memory of persons now living, a pseudo-scientific story was printed in Paris, at the time of the glory of the Third Empire, to this effect: That a scientific gentleman became impressed with the gluttony of ducks, and determined to test it. He bought a dozen of these fowls. He killed one, reduced all of it except the feathers to mince-meat, and fed to the remaining eleven, which cleaned the food up with avidity. He then killed the second and fed to the ten; and continued the process until but one duck was left—in the unique position of having eaten its eleven comrades within an astonishingly short time.

All Paris laughed at the story, and the word "canard"—which is French for "duck"—passed at once into the argot of the boulevards, meaning a wildly impossible story—a fake, in fact.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

There is a spot in the United States of Colombia where a five-mile ditch would connect the Atlantic ocean with the waters of the Pacific. Indeed, there is a spot there, in the province of Choco, where a little home-made canal did exactly this thing over a century ago. It is written in history and can be found in wellnigh forgotten tomes that natives passed in their canoes from the waters of the Atrato to the Rio San Juan by means of an artificial cut.

Sin, says Edwin Markham, is another word for selfishness, and the essence of selfishness can be expressed in the phrase "I am it," while the essence of the other extreme, the golden rule, is "there are others." Colloquial, but good.

"Those that live in glass houses must not throw stones." Is not this an overascetic doctrine for poor flesh and blood humanity? Why, about everybody lives in a glass house of some kind, and is not throwing stones one of the most delectable pleasures of life? The glass makes the very charm of the thing, whether your glass or my glass, according to our respective positions. To hear it splinter and crash and rattle to the ground in a crystal cascade of metallic cymbal music is all the fun. Who would care to be set down before the bomb-proof casemate of a fort with the most tempting pile of stones at hand, and told that he might pelt away to his heart's content? Never a ragged urchin but would reject the proposition with a sniff of scorn. If there were no glass houses to throw stones at the woman's club and the

men's club would go out of business. It is a good deal better to live in a glass house and take your chances on stones than to have no windows at all.

When a man's friends are said to be pushing him for office, if you watch carefully you will find said friends swinging on the tailboard of their friend's car of progress.

A college professor says an education is "a transformation from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent homogeneity by a series of differentiation." We always had a vague idea that it was something like that, but couldn't express it clearly, like the professor.

President Hyde of Bowdoin, in a recent address to the students, denounced hazing in a vigorous manner. He called the hazer the greatest coward and most consummate scoundrel on earth. He said hazing was devoid of fair play—always six to two or three to one—and he asked Bowdoin undergraduates to uphold themselves as gentlemen and to keep their college clean. The essential cowardice of the hazer has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. It takes not only a coward, but a brute, to be a good hazer.

A small letter box is attached to the gravestone in many French cemeteries, so that the family of the dead may know who have visited the tomb. If you, for instance, go to the grave and place a bunch of flowers on it, you drop your card in the letter box before you leave. The family coming once a week

or so, opens the box, finds out what friends have been there, and acknowledges the visit with a few lines of gratitude.

One man has been driven to drink at the sight of his wife's new hat. It is but fair to say, however, that probably he was pretty thirsty before he saw the hat.

The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

If people ate more fruit, they would take less medicine and have much better health. There is an old saying that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night. As a matter of fact it may be gold at both times, but then it should be eaten on an empty stomach and not as a dessert, when the appetite is satisfied and the digestion is already sufficiently taxed.

OPPORTUNITY.

A thousand came, a thousand saw,
A thousand went away;
But one there came who saw and stayed,
Through many a weary day.

Through many a weary day he stayed,
And many a night beside,
And that he came and saw and stayed,
Men praised him when he died.

He was a man of sense, the teacher who gave his pupils, as the definition of dirt, that it was simply matter in the wrong place. Probably the condition of the boy's hands and finger nails suggested the idea. So long as matter keeps itself where it ought to be, no form of it is to be stigmatized as dirt. Soot, while it goes quietly up and out the chimney, is not dirt, but only when it insists on floating round the room and lighting on and smirching the lily brow or saucy nose of lovely maidenhood. Equally, manure forked in around a rose bush is not dirt. It is only crimson and cloth of gold in temporary lowly disguise, only aromatic perfume on its way to paradise. Splashed, however, over a resplendent shirt front, or reeking from the clothes at a dinner party, it is not uncharitable to call it dirt, and very disfiguring and offensive dirt. Man, like dirt, is dignified by keeping his proper place.

So common is the belief that out-door life is the healthiest of all, that we are apt to accept it without question; but life insurance experts tell a different story as the result of experience. They say that the man who leads an active, open-air life suffers more from illness than the man who spends the greater part of his time at home or in an office. The farmer has an excellent life risk, but a poor health risk, because he is so apt to overwork during the summer months. Firemen make the worst of all risks, with possibly the one exception of Turkish bath attendants, who run a big risk of catching pneumonia and pleurisy. One more tradition gone out of our life.

Silver Tone.—In the November number of "Bassett's Scrap Book," I note the following statement:

"It is quite a common thing to hear and read of bells with a 'silvery tone.' . . . As a matter of fact, silver is little better than lead, and its inclusion in bell-metal would prove fatal to the tone."

In the tower of the Baptist Church at Warren, R. I., hangs a bell which is, literally speaking, "silver toned." This bell has a unique history. Prior to the Revolutionary War, a Maltese sailor, by the name of Nicholas Campbell, drifted to the shores of America. He took an active part in the struggle for independence, having been a member of the celebrated "Boston Tea Party," and later a soldier in a Rhode Island regiment, and, at the close of the war, settled in Warren, where, by industry and economy, he amassed what was considered in his time a considerable fortune.

Mr. Campbell, or, as he was familiarly known in Warren, "Uncle Nick Camell," though not a member of any church, was greatly interested in church affairs. The original Baptist Church at Warren, erected 1764, was destroyed by the British, May 25, 1778. A new edifice was raised 1784. This later building had no bell. In 1800 Mr. Campbell solicited subscriptions for the purchase of a bell, and succeeded in obtaining the necessary funds. He thereupon journeyed to Boston, carrying a goodly number of silver dollars in his saddle bags. Paul Revere had been engaged to cast the bell, and as "Uncle Nick" stood in the foundry, watching the melting metal, he began casting dollars into the seething mass, and continued so doing until warned that if he did not desist he would have a silver casting.

The Warren bell was, I believe, the thirteenth bell cast by Paul Revere. It hung in the belfry of the Second Baptist Church building until 1844, when the present handsome stone edifice was erected, and the bell found a new home in its tower. For over a century it has not only called worshippers to church, but has been rung daily at 12 m. and has nightly sounded the curfew at 9 o'clock.

This historic bell possesses a remarkably clear and sweet quality of tone which has always been attributed to Nicholas Campbell's generous donation of silver dollars.—Virginia Baker.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF INFORMATION.

And no man knows distinctly anything, and no man ever will.—Xenophanes. Written before our time.

Begging the Question.—What is the meaning of this very common phrase?—The phrase “begging the question,” was first used by Aristotle. The meaning of it is to assume or take as granted that which is not more certain than the proposition to be proved, or which obviously involves the point in question; to assume as a premise what no one who takes an opposite view will admit. Here is an example that has been given: “To attempt to infer Shakespeare’s classical education from the internal evidences of his work is simply begging of the question.”

Utah.—Which State was the last to be admitted to the Union?—Utah, January 4, 1896.

Wassail.—What was the “wassail bowl,” so often referred to at Christmas time?—It was not at Christmas but on New Year’s Eve that the wassail bowl circulated. The wassail bowl dates from the time when on New Year’s Eve the jolly old farmer of the Middle Ages sat with his family around a bowl of spiced ale. Then the toast that passed round was the ancient Saxon phrase “wass hael,” meaning, “to your health.”

Evangeline.—What is the meaning of this quotation from Evangeline? “Flashed like the plane tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.”—It is

said that Xerxes, the great Persian ruler, in his expedition against Greece, found a plane tree of remarkable beauty, and was so enamored with its perfect outline and graceful movement that he decked it with rich mantles as though it were a woman, and placed it under the care of a guardian. Herodotus tells the story thus, and another writer, improving on the tale, says that the emperor adorned the tree with a necklace and bracelets.

Yiddish.—What is the language called “Yiddish?”—It is an archaic and corrupt form of German extensively spoken by Jews in many countries besides Germany itself. An instance of its popularity is given by a writer. In Jerusalem he met “a worthy man who denounced me for being unable to converse with him in Yiddish. ‘You are no Jew,’ he protested, ‘for you do not know the Jewish language.’ I answered that Hebrew was the Jewish language and that I was quite willing to try to speak to him in it. His rejoinder was: ‘I have no patience with this new fangled idea of speaking Hebrew in Jerusalem.’”

Quotation.—Who was the author of the saying: “My country right or wrong?”—Stephen Decatur gave a toast at Norfolk in 1816, as follows: “Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.” It is a vicious principle and we would do well to forget it.

Automobile.—What is the correct pronunciation of

“automobile,” and of “chauffeur?”—“A-to-mo-bil,” with the accent on the third syllable, the “a” like that letter in “fall,” the “o” in the second syllable like “o” in “democrat,” and the “o” in the third syllable as it is in “mope” or “mote.” The last syllable is like “bill.” The pronunciation of “chauffeur” is difficult to indicate precisely in English. It is like “sho-fur,” with the accent stronger on the second syllable than the first.

Cream.—Why does cream rise to the top of milk? Is not cream heavier than milk?—If cream were heavier than the so-called skim milk it would not rise to the top. That goes without saying. Milk is heavier than water. A quart of water weighs 2 lb., $1/38$ oz. A quart of milk weighs 2 lb., $2/38$ oz. on an average; if it contains a larger percentage of butter fat it will weigh less, and if less butter fat it will weigh more. Since fat is lighter than water, the more fat it contains the less the milk weighs. It thus comes about that skim milk is heavier than milk from which the cream has not been taken.

Our Country.—Is it true that the sun never sets on our country entire?—When it is 6 o'clock P. M. at Attoo Island, Alaska, it is 9.36 A. M. next morning on the eastern coast of Maine.

Rome.—Is it true that Rome conquered the whole world?—No. The Romans never did conquer all the world nor all that they knew of. In Europe they never could make much headway north of the Rhine and the Danube, and they never carried their arms

very far into Asia. Still, they conquered most of the civilized world of their day, and hence are said to have conquered the world. These conquests were not made by a single General, but extended through several centuries.

God Save the Mark.—What is the meaning of the phrase?—These words are connected with an old Irish superstition. If a person, on telling a story of some hurt or injury which another has received, should illustrate his narrative by touching the corresponding part of his own or his hearer's body, he averts the omen of similar injury by using as a sort of charm the words referred to.

Quotation.—Who said, "There is no royal road to learning?"—Euclid, the famous mathematician used that expression when asked by Plotemy Sater, afterward King of Egypt, whether geometry could not be made easier.

Q—Why is the letter Q always followed by the letter "U"? Is it not a superfluous letter?—It is really a superfluous letter. In the abbreviation "Esq." it is the final letter and has no "U" accompanying. In no other situation does it stand without the vowel, and in no other case does it appear as a final. We can't say why this is so. It takes its name from the cue at the bottom.

Scotland Yard.—Why is the headquarters of the police in London called "Scotland Yard?"—It is so-called because the property was presented by King

Edgar to Kenneth III, King of Scotland, when he went to London to do homage for his kingdom to the Crown of England. A palace was erected on the land and this was used for the reception of the Scottish kings when they visited England.

Quids.—Who in American history were the “Quids”?—A faction of the republicans that in the years just before the war of 1812 opposed the adherents of Jefferson and Madison. They were led by John Randolph, and worked against the embargo and Madison’s nomination. The name is said to come from the phrase, *tertium quid*, also from *quid*—that is, some worthless thing cast out.

Putnam.—Now that you have told us the story of Putnam’s ride, kindly give us the account of his encounter with the wolf.—Putnam was noted even as a boy for his bravery and strength. When he had grown to man’s estate he bought a farm in Pomfret, Conn., and settled there. He was about 25 years old when he had the encounter with the she wolf that gave him a name for personal courage. The animal had for several years been a terror to the neighborhood, preying on the flocks and herds of the people in that part of the country. Putnam, on discovering her den, entered it alone, creeping into the narrow opening, and shot and killed her as she came to meet and attack him. The news of this exploit spread far and wide, until it gave Putnam a national fame, and has gone into history.

“Clean Monday.”—What is “Clean Monday?”—

Clean Monday is peculiarly a Grecian institution. It is the day that ushers in the great Lenten fast at Athens, and the people go holiday-making to eat Lenten fare on the hills around the city, while the shepherds and country people dance the ancient Greek dances in the old temples. This practice is termed "cutting the nose of Lent," and obviously "Clean Monday" is parallel to our Shrove Tuesday.

Heaven and Home.—Please print the quotation ending, "We find at length that Heaven is Home."—It is from a quatrain written by Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, England.

What joys are lost, what hopes are given
As thro' this death-struck world we roam.
We dream awhile that Home is Heaven;
We find at length that Heaven is Home.

Quotation.—What is the quotation which has the line: "And gave to his party what was meant for mankind?"—You, no doubt, refer to Goldsmith's description of Edmund Burke:—

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote."

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly. "I've come back for something I remembered."

A—Let's see, the married men all have better halves, don't they?

B—Yes.

A—Then what do bachelors have?

B—Better quarters.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT



Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.

THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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ON THE RIM OF THE YEAR.

Nature has been wondrously generous with her fair weather this autumn—that is, since September 4; and Indian summer has prolonged itself unwontedly and most welcomely. So my wheel still remains at hand and in use. The last Sunday of the month turned out a veritable early April day. All out-of-doors called to me and I responded gladly. I pedaled some thirty miles or more, away into the country and back, over excellent roads, missing only the birds and the leaves—the wild birds and the green leaves, I mean; for dead leaves were plentiful and the farmyards had not been denuded of all their feathered folk, despite the nearness of Thanksgiving Day. Mayhap that day will afford me a chance of a morning's spin, as once it did "a many years ago," when even then I had thought to close the season's cycling some weeks beforehand. But there are ominous reports of fierce blizzards around Winnipeg and at Medicine Hat, and twenty-four hours give ample chance for their transference hither.

Time was when the season of the year made little difference to me. The condition of the roads alone prevented my riding. But that was in the very remote past, when tricycles were yet in vogue, and the safety, ironically yclept "The Goat," was just coming into its own; in the days of the narrow, solid tires; before even the cushion tire appeared; when the novelty of the thing appealed to one, and it seemed a bounden duty to wheel every month in the year. There were moonlight runs over the snow or the ragged and jagged surface of the bare ground, and the New Year's Eve run was a fixture, weather permitting.

As soon as the novelty of it wore off, the "outs" about winter bicycling came into quick prominence. There were enough of them in good conscience. Broken saddle springs, snapped spokes, and, in the early spring, each tire a network of cuts and gashes; such was the aspect of the wheel. Small chance, then, for a pneumatic! As for the rider, my own experience tells me that he is as badly off as that which he bestrides, if not more so. The ears, the hands, the feet of one are vying with each other in frigidity. There are lappets and heavy caps that turn down at the edges, of course, for the first instance; these may be borne. For the second, seal-skin, or equally heavy woolen gloves,

clumsy contrivances to grasp and guide the handle-bars. But the feet, unless swathed so that they could not be forced into the pedals, I never could keep warm. And then, if you chanced to be riding over a spot of glare ice, maliciously concealed by half an inch or so of freshly fallen snow, and you swerved a bit from the straight course, your wheel would skid out from under you in the twinkling of a cat's foot, and you would not have the opportunity to wonder whatever was going to happen to you; it had already happened, and your wonder was how you could get into such painful and close intimacy with the hard bosom of mother earth in so brief a moment of time.

Altogether, the "outs" have it by a large majority. So I quit it early in my cycling career. And nowadays, when the ice and snow arrive, my wheel and I part company the while.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 27, 1905.

AMENDMENTS.

In order that certain changes may, if necessary, come before the meeting of the National Assembly in February, I give notice of the following proposed amendments to the Constitution:

Art. III, Sec. 8. Strike out all after the word "Auditor."

Art. IV. Reconstruct the entire article to provide that National Officers be elected on same ballot with Representative, and to provide for their nomination.

Art. VI. Strike out, "not less than once a month."

Art. VIII. Further provide that amendments may, under certain conditions, be made by mail vote.

The above amendments may not be pressed, but it will be well if we can talk over the questions.

ABBOT BASSETT.

The President speaks of the "direct reverse of the truth." That is a dignified and gentlemanly way of stating that a thing is false. It wouldn't go in politics, however. Dressed up in such language, a campaign lie would look like a virtue.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 3. No. 12

FEBRUARY, 1906

5 Cents.

SCRAPS FOR THE VALENTINE MONTH.

Be sure you are ahead—then go right.

One fact remains—you cannot eat life's cake unless you have the dough.

Zoo—A garden scented by wild animals.

The Chicago Tribune puts it this way: "Marshall Field was not the richest man in the United States. He was merely the heaviest taxpayer."

Good finance is knowing how to utilize the fullness of other people's pockets without revealing the emptiness of one's own.—Richard Bagot.

Keep within the proprieties and you must stand on your merits. But if you want a short cut to fame, there's an easy way if you're unscrupulous enough to take it. That way is to shock.—Dr. Felix Adler.

The reason that the hour was divided into sixty minutes is because no other small number has so many divisions as 60. It is evenly divided by 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20, and 30. Thus, the division of the hour is so convenient and easy a matter.

They met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook, and instantly realized that they were utter strangers. Had not one of them been a genuine Hibernian the situation might have been embarrassing.

"Begorra, that's quare," says Pat. "When we wor so far off that we couldn't see aich other I thought it was you an' you thought it was me, and now we're here together it's nayther of us."

The supreme court of Pennsylvania has held that it is the privilege of the wife to rule in matters domestic, the duty of the husband being limited to providing. The singular part of it is that the learned court limited the jurisdiction of the wife to matters domestic. In other states the jurisdiction is unlimited.

It is commonly believed that women have stronger attachments than men, but this is an error. A man is often strongly attached to an old hat, but who ever heard of a woman being strongly attached to one.

It is his sweetheart a man should be particular about. Once he settles down, it does not much matter whom he marries.—J. M. Barrie.

If any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2,600 miles, or as far as it

is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of the distance one would have to go to see thoroughly even the greater part of the city of London—the largest city in the world.

The president of the Academy of Fine Arts of Paris is no friend to early marriages. "Like the patriot, the artist should have no wife," he said in a speech to the young winners of the Prix de Rome. "If you marry richly you will be caught in a social whirl, fatal alike to dreams and honest toil; if poorly you must paint for money, not for perfection, and your soul will wither under the blight of financial strain. Babies must be ruled out of the young artist's life, and art schools must not be turned into
"al."

Recently the king of England received some veterans of Victorian wars. The delighted old tottering fighters were humored and allowed to let off blood-curdling tales to their hearts' content. Finally when one aged warrior had pictured the great bayonet fight in the dark with the Sepoys during the Indian Mutiny, one listener, hungering for more horror, put the inevitable question, "And now just what was the most awful experience you ever had?"

Then the old man became really serious. He lifted his forefinger and beat it in time with his solemn words: "Sometimes," he said, "sometimes—we didn't have enough to eat!"

The Editor—What have you written about the death of that bright young Jenkins?

The Irish Reporter—Something nate, sir, windin' up with these words: "He leaves a brilliant future behind him."

The word "nickname" comes from the old English word "eke," meaning to draw out, to add to; we speak, for example, of eking out an income. Thus an ekename was a name given to a person in addition to his own. Slowly this was changed to nickname by three steps—an ekename, a nekename, a nickname.

Every man has his own idea of an angel when he steps up to buy a marriage license.

Why does a fish out of water die? Does the air kill it? This is what a naturalist says about it: ^{ned} ^{it} ^{matters} reason is that its delicate filaments or membranes become dry and stick together, so that no air can pass between them. Thus it loses the power to inspire the necessary oxygen, and the circulation of the blood stops. This is really why the fish dies.

Nine is a mystical number. A cat is said to have nine lives; there are nine crowns in heraldry; possession is "nine points of the law," and the whip for punishing evil-doers has nine tails, the superstition being that a flogging by a trinity of trinities would be sacred and more efficacious. In order to see the fairies, mortals are directed to put nine grains of wheat on a four-leaf clover. The hydra had nine heads, and leases are frequently granted for 99 or 999 years.

Milton, in "Paradise Lost," says: "The gates of hell are thrice threefold—three folds adamant, three folds iron, and three folds adamant rock. They had nine folds, nine plates, and nine linings. When the angels were cast out of heaven, nine days they fell."

The nine of diamonds was considered the curse of Scotland, and to see nine magpies in the land of cakes is considered as bad as to see the de'il his ane sel'.

NAMES TAKEN IN VAIN.

If I could Mary Jane, o-ho!
I'd feel so Anna mated;
Because she Isabel, I know,
Who can't be dupli Kate d.

If Fanny thing a puzzle quite,
'Tis woman. Tillie he tries her,
There's naught to Ada lovelorn wight
Who seeks to Ann Eliza.

He simply must a-Dora and
Have Faith and Hope, and, therefore,
While he can Sue for her fair hand,
Naught Elsie he seems to care for her.

If Phoebe brave, a lover May
Quite Winnie a girl nor tire
By telling Hulda long, they say,
How much he does ad-Myra her.

He'll keep their friendships Eva green
From Ruth-less airs and frigid.
Nor Letta chasm intervene,
For he'd propose to Bridget.

Possessing Prudence he'll be slow—
Devoid of Grace though she be—
To Adaline of grief, for oh!
Without her where would Hebe?

—Nixon Waterman.

Here is a very beautiful thought of that strange compound of Scotch shrewdness, strong common sense, and German mysticism, or un-common sense—Thomas Carlyle:

“When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no record of them any more: yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar! ‘What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!’ ”

Benjamin Franklin contended that there are two ways of being happy. We may either, he said, diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest.

Less than one twenty-fifth part of Greenland has been explored, according to Mylius Erichsen. This means that a region about the size of one-fourth of the European continent remains a mystery to civilization. And this despite the many expeditions sent out by nearly all the civilized nations of the world. Greenland has been the mecca of polar travelers since 986, when “Red” Erich landed there and called it “The Green Land.” Hans Egedes was the first to

plant the cross there in the first half of the eighteenth century.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

Out of work—the sunshine overhead,
Gay world around, an' me in search of bread.
It ain't the same old world I used to know;
Today it seems like every man's my foe,
For now I'm out of work, I've lost my stride,
Outside the crowd, in trouble and disgrace,
Somehow, if 'twan't for you I wouldn't
Afraid to look a mortal in the face—
An' she, without a doubt in word or sign,
Dependin' on a coward heart like mine!
Poor little woman, waitin' for me there,
Somehow, if 'twan't for you I wouldn't care.

Out of a job—an' no one wants to take
A man that's been discharged an' let him make
Another start. Hard work an' harder look
Is all he gets, as if he was a crook,
As if he'd done some great an' grievous wrong.
An' so he walks the streets the whole day long,
Lookin' for work, yes, begging for it, too,
An' everywhere it's "Nothin' here for you"—
While she, up home, is chokin' back the tears,
Facin' the neighbors' sympathy an' sneers,
Smilin', pretendin' like she doesn't care—
Poor girl! it's worse for her than me to bear.

Out of a job—the sun has long been down
An' I'm still rovin' hungry thro' the town,
Hopeless, an' yet I won't give up the search.
I hear some people singin' in a church—
We used to go there Sundays, she an' I,
But now I couldn't pray if I should try.
Churches for them that has the means of grace,
The street for me that has no workin' place.
Poor girl up home, I wonder what she'd say
To hear me talk like that, when just today
She knelt an' asked the Lord to guide me fair!
Brave little woman, braver'n me, I swear.

In Normandy the upper part of a hall was raised and carpeted, and the lower part was for inferiors, and had no covering. The query, "What's on the carpet?" was often put to elicit what was under consideration by those on the carpet.

Columbus had just evolved his theory.

"But," they asked, "why are you so certain; how do you know it isn't flat?"

"Ah, my friends," he answered, with a wink, "Love makes the world go round."

Crushed by his logic, they were fain to acknowledge the corn.

The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 239 miles. But this polar radius, though only 239 miles in extent, is covered by ice gorges and precipices of incredible difficulty, and frost is so severe that no instrument of human invention can measure its intensity, and it blisters the skin like extreme heat. The greatest progress that has ever been made across these wildernesses of storm, of fury and desolation, was at the rate of six miles a day.

President Eliot of Harvard on a visit to the Pacific Coast met Professor O. B. Johnson, of the University of Washington. In course of the conversation Dr. Eliot asked the Westerner what chair he held.

"Well," said Professor Johnson, "I am professor of biology, but I also give instruction in meteorology, botany, physiology, chemistry, entomology and a few others."

"I should say that you occupied a whole settee, not a chair," replied Harvard's chief.

A veteran clerk in the Government service tells this reminiscence of a young applicant who was being put through a severe examination by the Civil Service Commissioner. The examiner asked many questions, some of which seemed to the applicant decidedly irrelevant to the position for which he was trying to qualify.

Finally a question was put to him which seemed so remote from the matter in hand that he rebelled. It concerned the distance of the sun from the earth, and the applicant answered promptly and to the point:

"I don't know," was his reply, "how far the thing is in feet, but I'll tell you one thing—it isn't near enough to interfere with this job if I get it."

A woman's chance to marry at from fifteen to twenty years of age is said to be $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. From twenty to twenty-five the chance is increased to 52 per cent.; from twenty-five to thirty it diminishes to 18 per cent.; from thirty to thirty-five it diminishes to $15\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

From thirty-five to forty the chances of an unmarried woman sink to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; from forty to forty-five a still further diminution is seen, her chance being but $2\frac{1}{2}$. From forty-five to fifty the old maid's chance of getting a husband is but three-eighths of 1 per cent.; while from fifty to fifty-five she is supposed to have but one-quarter of 1 per cent. of a chance.

It should, however, be added that the table of averages does not apply to widows. Accurate statisticians who would not be caught in a mistake for the world, affirm that a widow of any age has at least seventy-six spinster drawing power, and some place her figure up to eighty-two.

The widow's chances at any age are therefore seventy-six to eighty-two times better than that of a spinster.

She was a woman of recently acquired wealth, who went into an art gallery and asked for a painting of a certain size. "I have just what you want," said the dealer. He showed her a beautiful animal painting, but she looked at it for a few minutes, and then shook her head. "It won't do," she said; "I want this picture for my drawing room." "But it's a beautiful thing," ventured the dealer. "Not for a drawing room," announced the woman, conclusively; "you couldn't have a cow in a drawing room."

At the Club.—First Member—"I've been up with the sun every day this summer." Second Member—"So have I, but after I've walked the floor with him for awhile, I usually go back to sleep again."

"It is very hard to be poor," sighed the lone widow, disconsolately.

"And yet," remarked the sympathetic friend, "how easy it is to become so."

The late John Fiske was reading Caesar at 7. At 8 he was familiar with Plato and had read all of Shakespeare's plays and propounded a new hypothesis concerning the authorship of the sonnets. At 9 he spoke Greek fluently. At 10 he wrote a history of the world from the time of Moses. At 12 he had read Virgil, Sallust, Tacitus, Ovid, Juvenal and Catullus, had mastered trigonometry, surveying, geometry and differential calculus. Before discarding knee breeches he kept a diary in Spanish; spoke German at table and read German philosophy in the original. At 16 he wrote poems after Dante in Italian and translated Cervantes into English. At 17 he read Hebrew scriptures like a rabbi and was familiar with Sanskrit. He was admitted to Harvard without examination, for his fame as a scholar had preceded him there. Students and professors alike looked at him in wonder.

This is the age of tall Queens and small Kings. It is a curious fact that in the case of nearly every royal married couple in Europe, the wife is taller than the husband. The Czar, who is considerably below the average height of men, is fully a head shorter than his beautiful and majestic Czarina. The Kaiser, who is a well-grown man, is, nevertheless, overtopped by the German Empress. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy scarcely reaches up to the shoulders of Queen Helena, who is an unusually tall woman, while he is a diminutive man. King Charles of Portugal is also overtopped by his Queen, although he makes up in rotundity of body what he lacks in height.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—Confucius.

Cwt.—Why is a hundredweight written “cwt.”?—The abbreviation is a compound of the Roman numeral C, representing one hundred, and a very natural and obvious “wt” for weight.

Quotation.—Where can I find the following quotation: “He stole the livery of the court of Heaven—to serve the devil?”—Robert Pollok, in the *Course of Time*, Book VIII., Line 616, says: “He was a man who stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in.”

Wedding Ring.—On which finger should the wedding ring be worn?—In the prayer book it calls for the “fourth finger, left hand.” Is that counting the thumb as a finger?—Yes.

Greatest Cataract.—Is not Niagara Falls the greatest cataract in the world?—The greatest cataract in the world, surpassing by far Niagara, is on the Ignazu River, which partly separates Brazil from Argentina, one thousand miles by boat from the nearest settlement. The precipice over which the river plunges is 210 feet high, that of Niagara being 167 feet. The cataract is 13,123 feet wide, or about two and a half times as wide as Niagara. It is estimated that 100,-

ooo,ooo tons of water pass over Niagara in an hour; a like estimate gives the Falls of Ignazu 140,000,000 tons. Niagara entertains by far the greater number of people.

I. H. S.—When and by whom were these initials first used, and what do they mean? (2) What does I N R I stand for?—(1) St. Bernardine of Siena is said to have been the inventor of these initials, to denote the **name** and **mission** of Jesus. **They are to be found** in a circle above the principal doors of Santo Croce, in Florence, and are said to have been placed there by the saint after the plague of 1347, after which time these letters were commonly introduced into churches. These letters have had assigned to them the following significations: “Jesus hominum Salvator,” “Jesus the Saviour of Men,” or “In hoc salus,” “In Him is Salvation.” (2) This word stands for Jesus Nazareus Rex Judaeorum, the inscription over the cross.

Goddess of Liberty.—What is the history of the Goddess of Liberty?—For thousands of years it has been the habit of nations to personify ideas and attributes—such as Virtue, Liberty, Charity, Hope, Faith, and so on. The Romans and Greeks were the first, so far as recorded history tells us, to personify Liberty, or Freedom. The Greeks called her Eleutheria, which is the Greek word for liberty. The Romans made a goddess of her, under the Latin name of Libertas, which is the word from which the English word liberty is directly derived. She was the

goddess of freedom. At Rome, her most famous temple was on the Aventine hill, and therein she was represented in the figure of a woman, holding in one hand a Phrygian cap, the symbol of liberty—because freed slaves in Rome wore it in evidence of their emancipation—and one or two daggers in the other hand, to show the ability and purpose to maintain freedom. This symbolism has come down to the present time, with various modifications.

Old Friend Casey.—Kindly publish that old, old story of Mr. Casey at the Bat. Though very old 'tis always new.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to six, with just an inning left to
play;

So, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest
With that hope which springs eternal within the human
breast;

For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudding, and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to
the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had oc-
curred,

There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging
third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell,

It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his
place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's
face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his
hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the
bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with
dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on
his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his
hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through
the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the um-
pire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a
muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant
shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised
his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage
shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid
flew,
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said, "Strike
two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate;

He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,

And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

—Author unknown.

London.—How old is the city of London?—London probably was an ancient British town and appears to have been re-settled by the Romans about the year 43. Some have it that a city existed on the spot 107 years before the birth of Christ and 354 years before the foundation of Rome. It was the capital of the Trinobantes, 54 B. C., and long previously the royal seat of their kings.

The Devil.—Do the Mahometans believe in the devil? If so, what does the Koran teach about him?—They do, like the Christians. They believe that his satanic majesty is descended from Jaim, the progenitor of the evil genius. His name is Azazel, and

he is said to have possessed authority over the animal and spiritual kingdoms. But when God created Adam the devil refused to bow to him, and he was therefore expelled from Eden, and according to the Koran the devil was created of fire, while Adam was created of clay. The devil is also denoted by the name of Shaitan, i. e., "the adversary," and Iblis, i. e., "the wicked one." The following is the teaching of Mahomet concerning the machinations of the devil (Mishkat, Book I., chapter III.): "Verily the devil enters man as the blood into his body."

"There is not one of the children of Adam, except Mary and her son (Jesus), but is touched by the devil at the time of his birth. Hence the child makes a loud noise from the touch.

"The devil rests his throne upon the waters, and sends his armies to excite contention and strife among mankind; and those of his armies who are nearest to him in power and rank are those who did the greatest mischief," etc.

St. Catherine's Tresses.—Please explain one more passage in *Evangeline*, "Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."—To braid St. Catherine's tresses is to live a single life. Both St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Sienna were celebrated for their vows of virginity.

Rules.—Please tell why the numbers on English rules and those on American rules read in opposite directions.—So far as we have observed, the great

majority of American rules are marked on both sides and read in opposite directions. A two-foot rule reads from 1 to 24 on one side and from 24 to 1 on the other. English rules are marked on but one side, and some American rules are the same. It would seem that a rule of the latter kind would read to or from the holder, just as he may happen to hold it. It may be that we don't comprehend the question.

Mizpah.—What is the meaning of the word Mizpah?—This is a Hebrew word which is often inscribed on gifts of friendship. The explanation of it may be found in Genesis, chapter xxxi:49, in the record of a covenant between Jacob and Laban: "And Jacob took a stone and set up a pillar . . . and called it Mizpah, for he said the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

Tinker's Dam.—I have often heard old people say, "It isn't worth a tinker's damn." What does the expression mean?—A tinker's dam is a wall of dough or of soft clay raised around a spot which a plumber, in repairing, desires to flood with solder. The material of this dam can be used only once, and is thrown away after this very temporary period of usefulness. Hence the proverb, "Not worth a tinker's dam," which through misunderstanding has been converted into profanity by the addition of a final n.

Transparency.—How does light pass through transparent material, as glass, etc., and not through opaque substances which are less solid?—There are many of the hidden laws of nature which have not yet been brought to light, though scientific research has made vast strides within the past century, yet it has really hardly opened the way to intelligent prosecution of studies into the ultimate constitution of matter. The cause of transparency is not understood. It is independent of hardness or density. It appears to depend upon the arrangement of the molecules of the body. These are supposed to be so arranged as not to interfere with the light-vibrations in the ether; while in opaque bodies they interfere with and break up these vibrations. Of course the ether is believed to permeate all bodies; but in most of them the molecular arrangement destroys the vibrations which are called light.

From O. L.—I note in the current number of the Scrap Book a paragraph relating to the letter Q always being followed by the letter U, together with the statement that the abbreviation “Esq.” is the only exception to the rule. Can it be that our beloved and erudite editor has overlooked that classic abbreviation, “P. D. Q.”? And may there not be others? *Quien sabe?*—[The abbreviation is never used in Boston.—Ed.]

Quotation.—Answers to request for quotation: “We will welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves.”

F. W. B. writes—"The remark was made by a member in the Virginia House of Burgesses during the Revolution."

J. J. M. writes—"It was used by Senator Thomas Corcum in a speech on the Mexican War."

A. C. T. writes—"It was used by Sir Walter Scott as the heading for a chapter in one of his novels."

M. U. W. writes—"It may be found in the 'Persians,' a Greek drama by Aeschylus."

If either one of the above will give us more definite information we will make one more effort to catch this will-o'-the-wisp.

February Puzzles.—(1) My first should be my second; but I would not be my whole. (2) My first transports me; my second is Love's favorite epithet; my whole is on the room. (3) A manufacturer quotes his machines, five for \$40, ten for \$60 and twenty-five for \$120. A and B join and buy twenty-five, A taking ten and B fifteen. How much should each pay?

Answer to December puzzles: (1) Season; (2) Hearthrug; (3) Wheelman; (4) Cycling; (5) A city in Italy, Naples; a river in Germany, Elbe; a city in the U. S., Washington; a town in North America, Cincinnati; a town in Holland, Amsterdam; Turkish name for Constantinople, Stamboul; a town in Bothnia, Tornea; a city in Greece, Lepanto; a circle on the globe, Ecliptic; the initials read forward, Newcastle; the finals read backward, Coal Mines.

Favor—Something we do for a friend so he can forget all about it.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

THE PRICE TO PAY.

DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

EPILOGUE.

I.

When my father, then young and unmarried, was a clerk in the employ of his father in New York City, he and a fellow-clerk decided to take advantage of a forthcoming holiday and attend the races at Flushing, L. I.; whereupon an elderly and responsible employee of the establishment at once began to warn them against the traps set for the youthful and other innocents frequenting such resorts. "Above all," said he, "avoid the thimble-riggers. You may feel positive, so clumsily do they seem to work the 'little joker,' that you know where it is; but do not wager any of your money on it. If you do, you will lose it—the joker won't be there." So the two young men went to the races and in the course of the afternoon ran across the chap with the small table, the thimbles and the pea, and in front of him quite a lot of men. The two were mindful of the advice given, and, standing on the edge of the crowd, gratified their curiosity without expense to their pockets. The thimble-rigger juggled and "barked." "Make your bets on the little joker, gentlemen. Under which thimble?" The crowd acted shy. Then the usual confederate wagered and won. It looked so simple. You could see where the pea went, easily. Some tried guessing and guessed right. Presently, after a very awkward manipulation by the rigger, a voice in front intimated that it could designate under which thimble the pea then reposed. The rigger doubted it. The other insisted that he could. "Bet you five dollars you can't," said the rigger. "Bet you ten I can," replied the other. "Take it," cried the rigger, and the bet was placed. The owner of the voice stepped forward, reached out his arm, and lifted a thimble. Behold, the joker wasn't there. The crowd laughed and the unfortunate one turned a pale and drawn face toward them.

It was the face of the elderly employee.

"Why," said my father afterwards to him, "did you do that, after warning us so much against it?"

"George," he answered, "it seemed so darned sure. I could not see how it could possibly not be under there."

II.

At the recent annual L. A. W. election I sent in my ballot promptly upon its receipt. Very shortly afterwards I instructed another member how to mark and sign the ballot, and that was sent in. 1,459 votes were cast, betokening a gratifying interest on the part of the membership; and one only was imperfect. All the other ballots were counted; this was rejected.

The imperfect ballot was that of the President of the League of American Wheelmen.

I had neglected to mark the cross against the names of the nominees.

III.

Even Jupiter nods.

IV.

There is nothing new under the sun.

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

Jan. 31, 1906.

MORITURUS VOS SALUTO.

(With apologies to Spartacus and his Compeers and to the Shade of Longfellow as well.)

Not that I think to shuffle off the now this mortal coil—

Not yet, I trust. A few more years to tread this earthly soil,

Whereon near six decades of time have seen me act my part.

I have the right in fairness still to look for, ere I start

Upon that destined final trip that all alike shall take,

When once the summons comes—nor once the forward course forsake,—

Unto and into that vague realm of utter mistiness,

Whereof nor deep research, nor studied thought, nor shrewdest guess,

Can aught disclose, the least reveal, or faintly deem to tell.

So ends this life of ours; yet be it understood as well

That, while this life exists to us, there lie, within its bounds,

Those lesser lives which run their alway circumscribed rounds;

Then cease. Each dies that so may come forthwith another life:

As dies the child, to make the man; the maiden, in the
wife;

And wifehood of itself, as first of motherhood it knows.
Nor need we halt the simile at this. Life shall disclose,
If but the metaphor's refined, that its predestined plan
Grasps, and retains within the grasp, whatever is for man:
Be function it, or office, that he chanceth to come by,
There is an end to it at last; as to it, he shall die.
Thus I to you am speaking—I, who for a goodly score
Of years the wheel have ridden, as I hope to years the more
(That ever I should thee forsake, the gruesome thought
forefend,

Companion gracious, thou, of mine, my intimate and friend);
I, who have watched the one time termed experiment make
good;

Who in the troublous former days with kindred souls with-
stood

The onslaughts wild of stupid folk and fought the stiffest
fights

To guard and win, as win we did, the wheelman's lawful
rights;

I, who have seen the riders few grow to a multitude,
Then fall into (the major part) innocuous desuetude:—
You, who have clung, despite the rout, unto the League, yet
grand,

That not so long since made itself a power in the land,
For whom and with whom I have used what in me is the
best,

Or in the ranks or in some higher place at its behest;
You, who so cling unto it and, from pride or sentiment—
What recks it which?—its arms uphold, while it is weak and
spent;—

Thus I, to whom anon arrives the hour ordained to shift
Unto another's keep the highest office in its gift;—
And would that in retiring thence I could to him display
True omens for our order of a coming brighter day;
But what the moving finger writes indelibly is writ:
No rubber, knife, or chemic may expunge one word of it;
And if for us the written word untoward is to see,
Our heads must bow to it, our hearts obey, Fate's grim
decree.

Thus I to you am speaking, in attenuated trope

And verse that's broadened out beyond its erst projected scope.

My life in office endeth; there remains the briefest spell.
Vos moriturus saluto. Hail to you all: farewell!

GEO. L. COOKE, President.

Jan. 1, 1906.

RIDE A BICYCLE CAMPAIGN.

The following is a list of the winners in the contest for the best Reasons why the Bicycle should be ridden, with the names and addresses of the successful contestants.

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"The Bicycle has never been and can never be replaced. It occupies a unique and secure place in the world of hygienics, sports and utilities."

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"It produces red blood, bright eyes, sound sleep and a quick brain, necessities for enjoyment of life and success."

Submitted by,

Mrs. I. M. Mason,
Chicago, Ill.

Reason No. 3,—Third Prize, \$10.00.

"It is the quickest, easiest and cheapest method of self transportation ever invented."

Submitted by,

Mr. W. K. Thomas,
Middletown, O.

A number of other Reasons have been selected for use in the second edition of the Booklet, 250,000 copies, for which a prize of \$1.00 each has been awarded. A very large number of Reasons were submitted and the winners were chosen only after careful consideration of all which had been submitted. The contest for the \$1.00 prizes is to be continued, and all additional Reasons sent to the Secretary will receive consideration and be paid for if used.

MAGAZINE SPECIALS.

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Many trusts shall be found, but few fined.

A cold had kept the boy in the house—he was fretful and wan and weary. "What shall I bring you," his mother asked, "from the great big stores, my deary?" He looked at the scattered toys around—once held dear and vaunted. "Oh, bring me something," he, petulant, cried, "that I never knew I wanted!"

LITTLE NUT PEOPLE.

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
When both come together we shout, "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut; he's English you know,
A friend of my Lady and Lord-So-and-So.
Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner
Be sure and have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from South Carolina,
She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder;
In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazlenut, in her best bonnet,
Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent,
To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well.
A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.
Ha, Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinkapin, modest and neat,
Isn't she cunning and isn't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinkapin.

—Pearl Rivers.

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Vol. 4. No. 1

MARCH, 1906

5 Cents.

THE UNPOPULAR MAN.

Give me for friend the man whose friends are few;
Who, though his heart be clean and stanch and good—
Though every fibre of his soul be true—
Is tactless, blunt, and seldom understood.

In such a drift God oft conceals a lode
Whose richness makes Golconda's wealth seem naught;
On such an one He oftentimes has bestowed
Large worth so hid it must be shrewdly sought.

So, while the rabble fawns on him whose friends
Are as the sands that rim the ocean's blue,
I choose the best of all that heaven sends—
Give me for friend the man whose friends are few.
—Strickland W. Gillilan.

SCRAPS THAT BLOW IN MARCH.

There can't be too much of a good thing, and so the Scrap Book welcomes the New York Magazine which has appropriated the important part of its title, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

From a prospectus: "Nothing like it in the world."
Ignorance does not excuse wrong doing.

We shall continue to point the way; let others follow as they may.

A Scrap Book should not be altogether a copy book.

There are very few saints living now, but we believe we have got so used to being without them that we don't miss them.

If a woman is young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plainly dressed.—George Eliot.

This is not bad from Puck: "A gentleman farmer is one who knows enough to run a farm as it should be run, and rich enough to stand the loss."

To a man whose time is really valuable, nothing in a crowded city is more irritating than the way people walk. The man who is not in a hurry always walks immediately in front of the man to whom time is a most precious consideration; and as to the women, if our best interests were consulted they would not be allowed out at all. This may be ungallant, but it was written after a visit to the shopping district.

A minister's son had been so disobedient at table that he was banished to a small table by himself, to eat there until he should repent and reform. He could not even join in the family grace, but was told to say grace at his own little table. So from his store of Scripture selections he chose this: "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me

in the presence of mine enemies.”—Christian Register.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefold leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover usually seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous and difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "white crown" blossom. The information that shamrakh is the Arabic word for trefold may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

If men were born to take their ease
And skies were ever blue:
If money only grew on trees
And bills were never due;
If hope could ripen unrestrained,
With food and lodging free;
If wealth were easily attained—
How simple life would be.

But nature says that men must toil
To win her favors fair,
To wrest her bounty from the soil
Or gain surcease of care.
'Tis for the simple life we yearn,
Midst daily ills that vex;
But fate, mysterious and stern,
Says life must be complex.

The hand that rules the club rarely ever knows how to rock the cradle.

Some one has been speculating about the importance of salt to civilization. The oldest trade routes are said to have been opened for salt traffic. Salt determined to a considerable extent the distribution of man. He was forced to settle where he could obtain it. This brought him to the seashore and started maritime commerce. Lastly, preservation of food by salt made long voyages possible and opened up the world to civilization.

Edris, the Turkish historiographer, observes that "a man has three fathers, viz.: The father to whom he owes his existence, the father who feeds his mind and the father at whose hands he receives a wife." How about the forefathers that lived long ago; but perhaps the Mayflower didn't go to Turkey.

As every one knows, the letter "o" is the fifteenth in the English alphabet. It has four sounds, one of which, as in go, is probably one of the oldest and helped to fix its shape. The letter in the Hebrew and Phoenician alphabet that corresponded to the long o was called ayn, or eye, and was represented by a rude drawing of an eye. Of course this was often rendered simply as a circle with a dot in the middle, and at last it became the custom to omit the dot, which gave us merely a circle, the present form of the letter.

Good luck has a feminine way of bestowing her favors where they are not needed.

EARLY RISING.

Oh, the joy of early rising!
There is nothing to compare
With the fine exhilaration
Of the joyous morning air.
And if you chance to oversleep,
The air still bids you thrive,
'Tis just as fresh at nine or ten
As 'twas at four or five.

Oh, the splendor of the sunshine
As it rises in the east!
And the sweetness of the clover
When the bees prepare to feast!
But there's this consolation for
The man who rises late;
The sun is just as bright at twelve
As e'er it was at eight

Now, Nature has provided
By a disposition kind
That any hour seems early
To the slothfully inclined.
Oh, the joy of early rising!
It is all the more a boon
Because it's ready for us
Any time from five till noon.

"The British Medical Journal" suggests that "as luxuries should be taxed rather than necessities, a superfluity of fat, which is mostly the result of luxurious living, may not unfairly be regarded as a fitting object of taxation." One municipality in Sweden already taxes superfluity of fat.

Statistics are always upsetting our ideas. We al-

ways thought the Germans were the greatest smokers in the world. According to statistics, it would seem that the greatest devotees to Lady Nicotine are the Swiss; after them come the Belgians, the Dutch occupying the third place on the list, and the Germans a good fourth.

A court of law is a reminiscence of the time when justice sat in the open court-yard, and the "dock" is from a German word meaning a receptacle, while the "bar" is a Welsh word, meaning a branch of a tree used to separate the lords of justice from their vassals.

It is related of Bismarck that, being asked to write something in an album, he opened it at a page containing these inscriptions: "During my long life I have acquired two wise rules: First, to pardon much; second, to forget nothing.—Guizot." "A little forgetfulness will not detract from the sincerity of pardoning.—Thiers." Bismarck wrote beneath them: "For my part, I have learned to forget nothing and to make myself forgiven.—Bismarck."

Birthplace is not comparable to intrinsic worth. Flowers bloom as gloriously in an old tomato can as in the richest and rarest Etruscan vase.

When people were traveling long distances as early emigrants to the far West, a cake which was mixed soft with flour and milk or water and baked before the camp fire was called a "journey cake." This has been

corrupted into johnny cake. In fact the English word journey is but the French journee, a day; hence it is what could be traveled from sunrise to sunset.

Contentment—A large, open-faced gentleman telling his friends how he self-made himself.

By pasting a bit of paper upon the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-third of a second.

Dress plays a very important part in keeping us cool in hot weather. The difference, as proved by experiment, between a black coat and a white one is no less than thirteen degrees; so that by discarding the former in favor of the latter you can rely on reducing your temperature to that agreeable extent. The difference in headgear is more marked still. If you stay for an hour or so in the August sun wearing a silk hat a thermometer placed on your head beneath the hat will register about 110 degrees; with a metal helmet under the same conditions the temperature would be 125 degrees; while under a straw hat it would be less than 100 degrees.

George Bernard Shaw's latest book ought to delight all the cranks. It lays down the proposition that the reasonable man merely adapts himself to the world, while the unreasonable man persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Hence all progress depends on the unreasonable man. He who listens

to reason is lost. Reason enslaves all those whose minds are not strong enough to master and overcome her. He who successfully wrestles with reason and objects to things generally wins something of a reputation for himself, and he is accounted by some folks a very superior sort of a person. The shop-keeper, for instance, takes this view and goes out of his way to accommodate and please the customer who makes the most trouble. Of such are the disciples of George Bernard Shaw.

Jukes—Who was the best man at the wedding?

Jenkins—Well, I'm not sure. The bride's father got all the bills to pay, the bridegroom had to buy diamond brooches for the bridesmaids; the guests had to give handsome presents; upon my word, I think the best man was the clergyman—he was the only one who made anything out of it.

Probably, for example, no man ever lived who appreciated more sensibly than Franklin the value of property, or who would have felt more keenly its loss. He would have subscribed almost literally to the creed of the German philosopher who said: "People are often reproached for wishing for money above all things, and for loving it more than anything else; but it is natural and even inevitable for people to love that which, like an unwearied Proteus, is always ready to turn itself into whatever object their wandering wishes or manifold desires may for the moment fix upon. Everything else can satisfy only one wish, one need; food is good only if you are hungry; wine, if you are able to enjoy it; drugs, if

you are sick; fur, for the winter; love, for youth, and so on. These are all only relatively good. Money alone is absolutely good, because it is not only a concrete satisfaction of one need in particular; it is an abstract satisfaction of all." The opinion seems to be unanimous.

When the wife dies, the husband, on an average, survives nine years; while, if the husband dies first, the wife survives eleven years, according to insurance statistics.

English is a perplexing language; but it is seldom that ones comes across such a weird specimen as the following:

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough around his neck, flue up the rode as quick as a dear. After a thyme he staid at a blew house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. A feint mown rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle wept at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew ye lye hear? Are yew dyeing?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymm in her alms and hurried to a rhuem where he mite be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his neck-scarf, rapped him up wärm and gave him a soothing drachm.

"Who was it wrote 'Actions speak louder than words?'"

"I don't know; but I'll bet the thought occurred to him while he was trying to sneak upstairs at five o'clock in the morning."

American scientists have found that children grow little from the end of November to the end of March; grow tall, but increase little in weight, from March to August; and increase mainly in weight and little in height from August to November.

Those who desire to live the simple life should go to Iceland. Every home there is a factory, and for the 78,000 population there is but one policeman. The country is innocent of a gaol, or even a police court, in the accepted meaning of the word, and should anyone break the law the matter would be settled in Denmark.

Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, a disease peculiar to men. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to

go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be,
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
'Mid philosophic minds,
Unraveling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled.
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the great commander
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying
With the colors in his hand;
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled,
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mold a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

"Harry, how do you like my new hat?"

"I don't know, Harriet. Doesn't it need a little

more fruit on top and a little more shrubbery on the left side?"

"I'm in a box. My wife's dressmaker has sued me." Doubleton—"You're in a dress suit case, you mean."

At Vassar College, the graduating lady students dine together once a year, when there is an "engagement roll-call." As the names are called in alphabetical order, each young lady, "on her honor," answers "Guilty" or "Not guilty," according to whether she is or is not engaged to be married.

Cynicism is merely the art of seeing things as they are instead of as they ought to be.—Robert Hichens.

A schoolboy's composition on Whittier, handed in the other day, reached the following incontestible conclusion: "He was never married. He hated slavery."

Ben Franklin was alike a humorist and a realist—an incongruous mixerup of jest and earnest, as when, in the momentous hour of signing the Declaration of Independence, he jocosely-grimly remarked to his fellow-signers, "We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately." Accordingly, when setting to work to write his own epitaph, it was just what was to be expected that it should assume a quaint or ingeniously-playful shape. So here it is, to refresh the memories of all such as already know

it by heart: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; but the work shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the author."

THE REAL GOOD.

"What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
'Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the sage;
'Fame,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word.'"

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long has a conviction that speeches are as much of a bore to the audience as they are to the speechmakers. "I always feel glad when called upon to make a speech, however," he says, "for I am in the position of a certain amateur actor. He was in all the theatricals going in his small town. He played all sorts of parts. Some-

one asked him one day if he did not get tired of taking part in every private theatrical performance. 'Yes,' said the young fellow, 'I don't like to act a bit, but I know if I'm not on the stage I'll have to sit in the audience.' "

"This medical work advocates the taking of a nap after dinner. I wonder why?"

"Well, if you take the nap before dinner, some other fellow may get the dinner."

Love is blind; but what's the difference? Most courtships are promulgated in the dark.

"It's strange that you should always be so gaunt," remarked the bear to the wolf.

"Well, you see," replied the wolf, "it's all because of the part I'm compelled to play in life. You see, I'm always obliged to keep from the door until there's not anything left in the house to eat."

"Expire" in its literal sense is breathing out. Inspiration and expiration together constitute respiration. Izaak Walton observed that "if the inspiring or expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly dies." The Romans spoke of "breathing out" the breath of life instead of "dying," by way of euphemism, just as they said "Vixit" (he has lived), instead of "He is dead." In all languages the reluctance frankly to say "dead" or "die" appears. Hence such words and phrases as "pass away," "decease," "demise," "the departed," "defunct," "the late," "no more," "if anything should happen to me."

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

"He knew whatever is to be known, but much more than he knew would own."—Hudibras.

Mountain.—What is the highest mountain in the United States?

Mount Rainier, Washington, which is 14,526 feet high. Mount Whitney, in California, is a close second, 14,522 feet high.

Money.—When was the first money coined in the United States?

Robert Morris, the financier of the Confederation, early in 1783 arranged with Benjamin Dudley to strike off some "pattern pieces" that could be placed before Congress; on April 2 Dudley delivered to Morris some pieces which were in reality the first coin struck in this country. The particular specimens are known to numismatists as the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." They were of silver and denominated the "mark" and "quint." The first coins struck by the United States Mint were some half dimes, in 1792.

Infantry.—Why are foot soldiers called "Infantry?"

The name was first applied to a body of men collected by the Infante, or heir-apparent of Spain, for the purpose of rescuing his father from the Moors.

Celestial.—Why is a Chinaman called a "Celestial?"

China is called "The Celestial Empire" from the

custom of the people of speaking of the reigning dynasty as "Tien-Chao," or heavenly dynasty, due to the claim of the founder of each successive dynasty to have received the command of heaven to punish and supersede a line of wicked rulers, he and his successors thus becoming "Tien-Tsu," sons of heaven, or Celestials.

Holmes' Boys.—Can you tell to whom Oliver Wendell Holmes refers in his college poem, "The Boys"? He speaks of several classmates and I have been unable to tell whom they were.

We will not publish the whole poem, but will give the verses where the classmates are referred to.

THE BOYS.

"Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, turn him out without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite;
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!"

"We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old.
That boy we call 'Doctor,' this one we call 'Judge';
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

"That fellow's the Speaker—the one on the right;
Mr. Mayor, my young one, how are you tonight?
That's our member of Congress, we say when we chaff,
That's the Reverend—what's his name?—don't make me laugh!

"That boy with a grave, mathematical look,
Made believe he had written a wonderful book;
And the Royal Society thought it was true,
And chose him right in—a good joke it was, too.

"There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain,

When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him the 'Justice,' but now he's the 'Squire.'

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by calling him Smith.
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free;
Go read on his banner, 'My country, of thee!'

"You hear that boy laughing, you think it's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop at his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!"

These verses are rather puzzling, it must be admitted, to those who do not know to whom the clever allusions refer. They were all members of Holmes' class—the class of 1829 at Harvard College—and they furnished a remarkable roll of talent for a single college class, as follows: The Doctor is Dr. Chandler Robbins; the Judge, George T. Bigelow, of the Supreme Court; the Speaker, F. B. Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1848; the Mayor, the Hon. George W. Richardson, of Worcester; the Member of Congress, George T. Davis, of Greenfield; the Reverend, James F. Clarke, of Boston; the mathematician, Professor Pierce, of Harvard; the Squire, Benjamin R. Curtis, of the Supreme Court; the "nice youngster," the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "America"; the "laughing boy," the Rev. William H. Channing.

Gotham.—Why is New York City called Gotham?

New York was first called Gotham by Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding in their humorous work, "Salmagundi," in sarcastic allusion to the singular wisdom of its inhabitants. There is a Gotham in England, seven miles from Nottingham, the people of which are usually styled "The Wise Men of Gotham," because for hundreds of years they have been credited with saying and doing the most foolish things.

Angels.—I have read recently that angels are not feminine, but masculine. Are the artists all wrong?

If such beings as angels really exist, we doubt if man has ever seen them, and those who believe they have seen angels certainly did not see them as they really were, but as they imagined them to look. Now, as the artists who painted them were men, they could not, in their endeavor to idealize these beings, help representing them as women, who are to them the ideals of beauty and perfection. We suppose if women had painted angels they would have represented them as men. The only basis for our conception of angels is the Bible and tradition, and, according to these, the representation of angels as women is entirely wrong. There is no mention in the Bible of female angels. The angels are always supposed to be masculine, and in all European languages the word "angel" is of the masculine gender. In a general sense the angels were the messengers and "sons" of God, the symbol of strength and purity, and their duties were not of a feminine character.

Vici.—Whence comes the name used for the new kind of kid?

A shoe dealer tells us: "It was a long time after this kind of kid became popular that I learned from what source it derived its name, and the funny thing about it to me was that I had never thought of the common Latin phrase from which it was taken—Julius Caesar's famous exclamation, 'Veni, vidi, vici.' The inventor of the process by which vici kid is pre-

pared was a long time perfecting it, and when at last he had achieved success he thought it appropriate to name it 'I conquered.'"

O and Oh.—Will you kindly explain the correct use of "O" and Oh."

Some writers use the forms "O" and "oh" interchangeably. Others are careful to observe the following distinctions: "O," written as a capital letter and never followed immediately by an exclamation point, is used with a word of direct address, as "O Lord, show thy mercy upon us;" with a sentence or phrase expressing a wish, as "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness;" and with an imperative or exclamatory sentence or phrase, as "O take me away!" "O dear me!" "Oh," never written with a capital letter except at the beginning of a sentence or a line of poetry, and sometimes followed immediately by an exclamation point, is used when the exclamation is detached from what follows, and may express pain, delight, fear, astonishment, consternation, or disapproval, as "Oh, how beautiful!" "But oh! more horrible than that is the curse in a dead man's eye."

Masonry.—When and where was the order of Free Masons organized?

Nobody knows. The Grand Lodge of England, the oldest in existence, was established in London in 1717. It is claimed by some authorities that a Grand Lodge was founded at York in 926.

Sons of the Revolution.—What qualifications are

required to become eligible to membership in the S. of R.?

Eligibility to membership is confined to male descendants, above the age of twenty-one years, from an ancestor who, as either a military, naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine, or official in the service of any one of the thirteen original Colonies or States, or of the national government, representing or composed of those Colonies or States, assisted in establishing American independence.

Poem Wanted.—Please publish the poem which contains the quotation, "Though lost to sight to memory dear."

"Sweetheart, goodbye! That fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea,
Perchance all desolate and forlorn
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight to memory dear.

"Sweetheart, goodbye! One last embrace!
Oh, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shall dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face—
Though lost to sight to memory dear."

Quotation.—Who wrote—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

No one knows. Horace Walpole wrote: "A careless song with a little nonsense in it now and then does not misbecome a monarch."

From H. W. B.—Here is an improvement on Decatur's toast, by an unknown author: "Our country, right or wrong! If she's wrong, right her; if she's right, defend her."

It has always seemed to us that the famous toast confuted itself if extended to a logical conclusion. "Our country, right or wrong; our State, right or wrong; our city, right or wrong; our self, right or wrong."

It may be said that the definite effort to be funny is rarely completely successful. Fun should be spontaneous, like kindness, to be really delightful. Then one is grateful for it, as one is grateful to Mrs. Gamp, to Mr. Micawber, to Mrs. Poyser, to—yes, even sometimes to Mr. Dooley. Spontaneous fun is delicious and invigorating. It makes for charity. It covers a multitude of sins. It keeps the world young and the heart light through many troubles. But the effort to be funny—that sometimes makes one sad; and worse—that sometimes makes one cynical.

Man is made in God's own image, so we are told. When we look about us, it is rather hard to believe this; but when we come to ourselves it is easy to see that it must be so.

"Can you tell me what a smile is, Elsie?" asked the father of his little daughter.

"A smile is a laugh that cracks one's face without breaking it open," replied the small observer.

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.



THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE.

President, WM. B. EVERETT, 500 Dudley Street, Roxbury, Mass.

First Vice-President, WM. M. THOMAS, 4 Lafayette Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Second Vice-President, NELSON H. GIBBS, 110 West Clifford Street, Providence, R. I.

Secretary-Treasurer, ABBOT BASSETT, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Foreign Council, JOSEPH PENNELL, 14 Buckingham St., Strand, W. C., London, England.



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DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, L. A. W.

The annual meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., was held at League Headquarters, in Boston, on Wednesday, February 14.

Thirty delegates were represented in person or by proxy.

The President submitted a very long report, giving a review of the events of his administration and the valuable work done for cycling by the L. A. W.

The Secretary-Treasurer presented the usual statistics of membership. There are now 2,134 members and a balance of \$43.10 in the Treasury. The League has shrunk very much from its record figures of over a hundred thousand, but those who remain in the fold are energetic and enthusiastic in the cause of cycling.

Auditor Nash presented his audit of the accounts.

Several amendments to the Constitution were made.

Article III was amended to provide that the annual meeting of the National Assembly for 1907 and thereafter be held on the day following that on which Memorial Day is observed.

Article IV was amended so as to move forward three months the dates for establishing the Representative quota, for making nominations, for voting, counting the vote, etc. This to conform to moving forward of the day of Assembly meeting.

Article III, Section 3, was amended by changing the representative basis. It will now read:

Sect. 3. The League members residing in any State or Territory of the Union, and all those in Foreign countries, if numbering five, shall be entitled to one representative in the national assembly, and for every twenty-five members in excess of five to an additional representative. The membership in each state shall be determined by the Secretary-Treasurer from the rolls as they stand on the first of December of each year, and public announcement thereof shall be made in the next issue of the official organ.

Sect. 3 was further amended by striking out the provisions for grouping States.

The proxy rule was amended by the addition of the following to Section 6:

Provided, however, that a member of the Assembly empowered to give a proxy, may give his proxy and be per-

sonally represented at any meeting, to any League member in good standing; but if said personal representative shall reside in any other State than that of the assembly member who delegates to him the power to personally represent him, his appointment must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly.

Art. VI was amended by striking out the words: "not less than once a month."

The following officers were elected:—

President, Wm. B. Everett of Boston, Mass.

1st Vice President, Wm. M. Thomas of Albany, N. Y.

2d Vice President, Nelson H. Gibbs of Providence, R. I.

Secretary-Treasurer, Abbot Bassett, Boston, Mass.

Auditor, Geo. W. Nash of Wollaston, Mass.

A vote of thanks was given to Col. Albert A. Pope for his interest in the welfare of the L. A. W. as expressed in providing an office for Headquarters at a rental very much below its value and for other acts of courtesy and kindness.

League Day for 1906 was fixed for June 16 and in order to give interest to the occasion it was voted that "when the Assembly adjourns it shall do so to meet at Boston on June 16, 1906."

It was voted to be the sense of the meeting that the adoption of the name, "The Scrap Book," by the publisher of a New York magazine is an interference with the rights of the L. A. W., whose official organ, "Bassett's Scrap Book," is now in its fourth volume.

The following Resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That the National Assembly, L. A. W., hereby urges the Legislature of the State of New York to take whatever action may be necessary to make quickly available a liberal appropriation for good roads construction under the provisions of Sec. 12, Art. 7 of the State Constitution and that we further urge that provision be made so that the reconstruction of the highways shall include the wiping out of all railroad grade crossings now existing on such roads.

And be it further Resolved, That the First Vice President, residing in Albany, N. Y., and the Chairman of the Committee on Legislation be directed to co-operate and to use all possible and proper influence with the members of the Legislature generally and especially on the Chairman of the Legislative Committee having charge of such appro-

priation, as well as with the Governor and the State Engineer and Surveyor, to the end that adequate bills shall be speedily introduced into the Legislature, shall promptly become laws and shall be carried into effect as quickly as possible.

A special vote of thanks was given the Secretary-Treasurer for the faithful manner in which he has discharged his duties for the past nineteen years, and for the very business-like and honorable manner in which he has carried out his contract to supply the official organ the past two years.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring officers.

Adjourned to meet in Boston on June 16, 1906.

ESSTEE'S MARCH MUSINGS.

The L. A. W. has elected for the twentieth year, its Secretary-Treasurer, and never, since the first time, has he had an opponent in the ballot, nor has he ever failed to get a unanimous vote. It is a good thing to do well, it is better to be appreciated.

The National Assembly made a few radical changes this year. It made provision to have a greater personal representation in the National Assembly. In future a State with five League members can have a representative and if he cannot go to the meeting he can nominate some man to represent him. This is better than a paper proxy.

The date for the Assembly meeting has been changed to the day following Memorial Day. This puts the meeting beyond the cold weather and blizzards of February, and locates it where one can be outdoors. The holiday will give all leisure for enjoyment and business will follow. The business will bring our friends from a distance and we shall all get together.

League Day this year will be June 16. This will be a business day for the Assembly will come together. We can play all the afternoon and reach over for the fun of Bunker Hill day.

New York promises to send a large delegation to Boston on League Day. Boston should be on hand to meet it. Cycling will not die out unless we who are cyclers let it do so. Show up at the Meet.

The late Charles E. Pratt was made the first President at the Newport meet. Never since then till now have we had a Founder for President. Wm. B. Everett, who was elected President at the annual meeting of the Assembly, was at Newport and has continued to be an enthusiastic cyclist and League member ever since that day. He is the only member who can show a complete set of League tickets.

Died in St. Louis, Feb. 11, Arthur Young, an old-time wheelman. In 1882 there was a craze for coasting Mt. Washington, and it was accomplished on a Star and on a tricycle. Three wheelmen, Young, Rogers and Beckers came on from St. Louis and rode down on a high wheel. Two years later Young won a prize for climbing Corey Hill on a high wheel. He wrote some very fine verse in praise of the wheel. He was a genial, wholesouled fellow and his death is deeply regretted by his many friends, included among which are the Boston men who went to the St. Louis meet in 1887.

The bill recently introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, appropriating \$20,000 for the purchase of the collection of drawings, proofs and essays of United States documentary and proprietary stamps, now the property of Mr. Hiram E. Deats of Flemington, N. J., has behind it thousands of stamp collectors in the United States. They ask that this unique collection be bought by the Government and placed in the Congressional Library. The collection is worth more than double what will be paid for it, but Mr. Deats wants the Government to have it. Mr. Deats is one of our members, was a member of National Assembly in 1905 and is now our Consul at Flemington.

STANDING COMMITTEES APPOINTED.

Rights and Privileges.—Geo. A. Perkins, Chairman, 15 Court Sq., Boston, Mass.; Charles F. Cossum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Isaac Elwell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Highway Improvement.—Hibberd B. Worrell, Chairman, 555 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Kendall, Pawtucket, R. I.; Horatio S. Earle, Detroit, Mich.; Arthur P. Benson, Dedham, Mass.; Harry C. G. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; Clarence W. Small, Portland, Me.; Charles M. Fairchild, Chicago, Ill.

Local Organization.—Isaac B. Potter, Chairman, Potter Building, New York, N. Y.; Robert T. Kingsbury, Keene, N. H.; James M. Pickens, Washington, D. C.

Touring.—Quincy Kilby, Chairman, 92 State St., Room 35, Boston, Mass.; J. C. Howard, N. Y. City; Nelson H. Gibbs, Providence R. I.

Legislation.—William M. Thomas, Chairman, Attorney-General's Office, Albany, N. Y.; George A. Perkins, Boston, Mass.; George D. Gideon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Herbert W. Knight, Newark, N. J.; William A. Howell, Rockville, Conn.

WILLIAM B. EVERETT, President.

Money is the root of much friendship.

A little boy, whose imagination had become haunted with the stories his parents had been telling of numerous burglaries in the neighborhood, came down one morning and said: "Mamma, I couldn't get to sleep at first last night thinking of the burglars, till I remembered that, if God hadn't made the burglars for some good purpose, there wouldn't be any. Then I felt comforted and went right off sound." It is easy to laugh at the little fellow's theodicy, but, after all, it was quite as profound as the more celebrated one of Leibnitz, and, at any rate, furnished a practical working solution of the best way to deal with the problem of evil, namely, to throw the responsibility on to other shoulders, and not let it keep mind and body tossing after one has gone to bed. It was, at least, taking a religious view of burglars and so finding peace.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union

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American Amateur Photographer, N. Y.m	1.50	1.25
American Illustrated Magazinem	1.00	1.00
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Arenam	2.50	2.25
Argosy, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Atlantic Monthly, Bostonm	4.00	3.40
Automobile Magazinem	2.00	1.85
Bicycling World, N. Y.w	2.00	1.75
Black Cat, Bostonm	.50	.45
Book Keeper, Detroitm	1.00	.75
Bookman, N. Y.m	2.00	1.90
Broadway Magazine, N. Y.m	1.00	.80
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Camera and Dark Room, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Cassell's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Cassell's Little Folks, N. Y.m	1.50	1.35
Century Magazine, N. Y.m	4.00	3.75
Collier's Weekly, N. Y.w	5.20	5.20
Cosmopolitan, Irvingtonm	1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.m	4.00	3.50
Critic, N. Y.m	2.00	1.80
Current Literaturem	3.00	2.75
Cycle and Auto Trade Journalw	1.00	.80
Delineator, N. Y.m	1.00	.95
Engineering Magazine, N. Y. (a)m	3.00	2.75
Engineering News, N. Y. (a)w	5.00	4.50
Etude, Phila. (a)m	1.50	1.30
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Forum, N. Y.q	2.00	1.75
Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass. (a) ..m	1.00	.90
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Harper's Magazine	m	4.00	3.45
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Horseless Age, N. Y.	m	2.00	1.75
Household Ledger, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
House Beautiful, Chicago	m	2.00	1.85
Illustrated London News (N. Y. edition)	w	6.00	5.75
Independent, N. Y.	w	2.00	2.00
Judge, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Kindergarten Review, Springfield	m	1.00	.75
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m	1.25	1.25
Leslies' Weekly, N. Y.	w	4.00	3.50
Life, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Phila.	m	2.50	2.10
Literary Digest, N. Y. (a)	w	3.00	2.75
Little Folks, Salem (a)	m	1.00	1.00
Masters in Art, Boston	m	1.50	1.50
Masters in Music, Boston	m	2.00	2.00
McClure's Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	1.00
Metropolitan Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.80	1.80
Motor	m	3.00	2.50
Motor Age, Chicago	w	2.00	1.75
Munsey Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.00	.95
Motor World	m	2.00	1.75
Nation, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.90
North American Review	m	5.00	4.50
Outing, New York	m	3.00	2.50
Outlook, New York	w	3.00	2.90
Photo American	w	1.00	.95
Photo Beacon	m	1.00	.85
Photo Era	m	1.50	1.50
Photo Miniature	m	2.50	2.50
Photo Times	m	1.00	.85
Popular Science Monthly, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.90
Printer's Ink, N. Y.	w	2.00	1.75
Prof. and Amateur Photography, Buffalo, N. Y.	m	1.00	.75
Public Opinion, N. Y.	w	3.00	2.75
Puck, N. Y.	w	5.00	4.50
Reader, The, N. Y.	m	3.00	2.50
Recreation, N. Y. (a)	m	1.00	.75
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OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I wind my watch in the low lamplight,
As I've wound it up for many a night,
To measure out the hours to be,
As the future were mine through this little key.

Yet, winding my watch, I well may muse
How this thing of pins and wheels and screws,
With my own name cut in its golden curve,
Will outlast the life it was meant to serve.

How an hour will come of the low lamplight,
Burning low for my dying sight,
When to wind my watch no need will be,
Because Time will forever be done for me.

OUR APRIL SHOWER OF SCRAPS.

"Sweet April showers do spring May flowers."—
Thomas Tusser, 1557.

Money talks, and some people make every penny count.

The enemies we forgive are generally those that are bigger than we are.

He who loves and runs away isn't worth chasing.

It is all right for a boy to get all the sleep he wants,

but it doesn't follow that he wants all the sleep he gets. Just the same with girls.

That was a pitiful story that came to us the other day, telling us of the man who had seen better times, and now, reduced to poverty, had the gold filling taken from his teeth and sold it to buy bread for his children. It is estimated that a million dollars' worth of gold is hammered into the teeth of the American people every year and that every cemetery is a gold mine. There are some things we had better not think about.

It doesn't pay, after all, to be one of the kind that never pays.

The best after-dinner speech of all—"The checks are mine."

A Boston physician, while recently speaking to the writer of the various methods of inducing sleep, said: "I've tried them all—putting a cold towel on the head, bathing the feet in hot water, counting up to 1,000, drinking a glass of milk, and so on—and the best thing I ever found was simply this: When I have worked all the evening and find myself at bedtime in a state of nervousness or mental activity I go to bed and place my right hand directly over the pit of my stomach. Whether it is the animal warmth of the hand acting on the stomach and drawing the circulation from the head, or some nervous action, I can't say, but I know that I fall asleep in a few min-

utes. I believe that in a large majority of the ordinary cases of sleeplessness this simple remedy will prove effective. I have recommended it to many patients, and they report surprising success." This kills the morphine business.

CUPID AT CHURCH.

By chance I sat within her pew,
And glancing within her eyes,
Discerned in their cerulean hue
The beauty of the skies.
I heard her sweet, seraphic voice
In softest murmurs float.
Its music made my heart rejoice
And treasure every note.
I did the very best I could
To look the other way,
And all went fairly well and good
Until I heard her say,
"I want to be an angel ——" when
She tempted me too far,
And so I told her, there and then,
"Dear girl, that's what you are!"

Nixon Waterman.

Waterman seems to forget that the latest decision rubs angelic women off the slate and gives the title to us men.

It's the middle-class woman that has hard work in her efforts for to be an interestin' invalid. We mean her that is too rich to have the stomach-ache an' too poor to have appendicitis.

The Americans are admirable professors of energy. Strenuousness is the fashion among them; but is strenuousness our sole object in life? Is there no other which is sweeter, more human, more charm-

ing? Is the cult of the dollar the last and the best of religions?—Paris Debats.

Justice.—The name we give it when the verdict is the way we want it.

Wonder if many know that we have in the U. S. a neutral tract of land? In a beautiful and romantic location four miles south of the city of Bedford, Ind., there is a tract of 782 acres that is the only piece of neutral ground on the American continent, or, more properly, the Western Hemisphere. It is protected by international treaty against the tread of hostile feet. It is a perpetual sanctuary against the invading armies of 42 nations under the sacred treaty of Geneva. Dr. Joseph Gardner, of Bedford, Ind., donated the tract of land to Clara Barton for the Red Cross Society of the World, and immediate steps were taken to secure the passage of proper laws by Congress to forever secure the magnificent gift to the uses and purposes desired by the donor and Miss Barton. Forty-one nations besides the United States joined in ratifying the terms of the treaty at Geneva, which forever establishes the tract as exempt from war and secures the institutions to be founded there from any form of invasion whatever. Why cannot we persuade Mr. Carnegie to give us an object lesson like that in every state, especially those on the coast?

“Nature sleeps in the mineral kingdom, dreams in

the vegetable kingdom, and wakes in the animal kingdom."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale made a mistake,
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to speak;
So tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark arm in arm with a thrush
Came sauntering up to the place.
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song;
She felt them snigger and sneer.
She felt that this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed the dove,
"O nightingale! what is the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Why slink away from our sight
Like a common, contemptible fowl?
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only speak.

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing

And giving the dove a look—
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below,
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

Author Unknown.

Everybody likes her, she is so sweet tempered. We asked her, the other day, if she ever got real good and mad with anyone? "Frequently," she said. "I write a good many letters that I never mail. What do I do with them? I tear them up. I write them simply to get things I want to say out of my system. For instance, if the butcher has sent me a mediocre steak, and I am mad about it, I don't call him up and scold him. I simply send the steak back and then sit down and write a letter giving him the very mischief for his carelessness. When I have written it I read it over. I have the rebuke out of my system and I feel better. Next I tear the letter up. The butcher gets his steak back and knows he was careless. He sends another one, and is more careful next time. He doesn't need the calling down, but I need to get rid of it. Every once in a while I sit down and write notes to people, telling them exactly what I think of them. When I get the things

I want to say out of my system the notes are destroyed and I am relieved. That is the way I keep people liking me, I say what I think of them and have the satisfaction that comes from saying it, but it never reaches them or anybody else." And then we wondered if it ever happened that a letter was written to us which we never received.

FROM THE GREEK OF PYTHAGORAS.

Let no soft slumber close mine eyes
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through each day.
Where have my feet worked out their way?
What have I learned where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to Virtue and to God.

What funny things we hear on the street. Only the other day we overheard the remark of a man who was just ahead of us and walking slowly with a friend. "It took me six weeks to find her, and the alley was only ten feet wide." Then they went into a shop. Who was the woman? What had the width of the alley to do with finding her? If it took the man six weeks the alley must have been as long as any street seen in an opium dream. But did "her" refer to a woman? Who can say? The very next day we passed two young ladies on the street. As we went by one said in a singularly sweet voice to the other: "I said sharing, not shedding, my affec-

tions." Was there reference to a happy betrothal or to desertion? Or were the two imagining some ideal romance? It is easy to overhear, but we cannot understand.

A correspondent asks when the morning ends, and it is improper to say "Good morning" in salutation? Generally, we should say, when it is afternoon, but if he wishes to be socially accurate, the "morning" only closes with the dinner hour. The theatre "matinee" is an afternoon affair which fixes the time without any question.

Here comes the arithmetic puzzler—a young scamp, who must have been born multiplying or dividing—with the conundrum, "What two whole numbers, multiplied together, make seven?" We guessed and guessed, and then said it couldn't be done. He quietly remarked that his mother said if she had a child four years old that couldn't tell, she would send him back to school. And then he asked us, "How much is seven times one?"

Faith.—Something which is said to move mountains, but the railway contractors always mix in a little dynamite to help matters along.

Some one offered to send G. Bernard Shaw a box of game, but he replied that he would rather die than live at the price of bloodshed. So the anxious donor offered flowers. "Surely you must be fond of flowers, Mr. Shaw?" "So I am of children," he replied, "but I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots about the room."

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over;
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never,
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

A young lady started her own banking account,
and was very proud of her check-book. She used it

so well that one day there came a notification that she had overdrawn her account. When she had found out what this meant she was full of sorrow for the bank. She wrote a pretty letter of apology and filled up a check for the amount due. "This," she wrote, "will put matters right."

Why, when there are so many good looking women who are ready and willing to marry, should men choose the distinctly plain ones? This is a problem that has kept many a pretty girl awake o' nights. The pretty girl who sees herself passed by for one of the other kind has many reasons to offer why it should be so, one of the most ingenious being that plain women make up their minds to marry some one and deliberately cultivate their will power and the art of pleasing to that end. Others assert that the plain woman captivates by her kindness, sweet temper and sympathy—for every homely woman knows by instinct that she dare not attempt the pert, airy and often disagreeable manners which are condoned in her pretty sister. Still, unless one holds that ugly women are cleverer than pretty ones, there is no charm or art—except that of physical beauty—which the handsome daughter of Eve may not command quite as much as the other kind, so this leaves the problem about where it was at the start. The really important thing, however, is that the plain girl does get there, when by every canon of propriety she should be left behind.

"What," says the man, "is wit?" "Wit," replies

the old philosopher, "is wisdom with a tack in it. Don't step on the tack."

HUMAN NATURE.

The butcher thinks the baker has an easy time through life;
The baker thinks the doctor's path is ever free from strife.
The doctor sees a deal of pain; he dreads the orphan's sob,
And he is sure that he'd prefer to have the merchant's job.

The merchant has a dreadful time to make accounts agree,
And if his own choice he could have, he would a lawyer be.
The lawyer sees much crime and woe; he sees how bad men
rob,
And he would much prefer to have the lucky banker's job.

But now, alas, the banker finds his life a struggle grim,
For everyone is on the watch to try and swindle him;
He'd rather be a judge and pace to court behind his cob.
He thinks a judge must surely have a nice and pleasant job.

The Judge, we find, is very tired of wool-sack and of gown;
He'd like to have a farm away from all the humdrum town.
And to us all this truth comes home as through this life
we bob—
It's the other fellow, every time, that has the easy job.

Whoever saw the sun-rise? No one. The sun does not rise. One really ought to say "earth-sink," and not sunrise, for what really happens is that the curve of the earth sinks towards the sun in revolving, and so brings the light on to it. One might as well twirl an orange in front of a lamp, and call it "lamp-rise." What a lot of liars we are. We know the truth, but custom bids us hold on to that which is not true.

It is very remarkable that many of our nautical terms are borrowed from foreign languages. The

word "admiral" comes from the Arabic "emir el bagh," meaning lord of the sea; "captain" we get from the Latin "caput," a head; while "mate" is identical with the Icelandic "mati," which means a companion or equal. "Davy Jones," it is surprising to learn, became common entirely as a result of two errors. The original name was "Duffy Jonah," "Duffy" being the West Indian negro word for a spirit or ghost; and as the spirit of the biblical Jonah was supposed to haunt the bottom of the sea, "Duffy Jonah's locker" became a common expression; then, by mistake, "Duffy Jones" became the generally-accepted name, and eventually, by another mistake, the name "Davy Jones" was adopted.

Boys learn many things in college which can be very useful to them if they never try to use them.

About a century ago an order was issued in the British army forbidding officers to wear eye-glasses or spectacles. But a short-sighted officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment had no mind to resign his commission or stumble blindly, and he invented the single eyeglass. When called to account by the authorities he claimed that the monocle, being of the singular number, did not contravene the order against spectacles and glasses in the plural. Red tape accepted this literal rendering of the law, and, becoming popular in the British army, the monocle was adopted by civilian beaus. One can but think that the very ridiculous glass was forced upon the wearer, first by law and then by fashion.

THE THREE GATES OF SILENCE.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold:

These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
This, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

Bettie Day.

The rays of heat and light are quite independent of each other in their ability to penetrate different substances. For illustration, glass allows the sun's heat to pass through as readily as it does the rays of light, and that without heating the glass to any extent. If the glass be coated with lampblack, the rays of light are arrested; but the heat passes through as before, not a single degree's difference in the latter phenomenon being noticeable. Then, again, both heat and light pass through water, provided it is clear. One of the oddities in this connection is this—although the heat and light pass through water in its normal state, the addition of a little powdered alum, which readily dissolves without leaving the least murkiness; will arrest the rays of heat to such an extent as to almost immediately raise the temperature of the water to a perceptible degree, yet the light continues to pass through as before. Ice, like glass, also transmits both heat and light.

The parish minister meeting a farm servant, who is a member of his flock, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, John, and how are things going with you? I hope you are keeping well?"

"Hech, sir, it's hard work I hae to dae; nae rest from morn to nicht; work an' work, an' no a minute's peace for me."

"Well, John, we must all do our share in the work of this world. Remember, it is only the preparation for a better world, where there will be no more work to be done."

"Well, sir, that may be for the likes o' you, but I'm no sae sure that there will be naething for me to dae in the other world. It will be the same thing there. 'John, clean the sun; John, hang out the moon; John, light the stars,' and so on. I've nae doubt they'll always find something for me to dae."—
The Tatler.

All things come to him who waits, including a bald head, false teeth, and a lot of miscellaneous toys.

If a man has a new story, better let him tell it, and get it over with; he will not be satisfied until he does.

The more we study Europe the more we find for congratulating ourselves that we have no "traditions." The man or the business or the institution or they nation that is guided by the "dead hand" is being guided by the tomb. To have "traditions" is to have the dead hand heavily upon one. Not to

have traditions is to be free to do the right and the wise as they appear in the clear light of the present hour—and the light grows clearer every hour. Always suspect the appeal based upon “traditions.” It may be sound—and not everything that they used to do was done wrong or badly. But if it is sound it is sound in spite of, not because of, tradition. The reason our Constitution endures so grandly is because it does not bind us to act in certain ways, but because it leaves us free to shape our actions to the changes of circumstances. Hamilton, with his passion for “tradition,” thought it was a miserable thing on that account. The event has proved that what he regarded as its weakness was its strength.

“There were two men got into a scrimmage in front of the bank today,” said Mr. Jones at the family supper-table, “and it looked pretty bad for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a stick, and I thought that he was going to knock the other’s brains out, so, of course, I jumped in between them.”

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as Mr. Jones paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father’s bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked: “He couldn’t knock any brains out of you, could he, father?”

Mother—Tommy, you really annoy your father asking him so many questions.

Tommy—Is it the questions, mammy, or is it ‘cause he can’t answer them?

“He married money, didn’t he?”

"No. He thought he was marrying money, but he merely married something else that talks!"

Suppose a man and a girl were married, and—which is, of course, impossible—that at the time of the hymeneal contract the man was thirty-five years old, and the girl five, which makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten—this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they live until she is fifteen, the man being forty-five—this makes the man three times as old; they still live, she is thirty years old—this makes the man sixty, only twice as old; and now, as we haven't time to work it out, perhaps somebody will be good enough to tell us how long they would have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned to death. Since his time hosts of infants have been rocked to death. The child asks for nourishment and its mother gives it a rock.

In an explosion which wrecked a house in the suburbs last week the only thing which escaped was the gas.

The Illinois State Historical Society has resolved that the name of that state should be pronounced as if it were spelled Illinoi—that is to say, with the final s omitted. Did anyone ever hear it come to an end in noise?

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

There are some things that no fellow can find out without help.

Denaturized Alcohol.—What is denaturized alcohol?

Alcohol which has added to it some flavor which makes it unsuitable for use as a drink but which does not hurt it for other purposes. In some countries such alcohol is relieved of revenue tax.

Box Calf.—Why do they call it "Box" calf?

The term "box" as applied to leather, is purely a misnomer. Its origin is as follows: An old Dutchman, named Cornelis Boques, lived at Amsterdam in the beginning of the last century, and was employed in making top-boots and military footgear for the many mercenary soldiers who had employment in the wars at that time. By a pure accident he discovered that the leather, when rid of one of the natural oils, was impervious to the wet, so as this was a big improvement on the existing leather he was deluged with orders. He died one of the wealthiest men in Holland. The name got misspelt and mispronounced.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.—To settle a dispute will you tell us if Caesar's famous dispatch was sent just after the death of Pompey, or a long while after? Had it any connection with the death of Pompey?

Caesar's dispatch was written long after Pompey's death. Caesar had gone to Egypt, where he

received the intelligence of the death of Pompey, who had been treacherously killed by one of his own centurions. His head was cut off and shown to Caesar, who ordered his murderer to be put to death. This was in B. C. 48. Among others, Pharnaces, king of Pontus, in Asia Minor (now Asiatic Turkey), who was a tributary to Rome, and whose dominions were part of the Roman empire, took advantage of the civil war between Pompey and Caesar to extend his territory. This brought on a war with Rome, in which Caesar was now supreme. Caesar's army met that of Pharnaces at the battle of Zela, B. C. 47, the next year after Pompey's death, and worsted Pharnaces' forces with such ease that he sent to Rome the laconic message: "Veni, vidi, vinci"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

"Put none but Americans on guard."—When and under what circumstances did Washington use this expression?

The following paragraph taken from orders issued by Washington, and dated at Cambridge, July 7, 1775, is probably the authority for "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." It is found in Vol. II of Peter Force's "American Archives."

"The General has great reason, and is highly displeased with the negligence and inattention of those officers who have placed as sentries at the outposts men with whose characters they are not acquainted. He therefore orders, that for the future no man shall be appointed to those important stations who is not a native of this Country, or has a wife or family in it,

to whom he is known to be attached. This order is to be considered as a standing one, and the officers are to pay obedience to it, at their peril."

"I'd rather be right than be President."—Who said it?

Henry Clay said it. Notwithstanding he favored a high tariff, in 1833 he introduced a bill reducing the then existing duties. His object was to pacify the agricultural states, which had objected vehemently. In South Carolina the opposition had taken a very serious form, and Clay's friends told him that his chances for the presidency would be injured thereby. His reply was: "I'd rather be right than be President of the United States."

Ten-Pins.—When and how was the game of Nine Pins changed to Ten Pins?

The game, called "skittles" in England, was a very popular gambling game in the U. S. in the early days of the republic. It was forbidden by law in some of the states, and the law was evaded by adding another pin and calling the game "ten-pins." We cannot give the exact dates.

Telepathy.—What is telepathy?

Telepathy is the influence or effect produced by one mind on another mind, otherwise than through the recognized channels of the physical senses. It is generally conceded that the human mind has power to influence another in this manner, but its phenomena are little understood. The London Society for

Psychical Research, with its branches in most civilized countries, has collected evidence on the subject, and has made it a study. Suggestion undoubtedly forms the basis of telepathic communication. Conflicting suggestions are fatal to telepathy, hence its field is limited. It is always and everywhere subordinate to the will and reason. The aspect of telepathy which comes within the scope of the physical sciences is the question whether there are, or are not, emanations from the brain capable of traversing space and affecting another organism similar to its own. While there are analogies among the physical forces, there is as yet no definite answer to this question.

First Day of the Week.—Is the first day of the week Sunday or Monday? Do we not run up against Biblical commandment when we make the day of rest the first day rather than the seventh?

The division of days into periods of seven arose among the nations of the earliest antiquity—the Sumerians (later called Babylonians) and the Egyptians, whose civilization goes back centuries before the days of Abraham. Watching the skies, these early astronomers noted that the vast majority of the stars keep the same relative positions to each other. Having no telescopes, they saw but seven heavenly bodies which changed their location with regard to each other and the other stars. These they called planets, which word means “wanderers.” They were the sun, the moon, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury and Saturn. The first day of the week was dedicated

to the sun—hence Sunday; the second to the next largest to the vision, the moon, hence Monday; and so on, the days successively being named for Mars, the god of war, Mercury, the god of commerce, Jupiter, the father of the gods, and Venus, the goddess of love. The ancient nations of northern Europe retained the same classification, the names of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday being their nomenclature, the names of their own divinities being substituted for the corresponding ones in the Roman mythology. There is no possible authority in history for assuming that the week ever began on Monday. The Jews of today keep Saturday as their Sabbath—the seventh day—and all the attempts to make Sunday the seventh day are without foundation.

Great Britain.—Is there any real difference between the English and the British government? If none, why do the papers use both terms indiscriminately?

The terms "British" and "English" are used interchangeably. There is no separate English government—that is, a government of England, as distinguished from other parts of the British empire. England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland are all parts of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The parliament which meets in London legislates for the entire United Kingdom, as well as upon all imperial matters relating to British colonies throughout the world. Even now the people of Scotland complain that King Edward is called the "seventh." He

is the seventh English Edward, but the first of that name to reign over the United Kingdom.

Casey at the Bat.—We knew just what we were doing when we said "Author unknown," in referring to "Casey at the Bat," published in our February number. We wanted to wake up the friends of the several claimants to its authorship. Mr. De Wolf Hopper has long been of the opinion that this ballad was from the pen of Ernest L. Thayer, of Worcester, Mass. Archibald Clavering Gunter sent the poem to Mr. Hopper in 1887 and "E. L. T." was affixed to the same as author. We have had many letters claiming it for Thayer. In Stone's book of "American Humorous Verse" he is credited with the authorship, but Dana, Estes & Co.'s "A Treasury of Humorous Verse" credits it to Joseph Quinlan Murphy. A note in this latter book, published last year, says that "the author recently died at his home in St. Louis."

Now F. T. Wilstach comes along and avers that neither Thayer, Murphy nor any of the others named heretofore wrote "Casey." He contends that the poem was from the pen of Will Valentine, a young Irish poet, who came to this country in 1876, and who died in New York, when a member of the World's staff, in 1897. "Casey," according to Mr. Wilstach, appeared for the first time in the Sioux City Tribune, when he was business manager of that paper, in 1882, and he (Wilstach) claims credit for the title.

Mr. Wilstach and Valentine were roommates.

One Sunday afternoon the former was reading Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and, having finished the perusal of "Horatius at the Bridge," he suggested to Valentine that it offered an excellent opportunity for the display of his talent in parody; that "Casey at the Bat," or something of this kind, instead of "Horatius at the Bridge," should prove a diverting effort. Valentine perused "Horatius at the Bridge" and at once set to work on the ballad now famous as "Casey at the Bat," and within a few days offered it to the Tribune for publication. Is there any one else?

Stop It.—N. S. D. sends the following medley. It makes perfect sense when properly punctuated. Can you put the stops in?

The Two Wheels Left and the Two Wheelwrights Too.—The left wheel the right wheelwright found right and left too the right wheel should have been right too and thus left yet to the right but the left wheelwright found the right left too wrong to suit the other two so if the left was right and the right was left not right too which did the wheelwright right to and which wheelwright of the two the left or right or two and did the right wheelwright get left right or did the left wheelwright right the left or did you too write the right left to get left yourself right for too right you too are unless you get left as the right wheelwright left yet the left wheelwright was right too and left too two too to write right too to two too soon for he was too late to be right having just made the right right right then.

APRIL IN HISTORY.

April was named from apriere (to open), the season when the buds open.

1—Marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa of Austria, 1810.

2—Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.

3—Jesus Christ crucified, 33.

4—First newspaper in U. S., 1704.

5—Yorktown besieged, 1862.

6—First House of Representatives organized, 1789.

7—Magellan erected Spanish standard in Philippines, 1521.

8—Island No. 10 taken, 1862.

9—Charleston invaded by British, 1780.

10—Cromwell turned out the Long Parliament, 1653.

11—Napoleon abdicated, 1814.

12—Sumter bombarded, 1861. Lee surrendered, 1865.

13—Handel died at London, 1759.

14—Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots and Dauphin of France, 1558.

15—Death of Lincoln, 1865.

16—Birth of Shakespeare, 1564.

17—Death of Franklin, 1790.

18—Ride of Paul Revere and of Wm. Dawes, 1775.

19—Battle of Lexington, 1775. Baltimore, 1861.

20—Battle of Cherubusco, 1847.

21—Marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, 1770.

22—Corner stone of Bastille laid, 1369.

23—Charter of Connecticut granted, 1662.

24—British capture city of Washington, 1814.

25—Oliver Cromwell born, 1599.

26—New Orleans taken, 1862.

27—U. S. Grant born, 1822.

28—Bonaparte embarked for Elba, 1814.

29—Maryland votes against secession, 1861.

30—Washington inaugurated, 1789.

“A man’s hunt for health,” said the philosopher, “is not conducted on the usual rules of races, for he never starts in pursuit of it until he finds it is already run down.”

League of AMERICAN WHEELMEN

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT



Conducted by the Secretary-Treasurer.

THE objects of this association are (a), to promote and encourage bicycle riding for business, pleasure and health; (b), to protect and defend the rights of wheelmen, who are members of this association; (c), to encourage and facilitate touring at home and abroad; (d), to procure the passage and enforcement of better laws for the construction and maintenance of highways and bicycle paths; to promote a fraternal spirit among its members by frequent meets and reunions.

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ESSTEE SPRINGS IT.

In the spring the springs are full and there are others.

This is renewal season. More than half our memberships fall due in April.

New numbers are given out this year and everybody gets a low one.

Why not a Masslaw, a Pennlaw, an Ohlaw, or an Illaw? The Nylaw points the way. Organization is the leaven which puts things into action.

June 16 is League Day at Boston. Come on your wheel, if you come at our call; come with a good will, or come not at all.

The dealers sold fifty per cent. more wheels in 1905 than in 1904.

The Newton Bi Club held its annual and its 182d meeting on April 14 of this year. It claims the record for number of meetings, having never held less than four meetings a year and up to within a few years it met every month. And every meeting is a royal good time.

The Mass. Bi Club is still in the saddle. The club house has been given up but the members have started in to hold quarterly meetings and dinners. The tie that binds is no Gordian knot that can be cut.

The Associated Cycling Clubs of Philadelphia held its annual meeting at the Bingham House on March 28. It was a very happy getting together of old timers.

April 6, 1882, Ralph P. Ahl, at Boston, rode a mile on a bicycle in 3 m., 1 7/8 sec. This beat the then existing record of 3 m., 8 sec. Two days later, April 8, he reduced the record below the three minute mark, his time being 2 m., 58 5/8 sec. We ride faster now, but we thought it a wonderful performance at the time.

New York members have organized an association which they call the "Nylaw." Its quarterly meeting was held at Albany last month. The meeting was preceded by a banquet at the New Kenmore Hotel and at this State Engineer Van Alstyne was the guest of honor. The "Nylaw" is composed of many of the old guard of the New York division, and only those who have been national or State officers of the L. A. W. are eligible to membership.

The members present at the dinner included: Dr. L. C. Le Roy, president; M. M. Belding, Jr., W. M. Meserole, C. J. Obermayer, E. H. Walker, L. P. Coleman, J. C. Howard, F. W. Brooks, Jr., L. P. Cowell and H. G. Wynn, of New York City; C. Lee Abell and H. E. Ducker, of Buffalo; C. F. Cossum, of Poughkeepsie; H. O. Folger, of Waterford; W. E. Underhill, of Schenectady, and L. A. Washburn and W. M. Thomas, of Albany.

The meeting adopted a resolution endorsing the action of the National Assembly of the L. A. W., in favor of a large appropriation by the Legislature for good roads. Such a representative gathering of old-time wheelmen from all parts of the State shows that those who helped bear the brunt of the original fight for good roads in New York are still in the harness for that great cause, and that the old L. A. W. is still in the ring.

This is rather sweet information if one eats marmalade: There is an old legend which relates that when Mary Queen of Scots was detained a prisoner at Lochleven, she became more and more ill and low, and nothing seemed to tempt her appetite. A Scotch confectioner at that time was inspired to make a jam of oranges, and a sample was sent to her majesty, which she so much relished that it was dedicated to her memory as "Marie Malade." Hence our marmalade.

A man is rich in proportion to the thing he can afford to let alone.

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SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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Vol. 4. No. 3

MAY, 1906

5 Cents.

"SWEET MAY HATH COME TO LOVE US."

Not what we may be, but what we are.

He is dead already whose only thought in life is to make a living.

Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! Let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred nor a thousand. Instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail.

A novel race was held at Canton, China, recently. Pupils from the schools carried slates and pencils, and in the course of the race they encountered a blackboard containing a problem to be solved. The boys were lined up as they reached the goal, and those whose calculations were wrong were then eliminated.

An English weekly tells of an American innocent abroad who was unimpressed by the Eiffel Tower. To a proud Frenchman, he announced that in America they had a tower so high that they had to let down the top at night. "Vat for you let down ze

top?" cried the astounded Gaul. "So as to let the moon get by," replied the heir of George Washington.

THE POSEYVILLAINS.

When we lived down to Poseyville, before we moved up
here

To this new house of our'n, that is all so fine and queer,
My pa'd eat in his shirt sleeves—didn't know it wasn't right—
But now ma makes him wear his coat, 'cause shirt sleeves
ain't polite.

Sometimes pa gets provoked at ma, and once he said,
"Plague take

Your city styles! I almost wish I'd never come to make
That patent churn and got too rich to live in Poseyville.
If I had my way, we'd be poor and livin' back there still."

Pa says that he'd just like to know of some good reason
why

It ain't all right to use a knife when you're a-eatin' pie.
And t'other day he said to ma, "As fur as I can see
It's all a waste of time to spell your 'taters with a p."

Ma's got a bran new party dress, the first she ever wore,
And when pa seen her with it on he acted kind o' sore,
And said: "I'd like it better, seems to me, if you could chop
About a yard right off the tail and sew it 'round the top."

And pa, he's got a dress suit, too! He tried it on last night,
And said to ma: "Oh, 'Lizabeth! Ain't I an awful sight?
I may be wrong, but I'm convinced it wouldn't do no hurt
If I had more of coat and vest and not so much b'iled
shirt."

Sometimes I wish that we'd move back to where we lived
before

In Poseyville, for here I can't go barefoot any more,
'Cause ma says it looks countryfied; but pa, he says, says
he,

"Well, something countryfied is what I'm dyin' for to see!"
Nixon Waterman.

In the works of Thomas Cooper it is written that mankind pays best; first, those who destroy them, the warrior, the military hero; second, those who cheat them, the statesman, the preacher, the quack; third, those who entertain them, the dancer, the singer, the actor and novel writer, and last and least of all, those who tell them the truth, the teachers and editors. That tells us why we are not rich and tempts us to throw away a pen and get a gun.

I hold it to be a fact that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world.—Pascal.

Thermometer—A machine invented by a drug-store proprietor for the purpose of driving humanity to drink.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

The camel's kick is soft, but it takes life away.

The camel carries the load; the dog does the panting.

A dervish once travelling through the desert met a camel, and said to him: "Friend, your lip is crooked!" The camel replied: "What is there straight about me that you take exception to my lip?"—From the Orient.

The conception of the magnitude of the star Canopus, which is regarded as the greatest body in the universe, is difficult indeed, even when Mr. Gore, of the Royal Astronomical Society, furnishes the sun

as a step by which the imagination may raise itself. We have some appreciation of the size of the earth with its circumference of 25,000 miles. The sun is more than a million times as large as the earth. The mass of Canopus has been weighed astronomically and found to be a million times greater than that of the sun. Think of it? You can't think of it! The mind of man isn't equal to the comprehension of such magnitude.

The leather trust tells us that if we want cheaper shoes we must eat more meat. And because we didn't burn more coal this winter ice will be high next August. These economic problems are so simple if people would only use a little common sense.

"Are you still in the 'Don't Worry club?' " "No I resigned when I married."

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going?

When five Chinamen were charged in Liverpool with playing fan-tan in an alleged gaming house, the magistrate said that they were just as much entitled to play a quiet game that was allowed in their own country as Englishmen were to play billiards in a hotel.

Emil Reich the London writer and lecturer has come out with the startling statement that the statistics of crime show that the worst criminals are not drunkards but "teetotalers." The hardest men

the authorities have to deal with, he says, are men who keep their brains clear by abstemious habits. While this statement has been resented by the temperance people, on sober thought it becomes a testimonial for temperance, for it shows that even criminals realize that to do their keenest work they must not yield to the appetite for drink.

We never see the target a man aims at in life; we see only the target he hits.—Jordon.

A house in William street, New York, was Irving's birthplace on April 3, 1783. The British were soon to evacuate the city and Washington to take possession of it. Mrs. Irving, a warm-hearted woman of English birth and an ardent patriot of the new land, said, "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him." The child was still in the care of a Scotch nurse when one day she saw the president, as Washington then was, enter a shop, and after him she went. "Please, your honor," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." The president laid his hand on the boy's head and gave him a blessing, which he never forgot.

Charity begins at home, and ruins its health by staying there too much.

They who fish in pails never get drowned.

The fashion of going abroad dates from the time when the chief priest and the Levite passed by on the other side.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

"The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance."—Spurgeon.

Hon.—What office, if any, past or present, entitles a man to write "Hon." before his name? Is it good taste for a man to assume the title who has never been elected to office?

Ans.—It is a complimentary title, no more. It used to be the rule, not law, in Massachusetts, to give it to a State Senator and to all officials above that rank. Nowadays it is used with about as much meaning as is the word "Prof." It is very bad taste to assume a title one has no right to.

Canal Zone.—What is the Canal Zone, so called, in referring to Panama canal?

Ans.—Panama has given a lease for a hundred years to the United States of a strip of land ten miles wide through which the canal will be dug. This is called the "canal Zone."

International Date Line.—What is the international date line?

Ans.—When it is noon at any meridian on the globe, it is midnight at the meridian exactly opposite. Hence arises the necessity for an agreement among all the great commercial nations of the globe upon a line which shall be considered the starting point. This is called the international date line. It follows the meridian of 180 degrees in the main, with some variations to suit the wishes of the inhabitants of cer-

tain islands. It begins at the South Pole, follows the 180th meridian north to a point opposite the southern cape of New Zealand, then turns northeast and follows a line parallel to the 180th meridian, leaving the Samoan islands on the east; then goes back to the 180th meridian which it follows to the North Pole, with three minor variations, one of which is that the line passes through Behring strait. If east of the line the day is Sunday; west of the line it is Monday; and ships, in crossing the line, change the count of the day.

Sailing westward, a vessel adds a day on crossing the line; going eastward, a day is added.

23.—The latest slang of the street is "23". What does it mean?

Ans.—This expression is borrowed from the race-track. Only twenty-two horses are permitted to run in one race, hence a horse above this number is greeted with the exclamation "23," or "skiddoo," which means, "You do not belong here," "Get out of here," or, to use another slang expression, "You are not in it."

Those who are interested in the slang expression will be interested to work out the following problem:

A PROBLEM FOR MY TROUBLESOME CALLER.

Write down a number, large and free,
To this please add the figure three;
Now multiply quite right by nine,
And drop from product on this line
All figures but the very last.
Now add those dropped, quite true and fast

Divide by nine and get what's left
 To add to "last" that was bereft.
 Next add the days of week twice o'er,
 And look for answer at the door.

H. S. D.

March 26, 1906.

Illustration—Take 22; add 3 and get 25; multiply by 9 and get 225. Cut off all but the last figure and we have 22; add these and we have 44; divided by 9 we have no product and a remainder of 4. Add to 4 "the days of the week twice over" and we have 18; now add the 5 which was left as the last figure in the 225 and we have 23. "H. S. D." tells us that we will get the same result whatever number we start with. Why?

History.—Please define sacred and profane history.

Ans.—History is a systematic record of past events; especially the record of events in which man has taken part. Real history includes: (1) "History proper," where the subject is fact or event among men, and (2) "natural history," where it is fact or event in nature. The former is often divided into "sacred"—that recorded in the Bible—and "profane"—the history of secular events. When history proper relates facts in individual experiences it is biography, and when such facts relate to a journey or series of journeys it is travels. History proper is chronicle, when recording successive times; philosophical, when considering the causes of events and resulting consequences. There are histories of art, of science, of music, etc. History is commonly considered as "ancient" to the end of the Western Roman Empire, A. D. 476; "mediaeval," closing with the Protestant Reformation, 1517, and "modern" from 1517 to the present time.

Lid Off.—What is the origin of the term, “The Lid is off”?

Ans.—The term originated with the Reverend Doctor Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York City. In an address just prior to the election of Mayor McClellan in 1904 the minister stated that if Tammany was successful in the campaign New York City would be as bad as hell with the lid off.

Thoroughbred.—Does not the term “thoroughbred” apply to the running horse? Is it not wrong to use the word in speaking of a trotter?

Ans.—The phrase “the thoroughbred horse” is the distinctive term for the running horse, and is not correctly applied to the trotting horse. The proper term for the trotting horse is “the standard bred horse”—provided, of course, the horse in question is standard bred. There is, of course, thoroughbred blood in the trotting horse, since the trotting horse is descended in part from the running horse just as the running horse is descended in part from the Arabian horse, but “thoroughbred” in this country and England is applied only to running horses.

S. A. B. writes:—“Let me correct a slight error in ‘April in history’ in the issue of the Scrapbook of April. You give Shakspeare’s birth date as the 16th; this is an error. It is not surely known on what day in April, 1564, Shakspeare was born. He was baptized on the 26th and it was the all but universal custom at that time to baptize on the third day after birth. Hence the date has been placed inferential-

ly as the 23d. It is known, however, that he died on the 23d of April, fifty-two years later, 1616." We accept the correction. The error goes back of us to the book of dates from which we drew the fact; but we should have not stumbled over a thing we knew all about. Even Homer nods, but he never nodded to us.

MEMORIES.

I remember, I remember
The gowns I used to wear;
The yellow figured jaconet,
The purple sprigged mohair.
They always were a bit too long,
Or else not long enough;
And often, in the latter case,
Pieced out with different stuff.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
Upon my bayadere barege.
(It must have been a sight!)
My solferino balzarine—
My lilac satinet—
We gave that to an orphan child.
(The child is living yet!)

I remember, I remember
My magenta wool delaine;
My salmon taglioni, too.
('Twas lined with satin jean.)
My lovely light blue empress cloth,
Picked out with bands of dove,
I wore the night Joe came to call
And told me of his love.

I remember, I remember
Those gowns so quaint and queer;
I wore them with a happy heart
For many a happy year.

I have an ivory satin now,
Embroidered fair with pearl;
But, ah, I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a girl.

Carolyn Wells.

PROBLEMS IN ENGLISH.

Are the following excerpts expressed in correct English? Find the mistakes.

Poe was the greatest master of the English tongue. There is no American author that equals him in this respect.—Washington Post.

We must remember that if we intend to keep this republic in its position of headship among the nations of mankind, that we can never afford to deviate from the old American doctrine of treating each man according to his worth as a man.—President Roosevelt.

There should not be a shortage of officers because double the number of cadets are being graduated at the naval academy than was formerly the case.—Admiral Dewey.

No man ever created so many living, breathing human characters as Dickens. They were drawn often rudely, but always with strength and color.—Minneapolis Journal.

M. G. Mulhall the well-known British statistician pointed out that the American republic was even then richer than any country on the globe.—Harper's Weekly.

"Mrs. March described to March a little scene be-

tween Dryfoos and Mela, when he came home from Wall street, and the girl met him at the door with a kind of country simpleness, and took his hat and stick, and brought him into the room where Mrs. March sat, looking tired and broken."—"A Hazard of New Fortunes," W. D. Howells.

MAY IN HISTORY.

May is from the Latin "Maius," the growing month.

- 1—Union of England and Scotland, 1707.
- 2—Mary, Queen of Scots, escaped from Lochleven castle, 1568.
- 3—Byron swam the Dardanelles, 1810.
- 4—Battle of Tewksbury; York and Lancaster, 1471.
- 5—Napoleon died at St. Helena, 1821.
- 6—Fort Moultrie surrendered to British, 1780.
- 7—Macready hissed from stage in New York, 1849.
- 8—Washington first U. S. Ship of the Line put to sea, 1816.
- 9—Col. Blood stole crown jewels, 1671.
- 10—All New York banks stopped specie payments, 1837.
- 11—Eruption of Mt. Aetna, 1537.
- 12—Edward Winslow and Susannah White married at Plymouth, 1621.
- 13—Jamestown settled, 1607.
- 14—Edward Jenner demonstrated vaccination, 1796.
- 15—Mary, Queen of Scots, married Bothwell, 1567.
- 16—Lincoln nominated, 1860.
- 17—First national fast day, 1776.
- 18—Napoleon declared Emperor, 1804.
- 19—Dark day in New England, 1780.
- 20—Mecklenburg declaration, 1775.
- 21—Commonwealth of England proclaimed, 1649.
- 22—Brooks assaulted Sumner, 1856.
- 23—Savonarola burned, 1498.
- 24—Queen Victoria born, 1819.
- 25—Edward Bruce invaded Ireland, 1315.
- 26—Anthony Burns' riot in Boston, 1854.
- 27—St. Petersburg founded by Peter the Great, 1703.
- 28—Liverpool Times, first newspaper in England, started, 1576.

- 29—Spanish Armada sailed, 1588.
30—Hatfield, Mass., burned by Indians, 1676.
31—Great Western makes record passage across the Atlantic, 13 days, 8 hours, 1839.

L. A. W. SCRAPS.

President Everett has gone South to recuperate.

There were fifty per cent. more bicycles sold last year than the year before.

The bicycle always carries a man who has push.

Our twenty-sixth birthday on the 31st.

June 16 will be League Day. Let everyone in and about Boston ride out to the reservoir in the afternoon. The National Assembly will meet in the morning. Luncheon parties are suggested. New York will send over a large delegation. Get on a wheel and go out to the reservoir. There will be a great gathering of wheelmen and everyone should be in it.

Harry Lawson, inventor of the chain-driven bicycle, when a mere lad used to try to ride a high "ordinary" bicycle owned by a neighbor. It was too high for his short legs, however, so he set himself the task of devising a bicycle which could easily be adjusted to suit either short or tall men. The "safety" machine was the result.

Reasons for riding a bicycle. To "get there," have a good time and clear conscience and sleep well.

In walking a mile a man averages 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle of average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.

Married—At Neuilly, France, Monsieur John Milton Erwin, of Paris, to Madame Blanche Pottier, of Neuilly. Congratulations from American cyclists. Time was when he used to entertain us with the twinkle of his pen. It's the same Milt.

Reasons for riding a bicycle. Fun and health.

The Rovers' Cycling Club of Charlestown, Mass., celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the Boston Athletic Club on April 21st. A goodly company, lots of fun and reminiscence, good speeches and stories. Thomas H. Hall is the new president. Next year the club will come of age and a big affair is promised.

League Day is June 16. Do not let Boston do it all. It is Saturday. Organize union runs to somewhere and all go there. Who will take hold of the thing and push it?

Why ride a bicycle? That you may perfect your form. Cycling takes away the bay window.

Between talking and conversation, in its finest possibilities, there is as wide a difference as between walking and dancing. Conversation is one of the fine arts, and we venture to assert that it is a rarer one than music. There can be found a dozen people who can render a sonata acceptably, who can produce an average drawing or painting or write a readable novel, to one who has the gift, the grace, the supreme charm of conversation. It is the art of arts.

The apple is the most democratic of all fruits. The pomegranate is priestly; the grape is royal; the orange is luxurious; the peach and pear are plutocratic, but the apple belongs to the populace. It is symbolic of the country store and the corner grocery. It breathes the free spirit of the American township and village. It has a flavor of old New England, and yet a pungency as of the South and Middle West. It is mild, palatable, nourishing, and promotive of good-fellowship and long life. Apple pie and cider, its two children, are always on top.

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APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

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Vol. 4. No. 4

JUNE, 1906

5 Cents.

THE LITTLE DOG.

A little dog barked at the big, round moon
That smiled in the evening sky,
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon—
But still he continued his ragful tune
And he barked until his throat was dry.

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed the west
The moon sank out of sight;
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest,
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest,
"Well! I scared it away, all right!"

OH, WHAT IS SO WARM AS A SCRAP IN JUNE?

Laugh and the world will love you;
Weep and 'twill let you alone.

Every successful bud is a peach.

There never was a nude statue so lifelike that it
had corns.

There wouldn't be much matrimony without a
maiden effort.

In giving away your money, avoid giving away how you got it.

A number of cases are reported in the news dispatches of people being drowned in their bath-tubs. We would not exactly say that the moral of this is never to take a bath, but the large number of such fatalities at this time teaches the lesson that those who signalize the return of the warm season by taking to the water should observe great caution. The old-time water-pail is safe.

Ecstasy.—A state in which the mind is carried away. For instance, if you are in a runaway motor-car, you are in ecstasy until you hit a telegraph pole; after that you're in hospital.

Laws are like cobwebs—if any trifling or powerless thing falls into them they hold it fast; while if it is something weightier, it breaks through them and is off.—Solon.

An American in Switzerland marveled at the fine roads in that mountain country. "How is it," he asked of a fellow traveler, "that a land as poor as this can support such magnificent highways, when in the great prosperous country of America we put up with notoriously bad roads—particularly throughout the West?"

His friend replied, "Don't you understand that the United States is the only nation in the world rich enough to afford bad roads? The enormous waste

oi the kind of roads we have at home would bankrupt any other state. The people over here have built good roads because they cannot afford the ruinous expense of not getting the harvests to market and of wearing out horses and wagons. If the Western States of America were not so wonderfully rich, an economic necessity would teach the people there also that they could not afford to be without good roads."

MORNING AND NIGHT.

I bid the morn "good-morning,"
And the world seems glad and bright,
But oftentimes care o'ertakes me ere
I bid the night "good-night."
But each of them brings a blessing,
I know not which is best,
The golden morn with its hopes high born
Or the night with its peace and rest.

The man who passes the plate in church probably understands the meaning of the phrase, "our fashionable quarter."

THE CHOICE.

Through the rich man's window
Joy escaped one day;
He passed the scholar's alcove,
Though bidden there to stay.

He brushed the cheek of Beauty,
Then rested—foolish joy—
Beneath the ragged jacket
Of a little beggar boy.

—Mary Frances Butts.

"Old Time is always flying," says the poet, after advising us to gather roses while we may, appar-

ently taking no heed of the time that will fly while we are attending to the places where thorns have thrust themselves upon us. But, indeed, it would seem that, in the homely language of the sporting reporter, the old gentleman with the business-like, if old-fashioned, scythe and the whiskers was "no flyer," for verily we are as prodigal with his moments as a cabman with his adjectives. The automobile has knocked out Time,—and everything else.

To forget is the great secret of strong and creative natures—to forget after the manner of nature herself, who knows no past, who begins afresh at every hour the mysteries of her unwearying travail.—Honore de Balzac.

In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upward shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, bar-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e., low-necked dresses), being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall pay a fine of not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars."

For prolific fiction writers, distancing Walter Scott, Dumas or the Arabian Nights, commend us to the first boy or girl, man or woman encountered on the streets, whether in ragged trousers or immaculate velvet suit. No matter if at work or play, on an electric or bent on an errand, each one of them is at

all odd moments either beginning afresh or finishing off a chapter of his own romance, in which he or she is hero or heroine enacting with his company low comedy or high tragedy; while at the same time furnishing a theatre of spectators to laugh with, applaud or commiserate the actors. "Such tricks imagination plays!"

ARGUMENTS.

I listen to de arguments
Dat happen day by day.
I doesn' understand 'em,
But I likes 'em anyway.
It's just as good as meetin',
An' it makes me want to shout
To hyuh dem big an' soundin' words
Jes' come a-pourin' out.

I don't care what the subject is,
De man dat hab de gift
Kin talk about it in a way
Dat gives yoh soul a lift.
My feelin's keeps a-shiftin';
It's kind o' curious how
My sympathies is allus with
De man dat's talkin' now.

—Washington Star.

FREE SPEECH.

I say discuss all and expose all—I am for every topic
openly;
I say there can be no safety for These States without inno-
vators—without free tongues, and ears willing to
hear the tongues;
And I announce as a glory of These States, that they re-
spectfully listen to propositions, reforms, fresh views
and doctrines, from successions of men and women.
Each age with its own growth!

—Walt Whitman.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY.

According to Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, of the University of Chicago, the American people have been making a great historical blunder in celebrating the Fourth of July. "Our natal day," says Prof. Jameson, "should come on August 18. Our ancestors decided on July 2 to draw up a formal declaration. But it was not until 47 days later that the document was actually formulated and finished."

By one of his admirers Prof. Jameson is described as the greatest authority on American history in the United States. If he is so, laymen must be wary of contending with him. Nevertheless, brief annals of the successive steps leading directly to the Declaration of American Independence, drawn from the journals of congress and the works of George Bancroft, who was also considerable of an authority, thought possibly inferior to Prof. Jameson, may not be without public interest. Omitting local acts and preliminary discussions, these annals begin on:

May 6, 1776—The Virginia house of burgesses un-animously dissolved and leaves the government to the convention elected by the people of Virginia.

May 15—The convention unanimously instructs Virginia's delegates to the continental congress to propose independence.

June 6—In obedience to these instructions, R. H. Lee, of Virginia, moves in congress "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," etc.

June 8—Lee's resolution debated at length, but a vote postponed until Monday, June 10,

June 10—On motion of Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, adopted by vote of seven colonies to five, vote postponed for three weeks, or until July 1, but with the condition that a committee should meanwhile draft a Declaration.

June 11—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston elected as such committee. Jefferson having most votes, becomes its chairman and draftsman.

June 28—The committee reports the Declaration to congress.

July 1—Lee's resolution debated in committee of the whole: adopted by vote of nine colonies, and reported to congress.

July 2—Lee's resolution debated in congress and adopted by vote of twelve colonies, New York not voting.

July 2, 3, 4—The Declaration reported by the committee on June 28 debate, revised, and amended.

July 4 (evening)—The Declaration adopted by vote of twelve colonies, New York still not voting, signed by the President (John Hancock) and secretary to congress, and ordered published. Thomas Jefferson says it was also signed by many members.

July 8—The Declaration formally proclaimed in Philadelphia. Subsequently proclaimed throughout the country as copies arrived.

July 12—Lord Howe reaches New York and begins to circulate overtures for compromise and peace.

July 19—Congress, in answer to Lord Howe, orders the Declaration engrossed on parchment and signed by every member.

August 2—The engrossed Declaration signed by all members of congress present, and by several, including Charles Carroll "of Carrollton," who were not present on July 4. Thomas McKean, of Delaware, was absent with the army and did not actually sign until 1781.

It is difficult to understand what Professor Jameson means by saying that the Declaration was not "formulated and finished" until August 18. It had reached Paris before the end of August. And if Bancroft made a mistake in giving August 2 as the date of the formal signing, Jameson is certainly in error in saying that the decision "to draw up a formal declaration" was made on July 2. The committee was created on June 10, elected on June 11, reported June 28 and its work was formally adopted on July 4, certified, and ordered published. One who essays to correct history should himself be correct.

Many members of congress regarded July 2 as the actual birthday of the new nation. John Adams' eloquent but erroneous prophecy to that effect is well known. In truth, the passage of Lee's resolution was the decisive act—the burning of the bridge. Jefferson's immortal production set forth the reasons for the act, and the principles by which it was guided.

However, the people rightly chose July 4 instead of July 2 as "the beginning of new ages." "The nation," as Bancroft says "when it made the choice of its great anniversary, selected not the day of the resolution of independence when it closed the past, but that of the declaration of principles on which it opened its new career.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing to allow that you do not know it, this is knowledge.

Mecklenburg Declaration, What was the "Mecklenburg Declaration" referred to you in calendar of May history?

Ans.—What is known as the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," was a document signed and issued by prominent citizens of Mecklenburg County, N. C., asserting the independence of the British colonies in America. It antedated the adoption of the Declaration by Congress.

Bird Errors.—What is the name of the bird that is said to foul its own nest?

Ans.—The domestic hen is an offender in this respect although her eggs are kept clean.

Edith.—Did Longfellow write:

"She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the lovely name of Edith," etc.

I cannot find it in his works.

Ans.—The verse was written by Longfellow in the album of Miss Edith Bronson, Jan. 1, 1873. Find it in the Longfellow Remembrance Book, by D. Lothrop Company. The whole verse is:

"She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the lovely name of Edith
Will surely get that which she wanted.
Edith means 'the blessed;' therefore,
All that she may wish or care for
Will, when best for her, be granted."

Cousins.—Please give us an easy way to tell the different degrees of cousinship. Who are first, second and third cousins.

Ans.—The following is a simple and convenient table.

A and W are brothers, or sisters, or brother and sister; B is the child of A, X is the child of W, C is the child of B, Y is the child of X, D is the child of C, Z is the child of Y. Thus four generations are represented.

A	W
B	X
C	Y
D	Z

B and X are first cousins; A is the uncle or aunt of X, W is uncle or aunt of B.

C and Y are second cousins. C is first cousin once removed of B. B is uncle or aunt of Y, X is uncle or aunt of C; A is great-uncle of great-aunt of C. A is grandparent of C. W is grandparent of Y.

D and Z are third cousins. D is first cousin twice removed of X; Z is first cousin twice removed of B. A is great grandparent of D, and W of Z.

Guillotine.—Is it a fact that the man who invented the guillotine was one of its first victims?

Ans.—No. Joseph Ignace Guillotin was a physician at Paris. He was a member of the National Assembly. In 1790, in a discussion on the penal code, he proposed that decapitation—up to that time used only for nobles—should be the sole method of capital punishment, and he suggested the adoption

of a machine used for the purpose in other countries. The plan was adopted and the machine received the name of guillotine. Dr. Guillotin did not invent the machine nor did he perish by it. He was imprisoned during the reign of terror, but was liberated in 1794. He died in 1814 aged 76 years.

Seven Wise Men.—Who were the seven wise men of Greece?

Ans.—Those generally given are Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Periander (in place of whom some give Epimenides), Cleobulus, and Thales. They were the authors of the celebrated mottoes inscribed in later days in the Delphian Temple. These mottoes were as follows:

“Know thyself.”—Solon.

“Consider the end.”—Chilo.

“Know thy opportunity.”—Pittacus.

“Most men are bad.”—Bias.

“Nothing is impossible to industry,”—Periander.

“Avoid excesses.”—Cleobulus.

“Suretyship is the presursor of ruin.”—Thales.

King of Bantam.—In Irving's “Knickerbocker's History of New York,” occurs the phrase: “The Great King of Bantam.” Who was he?

Ans.—Bantam, now a ruined town in Java, was in the 15th and 16th centuries the capital of a great Mahometan kingdom of the same name. Previous to the Dutch conquest of Java the sultan or king of Bantam was one of the most powerful potentates of the East and had extensive possessions in Sumatra and other islands as well as in Java.

NOT THE BEST ENGLISH.

Here are a few more excerpts that might have been expressed in better English. Can you tell just where the trouble lies?

More than 50 persons werẽ killed and injured.—Harper's Weekly.

The novelty of the invention lays in connecting the handles with sprocket wheels and chains.—American Inventor.

A preposition is a bad word to end a sentence with.—School Grammar.

Every effort is being made to bring out the first regular issue as nearly the first of the year as possible.—Woman's National Daily Prospectus.

The London Times comes nearer to being a national forum than any journal in the world.—Harper's Weekly.

When God caused by divine providence John D. Rockefeller to be born into this world of misery and sin, it was then He blessed you and I.—Hon. I. H. Smith, Newbern, N. C.

There is no possible doubt that the municipal street railways will be a practical success if financed properly, and that we expect to be able to do.—Mayor Dunne of Chicago.

A feverish desire to outvie one another in the manner and make of their garments appears to possess

every feminine creature whose lot in life places her outside positive penury.—Marie Correlli.

We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with the rest of mankind.—President Taylor's message, 1849.

JUNE IN HISTORY.

June is traced to Juno, the Queen of Heaven, who was thought to preside over marriages. June marriages are said to be "Good to the man and happy to the maid."

1. Prince Napoleon killed by Zulus, 1879.
2. Anthony Burns arrested in Boston, 1854.
3. Hobson and crew sink Merrimac, 1898.
4. First U. S. Lodge of Odd Fellows at Baltimore, 1819.
5. First balloon ascension by Montgolfier brothers, Paris, 1783.
6. Birth of Alexander the Great, 350 B. C.
7. Fenians raid Canada, 1866.
8. Paper money first issued in New York, 1709.
9. Earthquake at Lima, 1586.
10. Constantine called first council of Nice, 312.
11. Assassination of King and Queen of Servia, 1903.
12. John Winthrop arrived at Salem, 1630.
13. "Know-nothing" party formed at Cincinnati, 1855.
14. National flag adopted, 1777.
15. Martin Luther excommunicated by Leo X, 1520.
16. Mississippi discovered, 1693.
17. Louisburg taken by Massachusetts forces, 1745.
18. Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19. Alabama sunk by Kearsarge, 1864.
20. Michigan admitted to Union, 1837.
21. Murphy rides mile on bicycle behind locomotive in 1.05, 1899.
22. Bonaparte's second abdication, 1815.
23. Charles II landed on the coast of Scotland, 1650.
24. John and Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland, 1497.
25. Custer massacre, 1876.
26. Cromwell made Protector, 1657.

27. Mississippi, Bubble burst in France, \$450,000,000, 1720.
28. Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.
29. St. Peter crucified by Nero at Rome, 65.
30. Guiteau hanged, 1882.

SCRAPS CHOPPED OFF BY ESSTEE.

PROPHETIC.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts
With dainty little tucks and flirts;
Posed on the saddle, felt the tread
Of the pedal, and "I'm off!" she said.
A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway,
And from the road-bed where she lay,
She realized in full degree
The climax of her prophecy.

The National Assembly L. A. W. will hold an adjourned meeting at headquarters in Boston, June 16, 1906.

In the afternoon there will be a gathering of wheelmen at the Reservoir. Gather at 3 at the rendezvous.

There will be no lunch. Get it before you go out. Ride out and shake hands with the old-timers. Gray hairs will be largely worn.

The Rovers Club, the Newton Club, the Boston Club, the Massachusetts Club and many more will send delegations.

Lynn and Brockton promise to be on hand.

Bring your reminiscences.

Mr. A. A. Adey, Second Assistant Secretary of State, has left Washington on a two months' bicycle tour of Central France and Germany. He sailed from New York on the Blucher for Cherbourg. The land trip will be about 2,400 miles in length, and part of the way Mr. Adey will be accompanied by Consul-General and Mrs. Thackera, of Berlin, both enthusiastic cyclists. Mr. Adey carries a League ticket and also a C. T. C. ticket which we furnish.

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JULY, 1906

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VARIETY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And from her dreaming the dreamer wakes.

OUT-DOOR SCRAPS FOR JULY.

We are all at Sea—side.

There are plenty of pilots on a pond.

Life's primrose path is paved with a large income.

Men got the suffrage through making themselves unpleasant, and I believe women will get it in the same way.—Miss C. Pankhurst.

Benjamin Franklin once said that serving God consisted in doing good to one's fellow-men, but that praying was a much easier method and the one adopted by most people.

Self-government, like religion, begins at home, but making laws to govern the other fellow is an easier method and the one largely adopted by the American people. The man who learns in his youth that his sole and singular duty in the great scheme of self-government is to govern himself well has taken a long step toward acquiring a first-class education.

It is a curious fact that George Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the week, in the last month of the year, in the last century, dying on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, December 14, 1799.

The country is being edited nowadays from the front porch. For some seven or eight months of the year the front porch, like the platform of the street car, is of use only to get in on. But during the good old summer time it justifies its proper purposes. The front porch now ceases to be the mere threshold of the home. It becomes sitting room, nursery, library.

It is the hearthstone transferred to the open. Here the family sits and solaces itself. Inoffensive gossip floats about. And wisdom also. Here is the forum. Grave problems are sorted and settled. And laughter has its place.

WOMAN.

When the trouble of life is at its height,
And the thoughts of tomorrow are black as night,
And the friends you love with your fortune passed
Like a frightened bird from a wintry blast,
You'll read in the dregs of your cup of woe—
Woman is with you wherever you go.

If the world were mine, with its untold wealth,
And a license to live through time and health
Like a Tennysonian brook did flow
Surcharged through my veins, I'll give all to know
That the heart of a woman throbbed for me
And that I were worthy her love to be.

There is no time, no place, no power,
No land serene, no roseate bower,
No Heaven, no secret place of bliss,
Not baby's cheek; nor baby's kiss,
That's grander, sweeter, purer than
A woman's love for a thoughtless man.

Then take your feet, and raise your glass,
And drink to women as a class,
And know the worst that's gone astray
Is better than he who paved the way!

The love letters of a prudent man are all verbal.

If you would know the average American family in its normal stage, watch it as it sits on the front porch after supper, amicably criticising its neigh-

bors or discussing family or state affairs, laughing at the play of the children—good humored, satisfied with itself, optimistic. And if you watch close enough, the play of sentiment is not lacking. It matters not how pretentious or how humble may be the front porch. It may proximate the luxury of a great veranda, or it may be only a stoop, or a few steps. Here, as the sun goes down, foregathers the family. In America the front porch rises to the dignity of an institution. Although it is not one of the things for which the fathers fought, it is parcel of us. And it is as potent in its day as was the town meeting in its day. The American front porch provides that which Americans need as much as anything—relaxation. The strenuous life has no place on the front porch.

Consider the diligent man—he stands in the presence of princes. Observe the diplomatic one—he sits right along up beside them!

There's a man in every honeymoon.

If the North Pole is ever reached the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time altogether—in fact, he will have given up the race entirely, for at the northern and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time at all. At any moment it can be either noon or midnight, breakfast-time or supper-time, work-time or play-time, whichever you like. Clocks will be a fraud and a delusion, for at

the Poles all degrees of longitude converge into one, and therefore all times. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only will the clocks be out of time, but the calendar will as well. It can be either yesterday, today, or tomorrow, as you wish. But we'll not climb the pole till we get to it.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Why live when life is sad, Death only sweet,
Why fight, when closest fight ends in defeat;
Why pray, when purest prayer dark thought assail,
Why strive and strive again, only to fail?

Live! there are many found needing thy care;
Pray! there is One at hand helping that prayer.
Fight for the love of God, not for renown,
Strive, but in His great strength, not in thine own.

Why hope when life has proved our best hopes vain;
Why love when love is fraught with so much pain,
Why not cool heart and brain in the deep wave;
Why not lie down and rest in the still grave?

Hope! there is Heaven's joy laid up for thee;
Love, for true love outlives its agony,
Fight, pray and wrestle on, loving God best,
Then when thy work is done, lie down and rest.

—Frederick Cowen.

The mouse said he thought the trap was rather small for comfort, but while in it he felt safe beyond any purr-adventure.

Washington White, a famous colored man of Boston, was once observed sitting in a street car rocking himself to and fro. A friend inquired if he were ill, and receiving a negative reply, said: "Then why are you weaving back and forth like that?" Washington

White made no pause in his regular oscillations as he said: "Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done sold me a silver watch for free dollars, and if I stops a-movin' like dis yere de watch don't go no mo'."

There are those who are not ready to render unto Caesar what others think belongs to him. They say that the month was called Jule long before Caesar was born, and that the name was derived from "huil," a wheel the symbol of the summer solstice. When the problem is solved we will publish the answer.

"There should be no praising of one's own sect and decrying of other sects, but, on the contrary, a rendering of honor to other sects for whatever cause honor may be due. By so doing, both one's own sect will be helped forward and other sects will be benefited; by acting otherwise, one's own sect will be destroyed in injuring others. Whosoever exalts his own sect by decrying others does so doubtless out of love for his own sect, thinking to spread abroad the fame thereof. But, on the contrary, he inflicts the more an injury upon his own sect."—The Twelfth Edict of Asoka.

K.—The eleventh letter of the alphabet; pronounced K as in knuckle.

The laughing waves are not subdued by the stern end of the ship.

Novel—A book that sells better than it reads.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

"If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it."—Fuller.

Darkness.—What is a good definition for darkness? I am in the condition of mind of the child who asked its father where the darkness went to when the light came.

Ans.—Darkness is a comparative term; abstractly it is absence of light, and recent discoveries show that we know little about what light is. Physiologically it is force which affects the human eye and makes things visible.

Buncombe.—What is the origin of the term "Buncombe?"

Ans.—It is said that the term, which means "speech-making for mere show," grew out of an incident near the close of a debate on the famous "Missouri Question" in the 16th Congress. A member, Felix Walter, a native old mountaineer, who lived at Waynesville, in Haywood, the most western county of North Carolina, near the border of the adjacent county of Buncombe, rose to speak, while the House was impatiently calling for the question. The old man persevered, however, for a while in his efforts to make a speech, declaring that the people of his district expected it and that he was bound to "make a speech for Buncombe."

Bohemian.—Why are artists and newspaper men called "Bohemians?"

Ans.—Not all are so called. The word “Bohemian” was originally applied to idle strollers or gypsies thought to have come from Bohemia. Later it was by an easy transition used to designate artists or writers who were unconventional or irregular in their habits.

Royal Victorian Chain.—What is the Royal Victorian Chain?

Ans.—Many people were puzzled to learn that King Edward had decorated the aged Emperor of Austria with the Royal Victorian Chain. This decoration is the highest grade of the Royal Victorian Order, and was instituted by the King at the time of his Coronation. The first recipient was the late Archbishop Temple, who performed the ceremony. Previously the highest grade had been Knight Grand Cross.

We.—Why do editors in referring to themselves use the plural “we?”

Ans.—Editors, as a class, are remarkable for their modesty, and, in order to avoid even the appearance of egotism, they avoid the use of the big “I,” preferring “we,” which implies that they speak not as individuals but as representatives of the people, voicing the popular judgment and wish. But in fact the tendency now is to avoid the use of the personal pronoun, either singular or plural, in editorial utterances. Roscoe Conkling once said: “Only three classes of people are allowed to say ‘we’; kings, editors, and men with a tape-worm.”

Underground Railroad.—What is the story of the underground railroad?

Ans.—The underground railway was the name given to the operations of the Quakers and other abolitionists in Ohio and Indiana, who assisted slaves that crossed the Ohio river to escape to Canada. This was in evasion of the fugitive slave law, and operations were as secret as those of smugglers. One farmer would drive his covered wagon, in which were concealed two or more negroes, at night to the house of a friend, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles away, and that friend would drive the fugitives the next night to another "station." The slaves on arrival in Canada, evaded all inquiries as to how they came, saying they came by the underground railway. The name was taken up by the Boston and other sea-coast abolitionists who helped the fugitives that came north by sea.

Candle Fired from a Gun.—Is it true that a candle fired from a gun will penetrate a board?

Ans.—See Edison's Encyclopaedia, page 222. "When a candle starts from the breech of a gun its motion is gradually increased, until it leaves the muzzle at a high velocity, and when it reaches the board every particle of matter composing it is in a state of intense velocity. At the moment of contact the particles of matter composing the target are at rest, and as the density of the candle, multiplied by the velocity of its motion, is greater than the density of the target at rest, the greater force overcomes

the weaker and the candle breaks through and pierces a hole in the board."

John Quincy Adams.—Was John Quincy Adams expelled from the Senate? If so, why?

Ans.—No. John Quincy Adams was elected to the United States Senate in 1803 by the Federal party. On the question of the embargo recommended by Jefferson to Congress, Adams took a stand opposed to that held by the majority of his party. He favored the embargo, but the most of the other Federalists opposed it strongly. When the Massachusetts Legislature met in 1807 the Federalists were in a small majority in that body, and the question of the election of a Senator coming up, they did not re-elect Mr. Adams as was expected, but dropped him for a Boston merchant, James Lloyd, Jr. Mr. Adams therefore declined to retain his seat in the Senate for the remaining short session of his term and resigning retired to private life.

Copyright.—How many years does a copyright run?

Ans.—Copyright in the United States endures for twenty-eight years from first publication, with an extension of fourteen years on reregistration of the right within six months of the termination of the first period and compliance in other respects with the terms of the act.

Ships that pass in the night—whence comes this quotation?

Ans.—From Longfellow; the same idea has been expressed by others,

In Longfellow's poem, "Elizabeth," are found the lines:

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

In Alexander Smith's "A Life Drama," Scene iv., published long before this poem, the lady, affianced to another, says to Walter:

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more. We have been foolish, Walter!

In William Wetmore Story's "Conversations," we find:—"What a strange thing chance is. How near we come to happiness; how close we touch to fortune without knowing it. Like vessels at sea, we often pass each other blindly in the darkness of night, unknowing that a foot more or less might have carried both to destruction, or a foot more or less have brought us glad tidings and friendly salutations."

From F. W. B.—The following epitaph found on the ancient tombstone of a child is said to have been written by a heathen. If such is the fact he overtops some of the modern epitaph writers.

"Let not the sod too stiffly stretch its girth
Above these tender limbs, erstwhile so free.
Press lightly on her form dear mother earth,
Her little footsteps fell so light on thee."

Ride a bicycle and you will not need pink pills for pale people.

JULY IN HISTORY.

July was named in honor of Julius Caesar, who was born on the twelfth.

1. Battle of Boyne, 1690.
2. Garfield assassinated, 1881.
3. Massacre of Wyoming, 1778.
4. John Adams died, 1826; Jefferson, 1826; Monroe, 1831.
5. Jerusalem taken by the Crusaders, 1100.
6. Fleet of John Winthrop arrives at Boston, 1630.
7. Lincoln assassins executed, 1865.
8. Washington city chosen as capital, 1792.
9. Leadon statue of George III pulled down in New York City, 1776.
10. Vice-President Fillmore becomes President, 1850.
11. Burr-Hamilton duel, 1804.
12. Julius Caesar born, 100 B. C.
13. Draft riot in New York City, 1863.
14. Bastille destroyed, 1789.
15. Duke of Monmouth beheaded, 1685.
16. Surrender of Santiago, 1898.
17. Emancipation Bill signed, 1862.
18. Maximilian shot, 1867.
19. Rome burned by Nero, 64.
20. Confederate Congress meets at Richmond, 1861.
21. Robert Burns died, 1796.
22. Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli shipwrecked, 1850.
23. Gen. Grant dies, 1885.
24. Gibraltar taken by the English, 1704.
25. Massacre of Christians, Jedda, Turkey, 1858.
26. New York accepts Constitution, 1788.
28. Von Plehve assassinated at St. Petersburg, 1904.
29. The Alabama starts out, 1862.
30. Dexter trots mile in 2.19, 1867.
31. John Ericsson born, 1803.

Vacation.—The time of the year which a young man looks forward to with his hand on his heart; goes through with his hand on his pocketbook, and looks back on with both hands on his head and no skin on his nose.

L. A. W. DEPARTMENT.

League Day was not all we hoped for. It was in the rain of the afternoon that we didn't gather.

The National Assembly met at League headquarters in the forenoon. There was no special business for the meeting and little else was done than to talk over ways and means. The League was reported to be in good condition with renewals coming in very fast and some new members presenting themselves.

After adjournment the Assembly and many of the rank and file lunched at Copley Square Hotel. A merry hour was spent at table and then the rain began.

The Boston Bi Club was all ready for a start for the Reservoir, drawn up in front of the hotel, but in view of the falling water it was decided to be unwise to make the run. Reluctantly the trip was given up.

A few hardy riders went to Chestnut Hill, but, as no telephone communicates with the place, no communication could be had with them.

In the evening, by invitation of ex-President Obemayer, the officials of the League and their ladies, dined at the Brunswick, and, after dinner, the same company went to the "Pops" at Symphony Hall by invitation of President Everett.

The rain forbade the carrying out of what might have been a very pleasant outing. There were delegations present from New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, and one loyal member from Louisiana.

"As the proverb says," remarked the demoralizer, "Eat, drink, and be married." "That isn't right," protested the moralizer. "It's 'Eat, drink, and be merry.'" "Oh," exclaimed the demoralizer, in disgust, "that's altogether different."

The burning of the Masconomo House at Sharon will make it necessary for the wheel About the Hub to find a new

sleeping place for the first night. A white city may be erected and intense fun may be looked for. September 7 is the date.

The Massachusetts Bi Club held its summer outing at Squantum on Saturday June 9. There was a ride to the shore, a ball match, a fish dinner with a steamed-clam overture at Lee's, one of those scrods of Lee's with a welch rabbit covering, and lots of other things. The ride home was illuminated by the burning fireworks of the Dorchester celebration. The Massachusetts Club has a lot of things up its sleeve for the fall.

"No," said the commonplace man, "I care less for the achievements of my ancestors than the prosperity of my descendents. If I can help that along, I'm ready to do it."

The Newton Club at its July meeting on the 10th, most thoroughly did Wonderland at Revere Beach. A dinner of clams and fish, a visit to everything, and there was no time for any more.

Mrs. Briggs.—"I heard you were down with the rheumatism, Mr. Griggs."

Griggs.—"So did I; but a rumor 'tis 'm."

Who says cycling is dead? And shall we let it die? The clubs of Boston, one and all, will know the reason why. We are ready to hear from other places.

State Highway Commissioner Hunter has begun a general survey of all the roads in Pennsylvania for the purpose of compiling a new map showing their length and location. As there are nearly 100,000 miles of road in the State it will require several years to complete the survey, and then we shall have a map of great value.

"What did you say when he kissed you?"

"Nothing; do you suppose I can talk through my ears?"

Half of us are wondering where we will spend our summer holidays, and the other half are wondering if we shall have anything to spend on them.



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5 Cents.

THE FIRST TRYST.

She pulls a rose from her rose-tree,
Kissing its soul to him—
Far over years, far over dreams
And tides of chances dim.

He plucks from his heart a poem;
A flower-sweet messenger,
Far over years, far over dreams,
Flutters its soul to her.

These are the world-old lovers,
Clasped in one twilight's gleam:
Yet he is but a dream to her,
And she a poet's dream.

—John James Piatt.

SCRAPS FOR OUT-DOOR READING.

So many persons are "doing" the mountains this summer, the mountains ought to be done before the fall.

Give a picnic party rope enough and it will play copenhagen.

You can make all the motors run some of the time, and some of the motors all of the time; but you can't make all the motors run all of the time.

RIGHT HERE AND JUST NOW.

"If I'd 'a' been born," says Sy Slocum to me,
"In some other far-away clime,
Or if I could 'a' had my existence," says he,
"In some long-ago time,
I know I'd 'a' flourished in purty fine style
And set folks a-talking', I 'low;
But what troubles me is there's nothin' worth while
A-doin' right here and just now."

"Them folks that can dwell in a country," says Sy,
"Where they don't have no winter nor storm,
And the weather ain't ready to freeze 'em or fry
By gettin' cold or too warm,
Have got all the time that they want to sit down
And think out a project so great
That it's jest about certain to win 'em renown
And bring 'em success while they wait."

Says Sy: "Folks a-livin' here ages ago,
Before all the chances had flown
For makin' a hit, wouldn't stand any show
Today at a-holdin' their own,
Good times 'ill come back to our planet, I 'low,
When I've faded out of the scene;
But it hurts me to think that right here and jest now
"Is a sorry betwixt and between."

At that I got tired a-hearin' Sy spout,
And says I: "Sy, you like to enthuse
Regardin' the marvelous work you'd turn out
If you stood in some other man's shoes;
But while all your 'might-a'-been' praises you sing
It's worth while rememberin' as how
That no man on earth ever done the first thing
That he didn't do here and jest now."

—Nixon Waterman.

It speaks volumes for the healthfulness of mountain air when a man can eat fried steak for two or three

weeks, and not be reminded of it by an aggrieved stomach.

The term "bore" of a gun applies to the time when all barrels were cast solid and afterwards bored out.

Country stiles are cut crossway.

It is easy to understand why people like dogs, but how in the world do dogs make themselves like people?

A correspondent wants to know how they keep the swords and bayonets sharp in the army. He should remember that every company has its files.

Though to put all your eggs in one basket may be by many deemed dangerous, very, it may come out all right if the basket is tight, and you don't let some other man carry it.

In the east end of London it is now the fashion for men to wear an engagement button in the coat lapel bearing a portrait of the lady. They are called "love buttons."

Dollars do not grow on every bush. If they grew on every other bush it would satisfy many of us.

Spare the rod—and get beat by the child.

A joke that nobody sees is not a joke. Humor is not a thing like a brick wall that is there or is not

there. Humor is an essence, a flavor. If a man cannot taste it it does not exist for him.—J. K. Jerome.

FATHER'S VACATION.

The folks are gone, I'll get a rest.
My nerves are all upset.
Of course I'll miss the kids, but then
Some quiet I will get.

I didn't know how fagged I was,
I think I'll go to bed.
What's this? Another note from Kate,
And yesterday's not read.

By Jove! Another list of things
That I'm to find and send.
That means I'll have to rummage 'round
The house from end to end.

"I think you'll find the hammocks, Will,
Behind the basement door.
I'm sorry I forgot them, dear,
I never did before.

"The children want their play tent, too,
Just climb the attic stair,
It's on the landing to the right,
Their bathing caps are there.

"Look in the closet, and you'll find
The children's winter caps,
And my golf blouse is also there,
Or on the shelf perhaps.

"And in the lower left-hand drawer,
Or maybe it's the right.
You'll find the doily I've begun.
I like to sew at night.

"Dear Robbie wants his drum and gun
And Jack his soldier hat.

Send Mary's doll, and don't forget
To feed the dog and cat.

"And when you come on Saturday,
Please bring these things I wish.
My sailor hat, and rain coat, too,
And our old chafing dish."

Ye gods! I see it's up to me
To be a pushcart man.
If that's the case, I'll leave the place
And Kate can hire a van!

The man on the bicycle gets over the go-round.

The first story ever published serially was "Robinson Crusoe." It ran for a year in the "London Post."

Band-box is really riband-box.

All outdoors, in this brave world of ours, and in the woods and fields of all the brave worlds in the sky, are the parlors of heaven. How few people know it—that outdoors everywhere, where the sun shines and the winds blow, and the stars look down, is heaven. We look up into heaven, at Mars and Jupiter and the people there, and they look up into heaven, at the earth and us. and they call this heaven. And we are right and they are right. It is heaven wherever the hand of the Lord has sown His stars.—Berry Benson.

Consider the lowly postage-stamp, and learn the secret of success. It sticks to one thing until it gets there.

REST.

He does well who does his best.
 Is he weary? Let him rest.
 Brothers, I have done my best;
 I am weary—let me rest.
 After toiling—oft in vain,
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
 After toiling long, to gain
 Little good, with mickle pain,
 Let me rest. But lay me low,
 Where the hedge-side roses blow;
 Where the little daisies grow;
 Where the winds a-Maying go;
 Where the footpath rustics plod;
 Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
 Where the old woods worship God;
 Where his pencil paints the sod;
 Where the wedded throstle sings;
 Where the young bird tries his wings;
 Where the wailing plover sings
 Near the runlet's rushy springs;
 Where at times the tempest's roar
 Shaking distant sea and shore,
 Still will wave around and o'er,
 To be heard by me no more!
 Then beneath the breezy west,
 Tired and thankful, let me rest—
 Like a child that sleepeth best
 On its gentle mother's breast.

—Author Unknown.

Fine features make famous actresses.

Peanut lovers have noticed that the nuts are generally very much larger this year than usual, a fact which may be verified by the most casual glance at any stand where they are sold. But there are fewer in a quart.

A Congressman used the quotation: "The tree is known by his fruit." This occasioned laughter

among some of the Republican members, and Mr. Clayton replied: "I knew it. You people think it wrong to say 'his fruit;' but if you will turn to your Bibles you will see the quotation is correct." And it is.

A good deal is heard of the "marriage knot," but very few of us realize that the knot was ever anything more than a figure of speech. Among the Babylonians, tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride, and another from that of the bridegroom, and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

Nothing has done more to debauch the public conscience and to demoralize the young men of the land, than the knowledge of the fact ever present before them that while they have to dig and delve and toil for a pittance there are other men who do not do half the work they do who are enjoying each year what would be to them a princely fortune for all their lives. It is because of this, that we have financial irregularities, defaultings and efforts to get rich by gambling of one kind or another. The conclusion is obvious. America's manhood is being consumed with the feverish madness of money-getting, and her jails and penitentiaries are numbering the victims of the disease by thousands. The path of frenzied finance seems to be leading inevitably toward the gate of the penitentiary.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

The hunting season for facts is never a closed one.

Trancadillo.—At school we used to sing a song with this refrain. It was claimed that the words were written by Shakespeare. Where may they be found?

Ans.—We can't believe he wrote them. We have consulted the best authorities and talked with students of Shakespeare. If anyone can locate the poem we shall be glad to hear from him. The poem begins: "O come, Maidens, come, o'er the blue rolling wave."

Thoroughbred.—What is the difference between a thoroughbred and a standardbred horse?

Ans.—Our horse editor tells us that a thoroughbred is one whose ancestors for seven generations in England or five in America, have been recorded in the official studbook. Standardbred means simply to be bred to a required standard.

Sunday.—When and by whom was the first day of the week set aside for public worship instead of the seventh?

Ans.—The earliest recognition of the observance of Sunday as a day for worship is the Constitution of Constantine, 321.

Mottoes for Country Homes.—Will you not suggest a few mottoes for the walls of our new country home?

Ans.—The idea well carried out is a very good one. In the old-time manor house it was customary to in-

scribe some appropriate motto over the mantel or fireplace, especially in the great dining hall and library. The inscription was generally in Latin, the language of the scholar. This custom is being revived in both country and town houses. There is scarcely a room in which a sentiment, prettily expressed, would not at once attract the attention of a visitor. The lettering may be done in script or old English. Here are a few good mottoes:

For the hall:

East or west, home is best.

A man's house is his castle.

Home is the resort of love, of joy, of peace.

Our home is ever at your service.

Over the fireplace in Mark Twain's home in Connecticut is this beautiful inscription:

The ornament of a home is the guests who frequent it.

For the library:

Old wood to burn.

Old friends to trust.

Old authors to read.

The monuments of vanished minds.

Infinite riches in a little room.

For the nursery:

A child in the house is a wellspring of pleasure.

For the music room:

The hidden soul of harmony.

Music—the speech of angels.

Elijah.—Are not Elijah and Elias one and the same person?

Ans.—We referred this to an eminent authority who sends the answer.

Elias and Elijah are the same name, and, as used in the Bible, mean the same person. He is called Elijah in the Old Testament, and Elias in the New. The reason is this: The Old Testament was written several centuries before the New Testament; the Old was written in Hebrew, the New in Greek. Elijah is the Hebrew form of the name, Elias the Greek (or, more probably, the Aramaic) form of the same word. Christ did not speak Hebrew; the language he knew was Aramaic, a corrupt Hebrew dialect. This difference in the spelling and pronunciation of the same proper name in different languages is almost universal. For instance, the name James is Iago in Spanish; thus, Santiago, Cuba, means Saint James. Jesus is the Aramaic form of the much older Hebrew name, Joshua. Hundreds of similar instances could be given.

Ingersoll's Belief.—Was Ingersoll's belief in religious matters the same as that of Thomas Paine?

Ans.—Not at all. Paine was a Deist. He repeatedly said: "I believe in one God and no more." Ingersoll was an Agnostic. The agnostic theory is that man has no absolute knowledge of things supernatural. Both have been called atheists but neither was such. The agnostic refuses to accept "evidences" of the origin of the universe, of unseen powers, of a future life, or in general and metaphysical bases of religion, save as more or less probable inferences. The idea that the agnostic belief rejects these beliefs is wrong; the agnostic does not admit

that the affirmative or negative of them can be a subject of knowledge, and regards the atheist as less intellectually respectable than the devotee.

English Schools.—How are common schools conducted in England Is the percentage of illiteracy greater in the United States than in England?

Ans.—About half of them are conducted by the public authorities and the other half by religious organizations receiving aid from the state. Space forbids any description of the methods of teaching and discipline, etc., in the elementary schools of England, but they do not differ greatly from those of schools in this country.

2 It is lower here than in England, taking only the native-born white population of both countries. Owing to the very high percentage of illiteracy among the colored population of the South and certain nationalities among the foreign-born population of the United States, the general average of illiteracy is higher here than it is in England, judging from very incomplete British statistics available.

God in the Constitution.—Was there not a movement to put God into the Constitution? Why did it fail?

Ans.—In the winter of 1874 there was a religious movement toward having the word inserted, on which the House Committee on the Judiciary reported adversely, on the broad ground that the question was carefully considered by the framers of the instrument; that it was rightly decided upon with great unanimity; that our Republic was to be the

home of the oppressed of all nations, whether Christian or pagan, and that, in view of the mischief of a union of church and state seen in other nations, it was thought inexpedient to put anything into the Constitution or form of government which might be construed as the recognition or support of any religion, creed or doctrine.

AUGUST IN HISTORY.

Named for Augustus Caesar, whose lucky month it was. In it occurred many of his most fortunate events. Julius Caesar named July which had thirty-one days. It would not do to name a shorter month for Augustus and so they took a day from February and put it at the end of August. Thus we have two thirty-ones together.

1. Battle of the Nile. Nelson victor, 1798.
2. Battle of Blenheim. Marlborough victor, 1704.
3. Columbus sails for Palos, 1492.
4. Stirling Castle taken by Monk for Cromwell, 1651.
5. Mobile Harbor taken by Farragut, 1864.
6. Louis Napoleon lands at Boulogne, 1840.
7. Battle of Thermopylae, 480 B. C.
8. Nuptials of Henry VIII. and Catherine Howard, fifth wife, 1540.
9. Russo-Japanese peace commission meets at Kittery Navy Yard, 1905.
10. Massacre of the Swiss Guard at the Tuilleries, 1792.
11. Ursuline Convent burned by mob at Charlestown, Mass., 1834.
12. King Philip shot, 1676.
13. Cuba surrenders to the British, 1762.
14. Faust & Schoeffer issue the first printed book at Mainz, 1457.
15. Napoleon Bonaparte born, 1769.
16. Queen Victoria sends first message to President Buchanan over Atlantic cable, 1858.
17. First N. E. colony at mouth of Kennebec, 1607, George Popham.
18. First English child born on American soil, Virginia Dare, at Roanoke, Va., 1587.

19. Constitution defeats the Guerriere, 1812.
20. Battle of Salamis, 480 B. C.
21. Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded, 1553.
22. Yacht America defeats English yachts at Cowes, 1851.
And we still hold the cup.
23. William Wallace executed on Tower Hill, London,
1305.
24. British capture Washington City, 1814.
25. First English colony in America at Roanoke, 1585.
26. Governor Hutchinson's house in Boston destroyed by
Stamp-Act rioters, 1765.
27. First church of Boston organized, 1630.
28. Yacht America defeats English yacht Titania by eight
miles in eighty, 1851.
29. Hong Kong, China, ceded to Great Britain, 1843.
30. Earthquake at Charleston, 1886.
31. Edward I. exiles all Jews in England, 1290.

ESSTEE SUMMER-RISES.

Meet us on Cape Cod next week.

Orleans invites. Joan of Arc is no longer there. The maidens of the place are Maid of Sterner Stuff—Fish and Clams.

Joe Lincoln, the poet of Cape Cod, will be there to find out some more about Captain Eri. The Pilgrim Fathers landed on Cape Cod but they didn't stay there. Nor shall we.

Died June 14, 1906, Robert B. Roosevelt, of Sayville, N. Y. He was a loyal member of the L. A. W. and an enthusiastic worker in the cause of good roads.

In the death of Doctor Erwin Fischer of Pittsburg, Pa., we lose a life member who was heartily interested in our organization.

Mr. F. H. Jackson of Philadelphia, presents his son Walter H. for membership. He is our youngest member; but are there no others who have sons?

The Wheel About the Hub is set down for September 7 this year. This is the most unique and delightful of all cycling functions. Three days on the wheel with a lot of jolly fellows, over historic routes, and through the finest of Boston's fine suburbs. There will be delegations from New York and Philadelphia. The burning of the Masconomo House at Sharon will call for a change in the program for the first night, but we are bound not to suffer. The Boston Bicycle Club runs the affair and the number has to be limited, but, up to the limit it is glad to have any good fellow come along who is well backed and guaranteed.

Prof. Basset, an eminent medical specialist of Toulouse, France, has been analyzing the causes which have led to the reduction of the death rate in that city in recent years. The main cause, he believes, is the advent of the bicycle, which allows thousands of workers who used to be confined to the city to live in the suburbs and get plenty of outdoor air. Good for Basset if he cannot afford but one "t."

I sprang upon my gallant steed,
It bounded 'neath my tread;
No cares nor sorrows could I heed
As through the air we sped.
The sun lay crimson in the west,
The soft breeze fanned my brow,
I rode the steed I loved the best,
Would I were riding now.

—L. H. Johnson.

The above verse is from a poem written for the American Bicycling Journal, August, 1879. Wonder if the last line doesn't mean more to the writer after twenty odd years than it did then? He was our first amateur champion of the wheel.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

The annual meeting for election of officers will be held at the office of Geo. L. Cooke, Esq., 15 Westminster Street, Monday, Aug. 27, 1906, at 8 P. M.

John H. Barrett, Chief Consul.
Nelson H. Gibbs, Sec.-Treas.



GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

THE PRICE TO PAY.

DUES.—Applicants pay 75 cents a year. Memberships may be renewed for 75 cents a year. Members may subscribe for the official organ at the club rate of 25 cents. This is optional and the sum must be paid in addition to the dues. Life membership \$10. Can be taken by none other than one who has been a member for five years previous. Life members must pay the additional fee of 25 cents per year for the official organ if they desire it.

APPLICATION BLANK.—If applicant is unprovided with regular blank from headquarters, he may write his name, address and occupation on a slip of paper 6 by 3 inches. Add the names of two references and send same with one dollar to ABBOT BASSETT, Secretary-Treasurer, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Regular blank supplied on application.

TOURING ABROAD.—Members touring abroad are entitled to call upon the Secretary-Treasurer for a ticket of membership in the Cyclists Touring Club of England. This ticket will give the holder all the advantages of the hotel and consul system which the C. T. C. has in Great Britain and on the Continent, and will save much trouble at the custom houses, where the ticket will be a passport in lieu of a cash deposit.

SUPPLIES.—Badges: Solid gold, \$2; plated, \$1; Enameled Rim, 75 cents. Russia leather ticket holders, 25 cents. Veteran Bar, price, \$2.50. Screw Driver for Key Ring, 10 cents.

ROAD MAPS

of New England, New Jersey and New York by districts : some districts 25c., some 50c. ; handsomely colored, roads and points of interest shown ; of dealer or by mail ; send for descriptive catalogue. GEO. H. WALKER & CO., Lithographers, 221 High St., Boston

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Owing to the large space necessary for a complete list of periodicals, we do not publish a Cut Price List. We can supply any and all periodicals, American or foreign, and will be pleased to quote lowest prices for any upon request. Address L. A. W. Periodical Department, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

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SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4. No. 7

SEPTEMBER, 1906

5 Cents.

I love the gentle autumn time,
Especially September,
For when I want another rhyme
How gladly I remember
The gentle month of ripened thyme
That antedates November
Hath also a syllabic chime
With that last month, December.

SEVENTH EMBER SCRAPS.

Many are called, but few get up.

Running water often gets its start from a spring.

It is all well enough to begin at the beginning—
unless you want to go up a river.

The Quakers made Friends of all their converts.

Hope never dies. Of course, the undertaker has
no interest in hope.

Says a health writer: "Sleepless persons should
court the sun." Now, had he said "daughter," thou-
sands would embrace the remedy, instead of simply
laughing at it.

A great many men are cottage-built. That is to say, they have but one story. And they are forever telling it.

It's a long lane where there's no good going for the tired horse.

"How are you coming on with your new system of weather prediction?"

"Well," answered the prophet cheerily, "I can always get the kind of weather all right, but I haven't quite succeeded in hitting the dates exactly!"

Back from my summer vacation,
In the good old town once more,
Afar from the oppressive silence,
To the rush and the rout and roar.
In the city there's something doing,
There's joy in the meet of might
And the soul expands with the struggle
And grows in the shock of fight.

She—Is a telephone girl's occupation a profession or a business?

He—Neither; it's a calling.

The Footpath to Peace—To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than your disgusts; to covet

nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

LIFE AND DEATH.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?
In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die! Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.

"What," asked Father Time, "has become of your famous pale horse?"

Death grinned a ghostly grin.

"Oh," he replied, "since the automobile was invented I've turned him out to pasture."

No less a man than Prof. Goldwin Smith, the well known essayist, etc., has brought his massive intellect to bear on the problem of dish-washing, which he says is the great bugbear of the domestic existence. He proposes to meet the necessity by a system whereby families can be supplied with clean dishes every day by a central agency, which will send round and at the same time gather up dirty dishes, to be washed by machinery at a large central plant.

There is no doubt that much of what is called success in life depends upon "getting well into the groove" and keeping there. Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying, "If my father had made me a hatter, men would have been born without heads," but this can scarcely be called original, as an unfortunate Arab, ages ago, declared, "If I were to trade in winding sheets no one would die." It is to men of this stamp the French apply the proverb, "Falls on his back and breaks his nose," the Italians, "He would break his neck over a stew." "Misfortunes seldom come singly" has many equivalents in all languages. The Spaniards say, "Welcome, misfortune, if thou comest alone," and "Whither goest thou misfortune? To where there is more?"

Heaven may be changeless, but a changeless earth would be hell.

Opera glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. As long as you keep the singer under scru-

tiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses, and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly. By the use of opera glasses a theatre patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious "lip reading" greatly aids the sense of hearing. If you ever attend a public meeting where it is impossible to get close to the speakers, provide yourself with opera glasses and you will be surprised how greatly they will aid you in hearing.

LET HIM ALONE.

O, how shall I help to right the world that is going wrong?

And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace?

The day of work is short, and the night of sleep is long;

And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,

To plough in my neighbor's field, or to seek the golden
fleece,

Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and to wish that ills
would cease.

I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord alone:

I am sure some people forget He was here before they
came;

Though they say it is all for His glory, 'tis a good deal
more for their own

That they peddle their petty schemes and blate and babble
and groan.

I sometimes think it were best, and a man were little to
blame,

Should he pass on his silent way, nor mix with the noisy
shame.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

A Chicago professor declares that the average American lives beyond his means. This may be ac-

counted for by the fact that the average American eats meat.

That human beings exist and have worlds of their own up among the stars is the conviction of Prof. W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick observatory in California. "It is inconceivable to me," he said, in speaking of the theory that Mars or other planets are inhabited, "that only one planet or one star should have intelligent life, and that the earth is that one. The doctrine of probability is dead against it, and there is the highest degree of probability that there are inhabited worlds above us, and when they find a way to get at each other there will be more war.

It looks as if the world would have to give up thinking that Lincoln made that famous epigram about fooling all of the people all of the time. Biographer Nicolay's daughter says her father was convinced that P. T. Barnum was the author of the saying. Librarian Spofford says all Lincoln's biographers believe he never originated it. Mr. T. H. Hirst of Toledo, O., says he heard Lincoln say it in 1858, but that doesn't prove that it was original. None of the volumes of Barnum's sayings mention the epigram, but the general opinion is that it was his.

Mr. Chips—This horseless carriage is bound to be a great success.

Mrs. Bare—What makes you think so?

Mr. Chips—Why just think of the number of per-

sons there are in the world who can't afford to keep a horse.

On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist, who was a great braggart. When Hull visited his studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and cried out: "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."

TODAY.

Upon John Ruskin's writing-desk
A slab of chalcedony lay,
And on it, cut in careful script,
The word "Today."

Honored of all, a wondrous man,
And held a prophet in his way,
He let "Tomorrow" bide its time,
And used "Today."

Upon the tablet of the will
How good to write, the self-same way,
Putting Tomorrow's uses by,
The word "Today."

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert, who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung a song in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young man, frankly, "but I am extremely fond of the musician."

When the teacher threatened to tan Johnny, the urchin remarked, "A soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

Said a musician the other night: "If Beethoven has continued to progress musically in the other world at the same rate he did while he was in this life, how interesting it would be to hear some of his recent works!" Had you ever thought just in that way of this matter of the development of the soul? If there is a future life, it is impossible to think of it without assuming that the soul continues to grow there, and eternally. Yet if there is such a promotion of the soul into higher activities after death, why should those souls on the other side which are more advanced than ours not vouchsafe some help to those still on earth? The spiritualists of course hold that the spirits of the departed do hold communication with susceptible ones among the living; but it must be owned in truth that the alleged spirit messages seldom or never are of any earthly sense or value. It is very difficult to reconcile a belief in the after life with the fact that those who have gone before apparently have no desire to reach out a helping hand to those left behind.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—Cowper.

Quotation—Who said, "What is true is not new, and what is new is not true?"

Ans.—Daniel Webster, in a speech, Sept. 1, 1848, quoted the following:—"What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." He did not give the author. We have heard it put as you give it but can well believe it is amended from Webster's quotation.

Burd Helen.—Who was Burd Helen?

Ans.—She was a heroine of Scottish ballad and tradition, renowned for her resolute constancy. She was borne away to Elfland by the fairies, and imprisoned in a castle. Childe Rowland, her brother, guided by Merlin, rescues her from the castle and brings her home. Shakespeare, in King Lear, has it, "Child Rowland to the dark tower came," and Browning makes the phrase the subject of a poem.

Academy.—What is the difference between a high school and an academy?

Ans.—In the United States there is really no essential difference between a high school and an academy, both being institutions holding the rank between a university or college and an elementary school. In the early days few cities could afford a high school and the academy came in to take pupils from many places. Now there are many high schools

and the academy has gone out. Originally, however, there is an essential difference between the two terms. The Latin term *schola*, signifies a loitering place, a place for desultory conversation or instruction; hence it has been extended to any place where instruction is given, particularly that which is communicated to youth. Academy derives its name from the Greek, and is the name of a public place in Athens where the philosopher Plato first gave his lectures, which afterward became a place of resort for learned men; hence, societies of learned men have since been termed academies. The leading idea in the word school is that of instruction given and doctrine received; in the word academy it is of association among those who have already learned; hence we speak in the literal sense of the school where young persons meet to be taught, or in the extended and moral sense, of the old and new school; the philosophical school, and the like; but the Academy of Arts or Sciences, the French Academy, being members of any academy, and the like.

One asked of Regret,
And I made reply:
To have held the bird,
And let it fly;
To have seen the star
For a moment nigh,
And lost it
Through a slothful eye;
To have plucked the flower
And cast it by;
To have only one hope—
To die.

—Le Gallienne.

Recognition.—Did not foreign countries recognize the Southern Confederacy? What was the effect? Did not Russia send a fleet to America on this account?

Ans.—Great Britain recognized the Confederates as belligerents May 13, 1861. France and Spain took the same action a few days later, and nearly all the governments of Europe followed in the course marked out by Great Britain. This was a new form of semi-recognition, which closed English, French and Spanish ports to war vessels of the United States. Russia sent a fleet of seven vessels to New York harbor in 1863. The understanding was that if Great Britain and France interfered in the interest of the Confederacy the Russian fleet was to be placed at the disposal of President Lincoln.

Blue Glass.—What was the belief regarding the curative properties of blue glass rays, held some years ago?

Ans.—Quite a few years ago General Pleasanton claimed that he had demonstrated by a series of experiments that the blue ray of the sun had peculiar properties, due, it was held, to the fact that it generated or disturbed the latent electricity in the atmosphere. Under its influence both animal and vegetable life was said to be influenced; the sick were to be restored to health, and there was to be a revolution right away. For sick persons from one-quarter to one-half the admitted light was to pass through the blue glass, and for plants one-eighth. There was a period of a few months when many were "infected" with the affair.

Ghetto.—What is the true meaning of the word "Ghetto?"

Ans.—Originally the term was applied to the street or quarter of a city in which the Jews were compelled to live, and which was closed every evening by gates, but now it is applied to that part of any city or locality chiefly or entirely inhabited by Jews.

N. and M.—What do these letters stand for in the Episcopal catechism? (2) What is their signification in the marriage service?

Ans.—(1) The letter "N" stands for "name," and "M" is a contraction of "N. N.," meaning "names." The respondent is required to give his name or names. Some claim that "N" stands for Nicholas, the patron saint of boys and "M" for Mary, the patron saint of girls. (2) In the marriage service "N" stands for nupta, the bride, and "M" for maritus, the bridegroom, or mas, the man.

Burial.—Do we still bury the dead with the head to the west? If so, why?

Ans.—The early Christians believed in the speedy second coming of Christ, whom they thought would appear first in the skies over the Mount of Olives, the place of his ascension. Hence the Christians of Europe, which is west from Syria, buried their dead with their feet to the east, with the thought that when they arose they would be facing Jesus. The custom is no longer observed except in rural districts.

Trancadillo.—In our query about the old-time song of "Trancadillo," we should have asked—Where in the writings of Shakespeare can the word be found?—Several have sent the words of the song. We have found the poem credited to Shakespeare in several old song books. It was written by Caroline (Howard) Gilman. She was born in Boston Oct. 8, 1794. In 1819 she married Rev. Samuel Gilman and removed to Charleston, S. C. Her writings are collected in a book called *Stories and Poems by a Mother and Daughter* (1872). Of her little song, "Trancadillo" she writes: "The following graceful harmony, long consecrated to Bacchanalian revelry, has been rescued for more genial and lovely associations. The words were composed for a private boat-party at Sullivan's Island, S. C., but the author will be glad to know that the distant echoes of other waters awake to the spirited melody." The music was composed by Francis H. Brown of New York. —From "Our Familiar Songs," Henry Holt & Co.

When I no longer love to make
My little songs for singing's sake,
When I no longer mount and fly
Up with the lark, into the sky,
When April, with her dropping rain,
Scatters no gladness in my train,
And Summer can no longer bind
The leaf and blossom of my mind,
When a maid's sweetness cannot light
With golden musings a whole night,
When in the starry heavens I see
No visions of eternity—
Then call me old, but not till then,
Though I outlast three lives of men.

ESSTEE'S L. A. W. DEPARTMENT.

This was the time of the cycle tournaments. Long, long ago.

Today men race by machinery.

The racing man of today is not diverted by the scenery that he rushes through.

The energy of the fathers may skip a generation and bring cycling back.

Karl Kron still tours on the wheel Ordinary wheel; extraordinary touring. 2,507 miles in England last year.

Rhodesia lions are afraid of bicycles. A prospector from Australia was cycling in that country recently when he suddenly met a full-grown lion. "Whether he thought my bicycle was an infernal machine," he says, "or whether he recognized me as an Australian and something to be avoided, I don't know, but after I had somersaulted over him I was greatly relieved to see him put his tail between his legs and streak for the horizon."

The maple tree is an emblem of Christian forbearance. The more it is bored the more sweetness it exudes.

The dollar that is due.—How dear to our heart is the crisp paper dollar, when some loyal member decides to renew; the pictures of Lincoln and Grant at the bottom, the green on its back and the number in blue; the wide spreading eagle, the flag in its talons, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; we find it in creases each time that we fold it, and age, stealing on it, bestows a strong smell; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the dirt begrimed dollar we all love so well.

L. L. Whitman, who rode across the continent in an automobile from San Francisco to New York, arrived in New York City Aug. 17. Starting from San Francisco at 6 o'clock in the evening of August 2, it took him just 15 days, 2 hours and 10 minutes to make the trip. That is the record.

SEPTEMBER IN HISTORY.

Thirty dayes hath November,
 Aprill, June and September,
 February hath xxviii alone,
 And all the rest have xxxi.

—Richard Grafton Chronicles of England.

-
- 1—Battle of Sedan, 1870.
 - 2—Atlanta taken by Sherman, 1864.
 - 3—New style begins, 1752.
 - 4—Enterprise captures Boxer, 1813.
 - 5—First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 1774.
 - 6—McKinley assassinated, 1901.
 - 7—John Winthrop elected President of New England, 1643.
 - 8—First American printing press, Philadelphia, 1687.
 - 9—United States first so called, 1776.
 - 10—Deportation of Acadians, 1755.
 - 11—Wm. Morgan abducted, 1826.
 - 12—Baltimore bombarded, 1814.
 - 13—Quebec taken. Death of Wolfe, 1759.
 - 14—First theatrical performance in Boston, 1750.
 - 15—Independence of United States acknowledged, 1783.
 - 16—First overland mail for California leaves St. Louis, 1858.
 - 17—Settlement of Boston, 1630.
 - 18—Harvard College founded, 1636.
 - 19—Garfield dies, 1881.
 - 20—New York stock exchange closes 20th to 30th, 1873.
 - 21—Robert Emmet hanged in London, 1803.
 - 22—Mormonism founded, 1827.
 - 23—Bon Homme Richard captures Serapis, 1799.
 - 24—Mt. Auburn, first public cemetery in the United States, dedicated at Cambridge, Mass., 1831.
 - 25—Philadelphia captured, 1777.
 - 26—Pacific Ocean discovered by Vasco de Balboa, 1513.
 - 27—Jenny Lind's first appearance in America, at Boston, 1850.
 - 28—Flogging abolished in United States Navy, 1850.
 - 29—Michaelmas.
 - 30—Volunteer wins America's cup against Thistle, 1887.



GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4. No. 8

OCTOBER, 1906

5 Cents.

OCTOBER.

It's Ho! for the month when the chestnut bursts,
And the hills are alive with flame,
When nature invites every one to come out
And exult in the out-door game.

It's Ho! for the cider, and autumn grapes,
For the hickory nuts—and say! -
It's Ho! for a ride on the silent steed,
On a glorious golden day!

OCTOBER'S GOLDEN SCRAPS.

Prepare to shovel black and white — coal and snow.

A word to the wise is resented.

A buzz saw is not so bad as a buzz heard.

It is easier to return thanks than borrowed money.

The world uses at least 170 thousand million matches yearly.

Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may be dieting.

A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than has ever been known before; and there are silly people, both men and women, who expect to be admired for a useless expenditure of their nervous and physical energies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters. Simply to be always busy, always occupied, always doing something, passing restlessly from one piece of work to another, to have their hands full, never to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life. These precious muddlers, who plume themselves on never being idle, pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy; and they assume credit for a purposeless activity. The biggest people, those who have really thought out their plan of life, do not make the mistake of doing what need not be done. They have time for everything because they do not imagine they are economizing time by occupying every few spare minutes in being unnecessarily busy.

When a man visits your orchard and meets the watch-dog, it is a sign that his errand will be fruitless.

It is one thing to acquire a bad habit, and quite a different matter to free one's self from it. It is mighty good fun to catch fish, but oftentimes difficult and dangerous to take them off the hook.

"Mr. Goldrose is so particular, so refined in his

tastes, don't you know," remarked his wife. "He has his coffee imported direct, and no one else in this country gets any like it."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Kaller. "I suppose he drinks a great deal of it?"

"Oh, no; only a saucerful at each meal!"

A MORNING CALLER.

Little pickaninny in de honeysuckle vine
Looks jes' like a picture to dese mammy's eyes o' mine;
Seems like some new blossom, though as black as he kin
be,
Peekin' 'crost de fence an' sayin' "Howdy-do" to me!

De humming bird comes hurryin' an' tries to make him out;
De butterflies an' bees, dey come a-projeckin' about.
Dey can't exactly place 'im, but dey knows he's sumpin'
fine—

Little pickaninny in de honeysuckle vine.

—Washington Star.

In this matter of domestic service the old country is far in advance of us, but over there mankind is divided into classes, and some men and women are trained to be servants. With us there is but one class. We are all gentlemen or all ladies, and hence we have so much that is chaos in the "home life." And that is why the demand for a modification of the Chinese exclusion act is heard in quarters never dreamed of a few years ago. The Chinaman is a good cook; he is cleanly, he is honest, he is intelligent, he has no disposition to be a gentleman; he is faithful and industrious. The East would be glad of the opportunity to thoroughly test the Chinaman as a domestic, and there is going to be heard a clamor

in their behalf before the world is much older. It is almost certain to get into politics.

A man who puts his best foot forward needs his other foot to back it up.

"What is your idea of an indulgent mother?" asked the typewriter boarder. "An indulgent mother," replied the old bachelor, "is one who never interferes when her darling cherubs make life miserable for other people."

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home!—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there 's one to love!
Home is where there 's one to love us!

Home 's not merely roof and room—
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there 's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet—
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there 's one we love to meet us.

—Charles Swain.

"Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks!" So exclaimed wary Shylock when demanded of by Bassanio whether he would take that solid merchant Antonio's bond for

3,000 ducats for three months. True, the shrewd money lender knew that Antonio had a rich argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; but, hum! there be land rats and water rats. He would have to think it over, feeling all the while like weather-beaten Chat-ham in the House of Commons when, laying his withered hand on his breast and bowing low in sweeping scorn, he exclaimed, "Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom!"

WE CANNOT TELL.

Life lies before thee!—Is it friend or foe?
God gave us life, and God made all things well;
Yet, for the sin and shame our own lives show,
What shall we answer, save "We cannot tell!"

Death lies before thee!—Is it friend or foe?
For all men fear it; yet, if Death comes well
To aching hearts, and many a lifelong woe,
What shall we answer, save "We cannot tell!"

Yet, child, sleep softly! For the sweet buds swell
And sweet birds sing for thee; and on the shore
For thy delight lies many a fairy shell.

And, seeing thy happiness, our hearts rebel
No more at their own griefs; nor any more
Our lips shall answer thee, "We cannot tell."
—F. W. Bourdillon.

Swimming was the topic, and after several tall yarns had been floated Jones, who was Irish in everything but in name, obliged with the following:

"A man I knew was a magnificent swimmer, but, strange to say, he was modest—he did not know how good he was. Backed by his friends, he once under-

took to swim across a certain river about a mile wide. He got on swimmingly in more ways than one till within about fifty yards of the opposite bank, when all at once he seemed to lose heart. He came almost to a dead stop, and cried out to us who had followed him in a boat; 'It's no use, me bhoys, I can't do it.'

"Of course we all thought to see him go down; but not a bit of it—he just turned round and swam back again."

Some people may not believe it, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that there are no millionaire poets.

The New York Thirteen Club the other day at Atlantic City deliberately flew in the face of all the superstitions and bad-luck omens they could think of. They dined around 13 tables at 2.13, under open umbrellas spread over each table, from a menu of 13 courses and 13 beverages, broke a mirror, and walked under a ladder. Skulls and skeletons were banquet hall decorations. There were 213 in the party, and the special train left New York at 4.13, arrived at 9.13, returned at 9.13, with engine No. 213. And nothing "happened." An overdose of medicine is not a worker.

We note an article in Physical Culture on "Fencing for Women." Not interested, as all the women in our circle are so docile that they require no fencing.

Writing on the gentle topic of woman, G. K. Chesterton, the English author, believes it is her lot to be much happier than woman herself would have

it appear. He refers to the numerous women writers and speakers who are always harping on the grinding drudgery of woman's work, and says:

"What, in the name of the nine gods, is the ordinary man but a drudge? These people seem to think that the ordinary man is a cabinet minister. They are always talking about the man going forth to wield power, to carve his own way, to stamp his individuality on the world, to command and to be obeyed. But the ordinary man who typifies and constitutes the millions that make up our civilization, is no more free for the higher culture than his wife is. Indeed, he is not free.

"Of the two sexes the woman is in the more powerful position. For the average woman is at the head of something with which she can do as she likes; the average man has to obey orders and do nothing else. Above all, the woman does work which is in some small degree creative and individual. She can put the flowers or the furniture in fancy arrangements of her own. I fear the bricklayer cannot put the bricks in fancy arrangements of his own without disaster to himself and others."

Here are some assertions from compositions by American schoolboys: "Franklin's father was a tallow chandelier." "The climate of North America is very embracing." "This song is in the key of B flat." "There are five bowels, a, e, i, o and u." "The snow is painting the town white." "He lived in Cambridgepork." "Man is in the muscular gender, because it denotes a male." "They went to the foolish

(Polish) church." Question: "What is geography?"
Answer: "Geography is round like a ball."

A lady, making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly; his appetite is very poor, but his drinkatite is as good as ever."

Little Tom Too was a dandy cock robin,
He tied up his tail with a bit of green bobbin,
His tail was no bigger than that of a flea,
But Tom thought it the finest tail that could be.

Now little Tom Too was vain of his tail,
To show it the better he got on a rail,
When an ugly tomcat came over the wall
And swallowed Tom Toodles, tail, bobbin and all.

Now all little folks who are vain of a tail,
Remember Tom Toodles who sat on the rail,
And when you are proud of this thing and that,
Remember Tom Toodles, and think of the cat.

From W. B. P.—Your essay on the postage stamp is all wrong, you say;—

"Consider the lowly postage-stamp, and learn the secret of success. It sticks to one thing until it gets there."

"Yes; but it has to be licked to do it, is rendered worthless at the start, and is destroyed by fire or other means at the finish."

Don't despise the lowly. The under jaw does all the work.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

If you want to know what's in a man, ask questions.

Garage.—What is the derivation and pronunciation of garage? Ans.—The word comes from the French garer, which means to put away, to store. It is used in France to indicate other storage places besides that of the automobile, in which sense we have adopted it. It is pronounced in two syllables with an almost equal accent upon both—ga-razh.

Transcendentalism.—What is Transcendentalism in a few words? Ans.—Transcendentalism is a type of philosophy which holds intelligence to be the creative activity in the real world. The New England transcendental movement was a reaction from the orthodoxy of the time toward a deeper and more ideal interpretation of reality. W. E. Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson were prominent in the inauguration of the movement.

Perpol.—What is the meaning of the exclamation "Perpol," used in "Ben Hur"? Ans.—It is an oath, and is an abbreviation of the Latin for "By Pollux!" In the ancient mythology, Castor and Pollux were twins, born to Leda. One story is that the god Jupiter was their father; another that Tyndareus, the husband of Leda, was their father. Castor was skilled in horse-breaking; Pollux in boxing and wres-

tlings. Hence to swear by Pollux was a common oath. They are in the zodiac as the sign of the Twins.

Cleanliness.—Who said "Cleanliness is next to Godliness"? Ans.—Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was the author of the saying. He was born in 1703, died in 1791. In his sermon on "Dress," in which he distinguished between mere display and neatness and cleanliness, he said, referring to the duty of being absolutely clean in person: "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness."

Water Pressure.—To settle a dispute. A standpipe fifteen feet diameter and sixty feet high is full of water. A two-inch pipe, sixty feet high is also full of water. Would a pressure gauge show a different pressure in the two pipes? Ans.—The pressure of water, or any other liquid, for the law is the same for all liquids, depends entirely upon the height of the liquid, not on the area. Hence, the gauge will show the same pressure in both the standpipe and the two-inch pipe, in the case asked about, if both are full to the same level. If pressure depended upon area rather than height, then in a teakettle, or coffee pot, or tea pot, or watering can, or any other similar vessel, the liquid would run out of the spout until the pressure was equalized. A teakettle will hold 4 to 6 pounds of water; the spout 3 or 4 ounces. But the latter balances the water in the kettle, otherwise it would overflow at the spout.

The "Setting" Hen.—Does a hen "set," or does she "sit" on eggs? Ans.—The dictionary says to "set" is to go down, as the sun, which, by the way, does not go down. A hen sits on her eggs just as you sit on a chair. The Bible is very good authority and has it, "as the partridge sitteth on eggs."

Indian Summer.—What is the nature and cause of the smoky appearance of the air during Indian summer? Ans.—In certain seasons of the year there occurs a peculiar phenomenon known as a dry fog. In this country this frequently prevails in the latter part of October, or early in November, and this period is known by the name of Indian summer. This period is characterized by a hazy condition of the atmosphere, a redness of sky, absence of rain, and a mild temperature. It is supposed that the haziness is caused by a dry and stagnant state of the atmosphere, during which the dust and smoke ascending from the earth are held in the air in suspension. The refraction of light passing through the medium causes the red appearance of the sky. It is noticed that a heavy rain washes these impurities out of the atmosphere and clears the sky.

"Say not 'welcome' when I come,
Say not 'Farewell' when I go,
For I come not when I come
And I go not when I go.

"For a welcome ne'er I'd give you
And farewell would never say,
In my heart I'm always with you,
Always will be—every day."

—From the German.

OCTOBER IN HISTORY.

It is, and always has been, the month to get out-doors. It was the eighth, it is the tenth; but always golden.

- 1—President Jackson removes the U. S. Deposits, 1833.
 - 2—Major Andre hung as a spy, 1780.
 - 3—Prince of Wales received at Washington, 1860.
 - 4—Alex Selkirk put ashore on Juan Fernandez, 1704.
 - 5—Crystal Palace burned at New York City, 1858.
 - 6—Peace proclaimed, 1783.
 - 7—Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore, 1849.
 - 8—The Chicago Fire, 1871.
 - 9—Alaska purchased of Russia for \$7,200,000, 1867.
 - 10—Boundary between U. S. and Mexico established, 1849.
 - 11—Henry VIII. proclaimed "Defender of the Faith," by Leo X., 1521.
 - 12—Columbus discovered the new world, 1492.
 - 13—Sir Henry Irving died at Bradford, England, 1905.
 - 14—Battle of Jena, 1806.
 - 15—Great Bank panic, 1857.
 - 16—John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, 1859.
 - 17—Burgoyne's surrender, 1777.
 - 18—American army disbanded by proclamation, 1783.
 - 19—Cornwallis surrenders, 1781.
 - 20—Battle of Salamis, 480 B. C.
 - 21—Trafalgar, 1805, Nelson killed.
 - 22—Russians fire on Dogger-Bank fishermen, 1904.
 - 23—Rebellion breaks out in Ireland, 1641.
 - 24—Treaty of Ghent, 1814.
 - 25—Balaklava, 1854.
 - 26—Statue of Liberty unveiled, 1886.
 - 27—Ram Albemarle sunk, 1864.
 - 28—Erie Canal completed, 1825.
 - 29—Walter Raleigh beheaded, 1618.
 - 30—Virginius seized by Spaniards, 1873.
 - 31—Hallowe'en since the fourth century. Celebrated at first on May 14 in each year.
-

President Roosevelt has unintentionally deprived a great many poor people of a comfortable feeling by explaining that it is not a sin to be rich.

L. A. W. DEPARTMENT.

The Wheel About the Hub started Sept. 7, and repeated the program of 1879. Sixteen bicycles, eleven automobiles and one motor cycle carried the party. The first night was spent at the Lakeside House on the borders of Lake Massapoag and the wind-up was at Kimball's, at Cohasset. The party was full of vim and kindly feeling and one more notch was cut in the record of royal good times.

In cycling, as in sailing, the most disasters occur along the "coast."

Ex-President H. S. Earle, of the L. A. W., now State Highway Commissioner Earle of Michigan, has halted between love and duty. He has not only halted; he has turned back and reluctantly set his eyes in an unanswering stare on duty. The strenuous advocate of good roads is an ardent lover of motoring. He had waited until he believed the rural prejudice against the auto-wagon had about disappeared, and then he ordered his favorite car, a "6-40" Ford touring car. He was so exuberant in anticipation of pleasure to be realized when his car was delivered, he unbosomed himself to a group of constituents. He was not long in discovering that the automobile was still regarded with disapproval by many Michiganders, and as Earle would rather have good roads and walk than drive over bad roads in an automobile, he decided to cancel the automobile order and bide his time. He is now engaged in what he calls the dual task of "taming the motorist and pacifying the farmer." His idea is to secure from the motorist greater consideration for the drivers of horses, to the end that the well founded prejudice of the country against the automobile may be allayed and the rural horseman and the city automobilist may be induced to work together in the common cause of good roads.

Cycling is returning to favor. This is good news for women whose purses will not admit of motor cars, and who yet have not cared to render themselves conspicuous by riding a machine so long a back number that the sight of a woman pedaling one through the streets would cause people to turn and stare. So unusual indeed has the wheeling habit latterly become.

The motorcycle is the one most frequently seen now. Not much exertion is required to master it, and it is considered an exciting sort of vehicle, though to many its drawbacks, such as noise, etc., are insurmountable.

It is not likely that bicycling will ever again become the craze it formerly was. Like all good things, it was so much overdone that a reversion was natural. But that it will eventually find its lasting place as a means of easy and cheap transportation, and be used in moderation for that purpose, is altogether likely.

Abroad the wheel has never suffered the snowing under that befell it here. It is still a popular tourist's method of getting about strange countries. Roads are good, and railway fares high. Besides, the wheel offers a satisfactory and independent method of seeing intimately by-places that might else be inaccessible.

"For two reasons I am glad the custom of wheeling is coming back," said one woman. "One is that it is a splendid reducer of superfluous flesh. The other, that the trim short shirt and little hat of the cyclist is infinitely more becoming than the hideous veils and goggles and swathing garments of the motorist."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

RHODE ISLAND DIVISION.

At the Annual Meeting held Aug. 27, 1906, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Chief Consul, John H. Barrett; Vice Consul, Robert A. Kendall; Representatives, J. J. Butler, F. A. Bliss, G. C. Blake, C. B. Fisher, F. C. Healy, E. C. Parkhurst, F. T. Sibley, B. Sanderson, J. Ward.

Nelson H. Gibbs, Sec'y-Treas.

From the remote past.—"It is not possible to run a velocipede over a given distance in a given time with less expenditure of power than would be required to walk the said given distance, because, absurd as it would be to hitch one's self, horse fashion, to a velocipede, it would be still more absurd to mount it and increase, by the weight of the rider, the friction of the moving parts."—Correspondent of Scientific American, Feb. 23, 1879.



GOOD COMPANY ON GOOD ROADS

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L. A. W. Periodical Department.

Selected list of Periodicals most called for and our prices for the same. If you do not find the Magazine you want on this list write for our club price on the same. Write for our club price on any Magazine you may want.

	List Price	Our Price
Atlantic Monthly, Bostonm	4.00	3.45
Bicycling World, N. Y.w	2.00	1.75
Book Keeper, Detroitm	1.00	.75
Century Magazine, N. Y.m	4.00	3.75
Cosmopolitan, Irvingtonm	1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.m	4.00	3.50
Cycle and Auto Trade Journalw	1.00	.80
Etude, Phila. (a)m	1.50	1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.50	1.50
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.m	1.00	.90
Harper's Magazinem	4.00	3.45
Harper's Weeklyw	4.00	3.45
Judge, N. Y.w	5.00	4.50
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.m	1.25	1.25
Life, N. Y.w	5.00	4.50
Literary Digest, N. Y. (a)w	3.00	2.75
Little Folks, Salem (a)m	1.00	1.00
McClure's Magazine, N. Y.m	1.00	1.00
Munsey, Argosy or Scrap Bookm	1.00	.95
Nation, N. Y.w	3.00	2.90
North American Reviews-m	5.00	4.75
Puck, N. Y.w	5.00	4.50
Review of Reviews, N Y.m	3.00	3.00
Saturday Evening Post, Phila.w	1.25	1.25
Scientific Americanw	3.00	3.00
Scribner's Magazine, N. Y.m	3.00	3.00
Strand, N. Y.m	1.20	1.15
St. Nicholas, N. Y.m	3.00	2.75
Table Talk, Phila.m	1.00	.90
Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, O. . .m	1.00	1.00
World's Work, N. Y.m	3.00	2.75

(a) Renewals at list price. (b) Renewals add 5c. to list price.

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THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast;
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

—Matthew Arnold.

NOVEMBER THANKSGIVINGS.

Our festival of p's.—Piety, Poultry, Parsons,
Pudding and Pie.

A late Thanksgiving makes a long football season.

It is cheaper to give thanks than to give presents.

"Hwat's" the matter with restoring the old Anglo-Saxon way of spelling "hwich" "hwile" we are about it? That's the way we pronounce them.

When you can't wash your face without freezing the water, it's a sign you have a cold in your head.

Prof. Scott of the Chicago university in an address declared that "the demand for young men in all callings is a mere fad. The call for older and more experienced men," said he, "is sure to return soon with greater force than ever before in the history of mankind. Moses was 80 years old before he began to preach, but no one will deny that he accomplished grand results."

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for naught
Unless our eyes in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is molded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The dew falls nightly not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own,
To human souls who heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for the shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peaks,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets, which, to all who seek,
Are secrets worth the finding.

Thus nature dwells within our reach
And though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech,
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever yearns to see aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

Whoever hears the coarsest sound—
Still listening for the finest—
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

So since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature and the soul of man
And the soul of God are blended.

Theodore Tilton.

I don't think any place in the world produces such a bad type of character as the home. It enables people to shut themselves up in little pens.—Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. Pshaw!

We don't object to people keeping dogs, it's letting them run out that we most dislike.

Another sign of age is when you like the old fur-

niture in your house so well you don't want any that is new.

When it comes to pretty girls America always has the world's fair.

The first public message conveyed by the modern telephone was on February 12th, 1887, between Boston and Salem, U. S. A.

It is "iced" cream and "iced" water that you eat and drink—not "ice" cream and "ice" water.

Lake Huron holds a curious record in having more islands than any other lake. It has at least 3,000. Lough Erne, in Ireland, has 360 islands.

It is absolutely necessary to earn a certain amount of money; it is a man's first duty to those dependent upon him to earn enough for their support; but after a certain point has been reached money making can never stand on the same plane with other and nobler forms of effort.—Theodore Roosevelt.

If you want a first-class headache try and imagine the smallest thing there is. What does it mean? To you, perhaps, the smallest thing you can see with the naked eye; to a man with a small microscope, something fifty times smaller; and to a man with a big microscope, one thousand times smaller. There must be a smallest thing, and yet the brain seems to show there isn't. If there is, where do you stop dividing?

The tomorrow of which we dream never comes,

but the real tomorrow, upon arrival, is merely a commonplace today.

LOVE CAME, AND WENT.

Last night the graybeards talked of dear remembered days;
The while a surging music through far-off echoes ran.

I questioned, pondering the strangeness of their ways;
They smiled—"Ah! you will know when you become a man."

Then nearer came the tones, and lodged within my breast;
And boomed, and sank, and died, like tidewaves on the shore.

Today the youths stood list'ning. I asked them of their quest,
And heard: "Ah! you would know, were you a boy once more."

—Winfred Chandler.

Esperanto, the new language constructed by Dr. L. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, Poland, is by far the most simple and easy to acquire of all the "universal" languages that have been brought forward. All nouns end in o, adjectives in a, and adverbs in e: add j to form the plural, and n for the objective case. The present indicative ends in as, the past in is, the future in os: the infinitive in i, and the imperative in u. The active participles terminate in anta, inta, onta; the passive in ata, ita, ota. Could anything be simpler? Yet this is, apart from a simple syntax, practically the whole grammar. The spelling is phonetic. It is not intended to supplant any language but for intercommunication with those who speak another tongue. Free lessons are given every Tuesday evening in the Rogers Building (Technology) Boston, at 7.30. Here is a paragraph in Esperanto.

"Simpla, fleksebla, belsona, vere internacia en siaj elementoj, la lingvo ESPERANTO prezentas al la mondo civilizita la sole veran solvon de lingvo internacia; ĉar (because) tre facila por homoj nemulte instruitaj, Esperanto estas komprenata sen peno de la personoj bone edukitaj."

Try to translate the paragraph. You can easily guess the meanings of many of the roots, which are found by cutting off the vowel terminations.

The great public may be divided into groups which cry respectively, "console me;" "amuse me;" "melt me;" "make me dream;" "make me laugh;" "make me shiver;" "make me weep;" "make me think!"—Guy de Maupassant.

Of all the Irish who come to the United States eighty-nine per cent. are to be found in the Northern States.

"I say, mamma," asked little Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always," replied mamma; "they sometimes begin with 'My love, I have been detained at the office again tonight.'"

The Monroe doctrine—Never let another fellow steal anything you may want yourself some day.

That "policy" which a man gets from an insurance company is no relative of that other word "policy" which the president, for instance, may use in dealing with the beef question. They afford a curious instance of the ability of two entirely distinct English words to look like one. The latter is a lineal descendant, along with "politics" and "police," of the Greek "polis," a city. But the former is the late Latin "politicum" or "poleaticum," a register wherein dues were enrolled, which is believed to be really the Greek "polyptchum," a document folded into many leaves.

Dr. Langdon Frothingham of the Harvard Medical School, in a paper on "Rabies," read before the Massachusetts Association of Boards of Health, referring to dogs, said: "There is no other animal with so many objectionable habits that is allowed such unbridled liberty."

"How many stops has that American organ you bought your daughter?"

"Five—breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, and bed!"

BITTER SWEET.

Just con this o'er before the fray,
And the rule will give you grit:
The bitter-sweet of yesterday
Is today's own sweeter-bit!
Take life easy—
Take life breezy;
Live the hour you live.
Joys and troubles
Alike are bubbles;
Nor lasting measure give.
This morn's pet sorrow
Will hold tomorrow
Her sides in mocking glee.
Hence, please her never;
Live smiling ever,
And a doleful jade is she!
Today's the day
Blue skies or gray;
Anew you're born each Dawn.
The tears best worth
Are the tears of mirth
You'll shed when you are gone!
So con this o'er before the fray,
And the rule will give you grit:
The bitter-sweet of yesterday
Is today's own sweeter-bit!

The New York Girl—Do you like canned salmon?

The Boston Girl—I never ate any canned salmon.

The New York Girl—You never did?

The Boston Girl—I never did. I have always taken it out of the can before I have eaten it.

A teacher in one of our public schools was having a lesson upon latitude and its effect upon climate.

“Now, who can tell me,” she inquired, “why it grows colder as we travel toward the north?” A youngster cried out: “It’s because you get farther away from the creator.”

The larger the tire on the wagon, the less the tire of the horse.

The less amount of health a man has, the more he will do for it. The man who has none uses about all his time taking care of it.

A jury mast is a mast that is used when no better mast is obtainable, and juryman—but of course there is no resemblance between the two.

The Cavalry call “Boots and saddles” is really “Boutte selle”—put on your saddles.

When a man writes his autobiography, you cannot blame him for selling his life as dearly as possible.

Give a man all he wants to eat and drink, and he will find it easy enough to preach to others upon the duty of abstinence.

Chauffeurs existed long before there were automobiles.

History tells us that along about the year 1795 there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically dressed men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed who gained admittance to farm houses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations and outrages.

They had the atrocious habit especially from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garroted their victims, and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewels were concealed. Such interrogatories could scarcely be resisted.

It is from this that is derived the appellation of chauffeur, which once so terrified old ladies, but which at present evokes in us only cheerful and pleasing thoughts of automobilism and of voyages and excursions at twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, in which there is nothing but the roads and paved streets that are scorched.—Figaro.

Talking about echoes, we never heard the beat of this. "You should hear the echo at my little place in the Rockies. Before going to bed, which I always do punctually at 11 p. m., I stick my head out of the window and yell: 'Time to get up, William!' and the echo comes like a clap of thunder and wakes me at 7.15 next morning."

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Knowledge is powder—to blow up superstition and ignorance.

Quotation.—Whence comes, “The dewdrop slips into the shining sea”?

Ans.—It is the last line of book eight in Sir Edwin Arnold’s “Light of Asia.”

Woman.—Who said “Woman is Heaven’s second thought”?

Ans.—Steele, in his “Christian Hero,” says of Adam: “He awaked, and by a secret sympathy beheld his wife; he beheld his own rougher make softened into sweetness and tempered into smiles; he saw a creature who had as it were ‘heaven’s second thought’ in her formation.” George Meredith, in “Diana of the Crossways,” makes his heroine say: “I suppose we women are taken to be second thoughts of the Creator, human nature’s fringes, mere finishing touches, not a part of the texture.”

Colleges.—Please give the rank of the Universities and Colleges as indicated by the number of students.

Ans.—A recent canvass gives the following figures for the ten largest: Harvard, 5,300; Columbia, 4,964; Michigan, 4,571; Illinois, 4,074; Minnesota, 3,950; Pennsylvania, 3,600; Wisconsin, 3,571; Cornell, 3,461; Yale, 3,208; Chicago, 3,204. Other well known institutes of learning have: Stanford, 1,786; M. I. T., 1,466; Princeton, 1,384; Boston U., 1,350;

Tufts, 1,067; Dartmouth, 1,010; Johns Hopkins, 720.

Poem Wanted.—Who wrote “A penny for your thoughts,” and in what book can it be found?

Answer requested.

Automobile.—Who invented the first automobile?

Ans.—It is generally agreed that the first working road locomotive ever made was that of a Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, in about 1769. This was a curious three-wheeled device, the front steering wheel being loaded with the boiler and a double cylinder high-pressure engine, while the driving wheel was connected with the power by ratchet and pawls with links moved by direct connection with the piston. Watts experimented in road locomotion, having patented a steam carriage in 1784. When, however, Trevithick took hold of the steam carriage enterprise more progress was made. He is said to have been the first engineer to transport passengers in steam conveyances on English highways. He carried into effect many of the speculations of his predecessors, and under more favorable conditions it is believed would have achieved greater success. He was forced to give up the running of road carriages on account of the great expense. All the early steam carriages gradually went out of use. All practical enterprise ceased about 1835, and much that had been learned to that time became lost. The new period of experimentation and rediscovery may be said to start with the work of Leon Serpollet, who made his first steam carriage about 1894. From this,

the beginning of the modern period, the steam carriage has developed into the powerful automobile as we see it today.

Feminist.—What is the origin of this word and what is its exact meaning?

Ans.—The word is borrowed from the French, and is used as a designation of the advocates of women's rights. It was created by Alexandre Dumas, fils, in his pamphlet "L'Homme-femme," published in 1872. On page 91 of this essay we read: "The 'feministes'—excuse me this neologism—tell us all the evil comes from the fact that people do not want to admit woman's equality with man, and the necessity of giving her the same education and the same rights as are enjoyed by man."

Cigarettes.—What makes cigarettes more harmful than cigars?

Ans.—The cigarette itself is not more injurious than the cigar. The paper said to be injurious is only a harmless cellular substance, and the tobacco of the cigarette shows no more traces of nicotine than that of the cigar. As a matter of fact, the Turkish tobacco, of which cigarettes are generally made, contains, of all tobaccos, the least percentage of nicotine. That which makes the smoking of cigarettes so hurtful is the liability of those addicted to their use to consume a great number, sometimes thirty to sixty a day, and of inhaling the smoke.

Equinoctial Storm.—Is it true that there is a hard

and fast equinoctial, or "line" storm? If so, do they have it in other countries as well as ours? Ans.—There is certainly a tendency in nearly all parts of the globe to "broken" weather during the latter half of the months of March and September. This is due to the fact that at these seasons cold currents of air from the poles and warm currents from the equator meeting in the temperate zones cause cyclonic disturbance of the atmosphere, high winds and consequent rains. Nevertheless, statistics do not show that the occurrence of severe storms at these times is a certainty. Mr. R. H. Scott, who made a very complete comparison of the records of British observatories, asserts that these records showed no decided indications of exceptionally strong winds at either equinox. Yet the "equinoctial gale" is as strongly believed in in Great Britain as in the United States.

WHEN SHE'S SINGIN'.

When she's singin' I can see
Blossoms on the blighted tree;
Yet my trouble still must be—
She don't ever sing to me!

Sings o' love, an' hearts an' hands
Meetin' in sunshiny lands;
Winds a-waftin' kisses free—
But there comes no kiss to me!

Sings o' marriage bells—an' then
I'd be happiest o' men
With her at the priest's to be;—
Don't sing that way, though, to me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

NOVEMBER IN HISTORY.

November was styled by the ancient Saxons, "Wintmonat," or the wind month, from the gales of wind which made them house their boats early for winter. Also "Blotmonath," or bloody month, because great numbers of cattle were slain to be stored for winter.

- 1—Earthquake in Lisbon, 1755.
 - 2—James A. Garfield elected President, 1880.
 - 3—General Grant elected President, 1868.
 - 4—Grover Cleveland elected President, 1884.
 - 5—Guy Fawkes' gunpowder plot, 1605.
 - 6—Abraham Lincoln elected President, 1860.
 - 7—R. B. Hayes elected President, 1876.
 - 8—Theodore Roosevelt elected President, 1904.
 - 9—Great Fire in Boston, 1872.
 - 10—James Madison elected President, 1812.
 - 11—Jefferson and Burr tied for Presidency, 1800.
 - 12—James Monroe elected President, 1816.
 - 13—Washington elected President for second term, 1792.
 - 14—Trial of Guiteau begins, 1881.
 - 15—Atlantic cable laid from Brest to Cape Cod, 1879.
 - 16—Sherman begins march to the sea, 1864.
 - 17—Suez canal opened, 1868.
 - 18—Standard time adopted, 1883.
 - 19—Man in Iron Mask dies in Paris, 1703.
 - 20—Vasco de Gama doubled Cape Good Hope, 1497.
 - 21—Unusual date for Thanksgiving in Mass., 1861.
 - 22—Conviction of W. M. Tweed, 1873.
 - 23—Webster-Parkman murder in Boston, 1848.
 - 24—Laurence Sterne born, 1713.
 - 25—Isaac Watts died, 1748.
 - 26—John L. MeAdam, roadbuilder, died in Scotland, 1836.
 - 27—Steamer Portland wrecked, 1898.
 - 28—Voted by Congress that the last Thursday in November be Thanksgiving, 1789.
 - 29—Death of Horace Greeley, 1872.
 - 30—Jefferson Davis elected President of the Confederacy, 1861.
-

Leather cannon were used at the battle of Leipzig, September 7th, 1631.

PROFOUND VIRTUE.

They who know speak not,
And they who speak know not;
To close the mouth and shut the gates,
To blunt the point which lacerates,
To simplify what complicates;
To temper brightness in its glare,
The shadows of the dust to share,
The Deep's identity declare.

A man like that cannot be got
And loved, and then discarded be,
Cannot be got by profit's bribe,
Cannot be got for injury,
Cannot be got by honor's gift,
Nor got for cheap humility,
And so becomes, throughout the world,
The type of high humility.

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Cosmopolitan, Irvington	m 1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.	m 4.00	3.50
Cycle and Auto Trade Journal	w 1.00	.80
Etude, Phila. (a)	m 1.50	1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.	m 1.50	1.50
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	m 1.00	.90
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Harper's Weekly	w 4.00	3.45
Judge, N. Y.	w 5.00	4.50
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m 1.25	1.25
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Puck, N. Y.	w 5.00	4.50
Review of Reviews, N. Y.	m 3.00	3.00
Saturday Evening Post, Phila.	w 1.25	1.25
Scientific American	w 3.00	3.00
Scribner's Magazine, N. Y.	m 3.00	3.00
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Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4. No. 10

DECEMBER, 1906

5 Cents.

MY CREED.

Not one holy day, but seven.
Worshipping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of
my soul.
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my
heart.
Loving because I must.
Giving because I cannot keep.
Doing for the joy of it.

—Muriel Strode.

THE LAST LOAD OF SCRAPS FOR 1906.

Now for the stirrup cup with 1906.

There is luck in the number seven.

It is better to be born lucky than twins.

By the time the wise man gets married the fool
has grown up children.

The fire is winter's fruit.—Arabian Proverb.

As is the grape to the raisin, so is the lover to the
husband.

A joyful wife is a match for any husband.

Man wants it easy here below—and wants it soon and long.

In Japan age is counted from the first day of January succeeding the birth of the individual.

In the south of France the first six days of January, called "Les Calendes," are considered to foretell the character of the weather which will prevail during the first six months of the year.

The pine tree, says an authority, serves as a refuge for more than four hundred species of insects. We can now easily understand why Mr. Longfellow was so strenuous in advising the aspiring youth to "beware the pine tree's withered branch."

The unsophisticated old woman asked a druggist the other day if he had any soap. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Do you want it scented or unscented?"

"Well," she replied, "bein' it's so small, I guess Ill take it along with me."

A caterpillar will eat twice its own weight of food in a day.

If you are weak in the knees, call not the hill steep.—Thoreau.

There is no market for pins in China. A consignment of them recently sent there found no purchasers. "Pins," says a member of the Chinese Le-

gation at Washington, "cause untidy habits. We have no pins in China. The right way to fasten things is with buttons and buttonholes, or with loops and frogs. To fasten things with pins is to make use of an untidy makeshift. To employ pins is to become lazy and slovenly."

"DADDY IS ALL RIGHT."

It's a comfort to me in life's battle,
When the conflict seems all going wrong,
When I seem to lose every ambition .
And the current of life grows too strong,
To think that the dusk ends the warfare,
That the worry is done for the night;
And the little chap there, at the window,
Believes that his daddy's all right.

In the heat of the day and the hurry
I'm prompted so often to pause,
While my mind strays away from the striving,
Away from the noise and applause.
The cheers may be meant for some other;
Perhaps I have lost in the fight;
But the little chap waits at the window,
Believing his daddy's all right.

I can laugh at the downfalls and failure;
I can smile in the trials and pain;
I can feel that, in spite of the errors,
The struggle has not been in vain
If Fortune will only retain me
That comfort and solace at night,
When the little chap waits at the window,
Believing his daddy's all right.

A New England weather prophet says the coming winter will be an open one, declaring that he "can smell it in the air." He notices that the birds are staying later than usual this fall, which is always

taken as a sure sign that winter will not come until after Christmas. The hens have hardly begun to shed their feathers yet, and in most years they have moulted and started in to lay by October 1. Cattle and horses out at pasture are looking as sleek as they did in June, indicating that they have not begun to think of putting on winter overcoats. Woodchucks, which should have retired for the winter in September, are out loafing at the entrances to their burrows. All these signs, according to the sage quoted, are infallible.

One story is good till another is told. A western papers says: "If there is anything in signs we are due to have a hard winter. Farmers report that corn-husks are much thicker this year than they have been for a long time, that chestnuts, beechnuts, and acorns are unusually plentiful along with other food for wild animals and birds during a severe winter, and that mice have already begun to build unusually warm nests in anticipation of the coming cold." It would seem we are to have a warm New England and a cold West.

War sows dragons' teeth and seldom gives to either party what it fought for. When it does, the spoil generally proves Dead Sea fruit.—Andrew Carnegie.

The world is still peopled largely by races removed by too small a distance from the primitive man to recognize any argument save superior strength. Not only in their internal affairs but

wherever they come in contact with civilization the settlement of disputes must proceed for a long time along the old path. For the foremost nations of the world peace is the thing to be most earnestly striven for, and its accomplishment may be certain in time. But for the world as a whole the dawn of universal peace is far in the future, too far away for the eye of the prophet to discern. We are not far removed from the barbarian after all.

THE SOWER OF SEED.

He planted an oak in his father's park
And a thought in the minds of men,
And he bade farewell to his native shore,
Which he never will see again.
Oh! merrily stream the tourist throng,
To the glow of the Southern sky;
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow and its boughs will spread,
And many rejoice in its shade,
But none will visit the distant grave
Where a stranger youth is laid;
And the thought will live when the oak has died,
And quicken the minds of men,
But the name of the thinker has vanished away,
And will never be heard again.

—W. E. H. Lecky.

“Three things to be remembered by women,” says Mr. Belasco in one of his plays, are, “Never be monotonous,” “Never let a man be too sure of you.” “Never, never let a man see how near a plain woman you can look.”

The geological survey announces that the United States has 1,188 square miles more than it was

thought to have heretofore. Still, we haven't heard of anyone whose land supply is any greater from the discovery.

A copy of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue" has been sold in New York for \$1,400. Only two copies of the book were known to be extant, it is said, until this one turned up. One was sold in 1902 for \$1,000. The other disappeared. One can buy the story at any book store for a quarter, and can for this small sum get all there is in it. The large sum is parted with because the buyer gets something that few others can have. We still cling to the idea that we value a book for what there is in it, regardless of its age or rarity but if we had the rare book think how many fine books we could buy with the money the crank would pay us for it.

"The French," said the sailor, "have whip crackers' competitions. A French cabby or trucker is as proud of his whip crackin' ability as a young man is of his drinkin' powers.

"There ain't no driver livin' what can crack a whip like a Frenchman. Walkin' along the streets of Paris is like walkin' through a battle—on every side, bang, crack, biff! go the whips. The thing makes you mad. It scares you. It's as if a gun was continually bein' shot off alongside of your ear.

"But at the competitions it ain't only the loud cracks that count. They have artists there—men what can play a toon on a whip. Yes, sir, a toon, I've heard 'em.

"I've heerd the 'Mar-slays' and 'Hiawatha' and

'Foller On' played with whip cracks, and played as delicate and sweet and lovely as the ear could wish to hear."—Los Angeles Times.

"Abstemious" and "facetious" are the only words in English having the vowels in their order.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

What made Columbus think the world
Was round? the class declare:—
"Because in dealings with the world
He found it was not square."

Have we our heroes much in mind?
And do we hold them dear?
"Oh, yes; and that's one reason why
We all do Paul Revere."

Pray, how came Washington to be
A writer of renown?
"Because he from the very first
Began to cut things down."

Can you tell, when his cake was dough,
Why traitorous Arnold ran?
"He had good cause—for Benedict,
He was a married man."

What bird is noted as the first
To wing electric flight
Into the clouds? "An easy one;
Ben Franklin's little kite."

When signers brave defied King George
With patriotic calm,
With whom, did they their honor pledge?
"Why, with their uncle—Sam."

And when the siege of New Orleans
The British set about,

Why did their spirits sink? "Because
Old Jackson baled them out."

What battle of the Civil War
When that strife had begun,
Was like a bear raid in Wall Street?
"The battle of Bull Run."

What present the United States
To Panama has made?
"When it despaired of a canal,
We gave its Colon aid."

Why does the money of our land
Show cause its worth to trust?
"Because the image on our coin
Is all head—hence no 'bust.'"

That "Christmas comes but once a year" is not a correct statement to make, for it comes three times, officially and ecclesiastically, authorized by the usages of centuries. The first Christmas, which falls on the 25th of December, is celebrated by the Latins and Protestants. This date accords with the calendar as reformed by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582 A. D. The Latin or Western Christian Church is not, and never has been, known by the name of Roman Catholic to the natives of either Palestine, Syria, or Egypt, but always as the "Latin" Church.

But what in Europe and America is known as the Greek Orthodox, or Russo-Greek Communion, the Eastern Christian Church has always, and still is, called "Roumee," or Roman, by the native population, as also officially by the Ottoman Government, it being the communion recognized by the Moslems when they conquered the Byzantine provinces. The "Roumee," or Greek Orthodox Church still adheres

to the Julian calendar, adjusted by Julius Caesar 46 B. C., by which count the 25th of December falls on our 6th of January, celebrated by us as Epiphany and "Old Christmas." The Armenian Church has also a different ecclesiastical calendar, which brings its Christmas the 18th of January.

There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that is inside your income.

The plug hat is a decidedly uncomfortable article of wear. But it is picturesque. Who is there but can remember with affection some old childhood character whose distinguishing mark was a battered plug hat that had survived the shocks and the wrecks of half a hundred seasons? The plug hat is associated with the village doctor, the lean and sallow minister and the local undertaker. It has put on a new dignity of late. It mustn't be seen out with a sack coat, nor worn to business. It goes with a Prince Albert and a buttonhole-pink. Man has pushed aside the uncomfortable and expensive plug and taken up the comfortable and cheap Alpine. But it will be a long time before the plug hat becomes actually extinct. The plug hat is a thing that never wears out. It becomes tattered and generally disreputable, it is true, but this is a condition that seems to endear it that much more in the affections of the possessor. The plug hat has survived the warming pan and the snuff box. When all things else have succumbed to the tide of time, the plug hat has held its own on the heads of its devotees. It is a good thing to look at on another man's head.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

You have no better friend than the Dictionary.
Go to him freely.

Twin Relics.—Who used the phrase: "The twin relics of barbarism?" What did he refer to?

Ans.—Hon. Charles Sumner thus spoke of slavery and polygamy in a famous oration delivered in the U. S. Senate.

McGregor.—Who said, "Where McGregor sits there is the head of the table?"

Ans.—Ralph Waldo Emerson used the saying in "The American Scholar," but he quotes it. We are unable to trace it further. The modern form would seem to be, "I am it."

Quotation.—Kindly trace the quotation: "He can give little to his servant that licks his knife."

Ans.—See George Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum." It might also be said that he contributes little to good taste.

Quotation.—What is the origin of the statement: "As many mince pies as you can taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have?"

Ans.—The books give it as an old English saying. The author must have had a good digestive apparatus.

The Devil.—I have heard people say, during a fall of rain while the sun was shining: "The devil is lick-

ing his wife." Has the old fellow got a wife? Does he let us know, in this way, when he beats her?

Ans.—The Germans have a saying, used when rain and sunshine quickly alternate: "The devil is beating his mother." The old German and Norse mythologies speak of male and female devils. We can't say as to his liquid message to earth.

Turncoat.—What is the origin of the word "turncoat," applied to one who changes his political opinions?

Ans.—It is said that the opprobrious epithet, turncoat, took its rise from one of the first dukes of Savoy, whose dominions were open to the contending powers of Spain and France. Being subject to frequent incursions of the rival powers, he was obliged to temporize and favor the powers alternately, as they seemed able or not to injure him. He therefore had a coat made that was blue on one side and white on the other, and might be worn indifferently with either side out. When he was ostensibly on the side of Spain, he wore the blue side out, but when the French were to be propitiated he displayed the white side. He therefore became known as Emmanuel the Turncoat, and was thus distinguished from other princes of his house bearing that name. The epithet has therefore come to be applied to those who turn their opinions around to suit their personal interests.

Know-Nothing Party.—When was this party active and what were its principles?

Ans.—About 1852, when the Whig party was breaking up, a secret, oath-bound organization was formed. Those members not admitted to the higher degrees were kept in ignorance of the aims and name of the organization, and their constant answers of “I dont know” to questions regarding the society, gave them the name of “Know-Nothings.” The society was bitterly opposed to aliens and Catholics. Its first national convention in 1856 nominated Millard Fillmore for President. He carried but one state—Maryland. By a coalition with the Democrats they elected Charles Sumner to the Senate from Massachusetts.

They brought with them their courage,
Their hope and faith and prayers;
They also brought the Mayflower,
Filled with clocks and chests and chairs.

But I know not why they brought the last,
For not in any town
Did any Pilgrim mother
Find time to sit her down.

The Veiled Prophet.—Who was the veiled prophet? Where and when did he live?

Ans.—Mokanna, styled the “Veiled Prophet,” was a Mohammedan impostor of the eighth century. He hid his face under a veil, a proceeding which his followers ascribed to the splendor of his countenance. He attributed to himself divine powers, and is said, by means of chemical and other knowledge, to have performed apparent wonders. He gained many

followers, so that at last the Caliph Mahdi was compelled to send an armed force against him. He retired to a fortress in Transoxiana, where he first poisoned his soldiers, and then burned himself. His followers continued to pay him divine honors after his death. He is the hero of Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" in the first part of "Lalla Rookh."

Quotation.—Will you kindly state if possible who wrote the following couplet:—

"'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, to spend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to get one's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

Ans.—The Earl of Rochester, 1647-80, wrote the following:—

"It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known."

HOUSE AND HOME.

A house is built of bricks and stones and sills and posts and
piers,
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand
years.
A house, though but an humble cot, within its walls may
hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold.

The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers, roofs
and domes,—
But the women of the earth—God knows!—the women
build the homes.
Eve could not stray from Paradise, for, oh, no matter where
Her gracious presence lit the way, lo! Paradise was there.
—Nixon Waterman.

DECEMBER IN HISTORY.

Originally December, which was the tenth month, had thirty days. Numa took off one and it then had twenty-nine; Julius Caesar put on two days and gave it thirty-one. The Saxons called it heligh monat, or holy month, because of Christmas.

- 1—Blaine elected Speaker of the House, 1873.
 - 2—Monroe doctrine declared, 1823.
 - 3—Battle of Hohenlinden, 1800.
 - 4—Escape of Tweed, 1875.
 - 5—Kossuth arrives at New York, 1851.
 - 6—Prides' purge in Parliament, 1648.
 - 7—Unusual day for Thanksgiving in Mass., 1865.
 - 8—Immaculate conception proclaimed a dogma, 1854.
 - 9—Moors expelled from Spain, 1492.
 - 10—German empire declared, 1870.
 - 11—Indiana admitted to the Union, 1816.
 - 12—Cromwell declared Lord Protector for life, 1653.
 - 13—Battle of Fredericksburg, 1862.
 - 14—Washington died at Mt. Vernon, 1799.
 - 15—Shay's rebellion began, 1786.
 - 16—Napoleon divorced Josephine, 1809.
 - 17—First book printed in England at Oxford, 1468.
 - 18—Thirteenth amendment passed, 1865.
 - 19—Swamp Fight, King Philip's war, 1675.
 - 20—U. S. takes possession of Louisiana, 1803.
 - 21—Kansas decides for slavery, 1857.
 - 22—Yale College founded, 1700.
 - 23—Death of Prince Albert, 1861.
 - 24—Methodist Episcopal Church organized at Baltimore, 1784.
 - 25—Christ mass first used as a festival, 98.
 - 26—Stephen Girard died, 1831.
 - 27—Texas admitted, 1845.
 - 28—Marshall Prim assassinated at Madrid, 1870.
 - 29—Ashtabula R. R. accident, 1876.
 - 30—Iroquois theatre burned, Chicago, 1903.
 - 31—Insurrection of slaves in Jamaica, 1832.
- 1906th watch night.

Better an egg today than the promise of a hen tomorrow.

L. A. W. SCRAPS.

Before another issue we shall enter upon a new year. It is our purpose to issue, in 1907, a ticket somewhat different from those of the past. It will be a record ticket, and will contain the name of member, his address, date of joining. The organization of Pioneers has now no reason for existence as an organized body and to recognize those who joined in the decade of 1880-9 we shall stamp their tickets with the word "Pioneer." Those who have made ten payments will still have the Veteran tickets. We shall make it a permanent ticket and the written date of expiration will show how long it has to run. With such a ticket in use those who desire to may pay as many years in advance as they wish to and have tickets for each year. Life members who desire a record ticket may have one upon sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope for its return.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY DELEGATES.

Under the Constitution, L. A. W. the basis of representation in the National Assembly must be made from the membership Dec. 1, in each year.

The membership Dec. 1, 1906, gives to the States the number of representatives as below set forth:—

California, 1; Conn., 3; D.C., 1; Ill., 3; Ind., 1; Iowa, 1; Ky., 1; Me., 1; Md., 1; Mass., 16; Mich., 1; Minn., 1; Mo., 1; N. H., 1; N. J., 5; N. Y., 18; Ohio, 3; Penn., 13; R. I., 4; Texas, 1; W. V., 1; Wis., 1; Fla., 1; Total, 80.

Art. IV., Sec. 2. Nominations for the office of representative may be effected by the making of a certificate of nomination signed by not less than five members eligible to vote for such representative and filing the same with the Secretary-Treasurer during the month of January.

The election takes place in March and the Assembly will meet May 31, 1907.

ABBOT BASSETT, Sec-Treas.

Tom Cooper vale. He was one of the riders we remember and whose death we all regret.

Mrs. Caroline Bache Barnes, of Vineland, N. J., aged 72, descendant of Franklin, rides her wheel daily and thinks nothing of a twenty mile run. Long may she pedal.

L. A. W. Periodical Department.

Selected list of Periodicals most called for and our prices for the same. If you do not find the Magazine you want on this list write for our club price on the same. Write for our club price on any Magazine you may want.

	List Price	Our Price
Atlantic Monthly, Boston	m 4.00	3.45
Bicycling World, N. Y.	w 2.00	1.75
Book Keeper, Detroit	m 1.00	.75
Century Magazine, N. Y.	m 4.00	3.75
Cosmopolitan, Irvington	m 1.00	.90
Country Life, N. Y.	m 4.00	3.50
Cycle and Auto Trade Journal	w 1.00	.80
Etude, Phila. (a)	m 1.50	1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.	m 1.50	1.50
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	m 1.00	.90
Harper's Magazine	m 4.00	3.45
Harper's Weekly	w 4.00	3.45
Judge, N. Y.	w 5.00	4.50
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m 1.25	1.25
Life, N. Y.	w 5.00	4.50
Literary Digest, N. Y. (a)	w 3.00	2.75
Little Folks, Salem (a)	m 1.00	1.00
McClure's Magazine, N. Y.	m 1.00	1.00
Munsey, Argosy or Scrap Book	m 1.00	.95
Nation, N. Y.	w 3.00	2.90
North American Review	s-m 5.00	4.75
Puck, N. Y.	w 5.00	4.50
Review of Reviews, N Y.	m 3.00	3.00
Saturday Evening Post, Phila.	w 1.25	1.25
Scientific American	w 3.00	3.00
Scribner's Magazine, N. Y.	m 3.00	3.00
Strand, N. Y.	m 1.20	1.15
St. Nicholas, N. Y.	m 3.00	2.75
Table Talk, Phila.	m 1.00	.90
Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, O. ..	m 1.00	1.00
World's Work, N. Y.	m 3.00	2.75

(a) Renewals at list price. (b) Renewals add 5c. to list price.

Bassett's Scrap Book

SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1904, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4. No. 11

JANUARY, 1907

5 Cents.

RESOLUTIONS.

Ten little resolutions all in a line,
Good man burns his thumb, then there are but nine.

Nine little resolutions wondering at fate,
Ten dollars comes in sight, then there are but eight.

Eight little resolutions point the way to heaven,
'Long comes a poker game, then there are but seven.

Seven little resolutions in a sorry fix,
Pretty woman comes along, then there are but six.

Six little resolutions trying hard to thrive,
'Long comes a horserace, then there are but five.

Five little resolutions, only five, no more,
Keyhole can't be found at all, then there are but four.

Four little resolutions still must pay a fee,
Wife makes some inquiry, then there are but three.

Three little resolutions looking very blue,
Some unheard of circumstance brings them down to two.

Two little resolutions pondering what's to be done,
Preacher's sermon hurts the man, then there is but one.

One little resolution leaves a month before.
Never mind; next New Year's Day you can make some
more.

NEW SCRAPS FOR NEW 1907.

Here's hoping.

A new year is all right, but a vast majority would like a new kind of year.

The old kind is not always kind and to all.

Do we make for ourselves the kind we like? Some do. Square pegs in round holes make nothing but trouble.

If resolves were held to, Heaven would have a rival. A new year sweeps clean.

- The most tranquil holiday of all is the day after.

It is easy to see the whirled. Go to a ball room.

"Money talks." It never spoke to us. The language of flowers is more easily understood when they say "marigold."

The first temperance order was formed by the Landgrave of Hesse in 1600. Members were pledged not to drink more than seven glasses of wine at a time, nor more than fourteen a day.

A man's idea is that he is not doing the things his wife doesn't want him to do if he keeps her from knowing he does them.

About two hundred oysters would be required daily to supply a sufficient nourishment for one person.

1907.—Prophet Spangler, who has struck truth in the bull's eye several times, thus prophesies for 1907.

"Trouble and disaster will beset the nations throughout 1907 and 1908 until, at the close of the second year, the wrath of God will descend upon the earth and it will dissolve.

"Kingdoms will be arrayed against kingdoms and families against families.

"The entire year and the one to follow will be filled with woe and ruin, until, at the close of 1908, New York City will be destroyed, followed almost immediately by the destruction of the world.

"There will be earthquakes in divers places. Islands will disappear and mountains no longer will be found. Great tidal waves will sweep the coasts.

"Great men in authority all over the world will be assassinated. There will never be another King of England. The Sultan of Turkey and the Czar of Russia will be killed."

The worst of it is that we shall not know if it comes about. We'll all quit the earth at once.

Another fellow says:

"The most eventful period that has been experienced in modern times will be ushered in with the months of May and June, 1907, when the fiery and executive Mars joins forces with the erratic and revolutionary Uranus, right at the very citadel of the sign that represents all human authority, organization and leadership, and where they will remain in company until September," declares Frank T. Allen, an astrologer of note.

"This conjunction will take place directly opposite

to the place of the sun at the time of the Declaration of Independence—a point that history has abundantly proven to be the most sensitive and vital as affecting the destiny of this country, and which also happens to be identical with the place of the moon at the birth of President Roosevelt.”

Better spend all our money and have a good time while we may.

SOME LOCAL APPLICATIONS.

A small toad woke, one morn in spring,
Brushed back his hair and tried to sing.

He felt the world was all his own,
And swelled and swelled in flesh and bone.

Though his conceit was purely vain,
The fault from his small brain,

Which only grasped part of the plan
By which is ruled immortal man.

It chanced a band played loud that day;
A coach and four dashed on its way;

A donkey brayed; a train rushed by;
A cannon boomed; a hound gave cry;

The thunder rolled; the lightning flashed;
The sun withdrew from view, abashed.

The toad sprang up, and gave a shout:
“Oh, what a time! ‘cause I’ve come out!”

It sounds rather paradoxical to speak of putting out a fire that has already broken out.

EBB AND FLOW.

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only: "Dreamer, dream no more."

But still the legions charged the beach.
And rang their battle cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured, "Dreamer, dream again."

Homeward turned from out the gloom,
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly;
But like the waves along the shore,
It said, "Dream on," and "Dream no more."
—George William Curtis.

In the sea there are no vegetarians. Fish live on each other, and the whole ocean is one great slaughter-house, where the strong prey endlessly upon the weak.

A great scientist was once asked what he considered the supreme calamity of life. He thought a moment, and then answered, "To stop growing and learning." It was an unexpected reply, and lifted the question to heights which the questioner had not thought of. Yet it was quite true, if any dignity and power are to be allowed to the human soul.

The year is either astronomical or civil. The solar-astronomical year is the period of time in which the earth performs a revolution in its orbit around the sun. It consists of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes and 46 seconds of mean solar time. The civil year is that which is employed in chronology, and varies among different nations, both in respect to the season at which it commences and of its subdivisions.

"Don't you think there is a great deal of nonsense about Christmas?" asked the cynic.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I don't know of anything more nonsensical than going through life trying to avoid nonsense."

France has the best highways in Europe; Russia and Spain the worst.

Burning orange peel has the curious faculty of dissipating the odor of tobacco smoke in a room.

There is no bond in the world so strong between people as that of a common interest. There is no talk so fascinating as shop. The husband and wife who can spend an evening in an animated discussion of the price of silk, or the best way to build a house, or write a poem, are never dull or bored by each other.

At first sight it seems strange that a man should be arrested in the city of New York for eating a crust of bread which he picked from the gutter. But he was a professional beggar, and his little game was slyly to drop a clean crust in the street, and then, when a charitable-looking woman came along, to pick up the crust and eat it, whereupon his seeming necessities would be relieved by a generous gift. This surpasses anything that Fagan taught his pupils.

AULD LANG SYNE.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast.
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not—
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides—
Our God forevermore.

—John White Chadwick.

Mark this in favor of Father: The woman who is charging things to Father at a dry goods store buys more freely, and with less worry, than the timid woman who charges to her husband.

Women are entitled to the bifurcated outside garment any time they want to claim it. Women invented trousers and wore them for ages before men discarded petticoats.—Woman's Tribune.

The crescent shape of Vienna rolls commemorates the fact that in 1529 some Viennese bakers discovered a mine which the besieging Turks were driving under the city wall.

Oddly enough, "Heil Dir im Sickerberanz," which is really the German National Anthem, has the same tune as "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Three of a kind beats the band.

To protect an invention all over the world, 64 different patents must be taken out, at a cost of over \$2,500.

"I shan't be gone long," said Juniper, as he left the house the other evening, not going anywhere in particular; only going out to take the air."

"Be careful you do not come home air-tight," was the injunction of Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's failing had not begotten confidence.

People are feeling the pinch of high prices and the cost of living now, and if the advance goes much further, with its stimulus to speculation and "booms" and the expansion of credit, something is liable to give way. If history repeats itself in 1908 by a Republican defeat it will not be due to solid prosperity, but to a reaction which stimulated high prices and the stretching of credit is sure to bring about in time, and which will make people realize that protection masses wealth in the hands of the few and brings periods of adversity which make the many suffer.

The young man who possesses a sister has usually better taste in neckties than one who does not—unless the latter possesses some other young man's sister.

Most people masticate their food with the teeth on the left-hand side of the mouth. Now we may expect to see right-handed chewers, for there are those who want to do things in other ways than the common one.

The person who discovers a method of communication between planets will receive £4,000 from the French Academy of Science.

Elmer had seen his mother drop a nickel in the contribution box at church, and when she proceeded to find fault with the sermon on the way home he said: "Well, mamma, what could you expect for 5 cents?"

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Pursue information as you pursue money, and exchange the same one with another.

Quotation.—Who wrote, "There is nothing new except what is forgotten?"

Ans.—This very bright remark was made by Mlle. Bertin, who was milliner to Marie Antoinette.

Earth Laughs.—What is the quotation which says a harvest in earth's laugh? or something like it.

Ans.—Douglas Jerrold writing from Australia said: "Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest."

Three Tailors.—What is the story of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street?

Ans.—It is said that the "Three Tailors of Tooley Street" held a meeting in Tooley Street, Southwark, London, for the redress of popular grievances, and addressed a petition to the House of Commons while Canning was Prime Minister, beginning, "We, the people of England." As there is no historical authority whatever for this story, we cannot give you the deliberations and decrees of those worthies.

Wooden Nutmegs.—What is the story which gives the nickname to Connecticut?

Ans.—There are several stories, but the most plausible one is this: The tradition arose from the mistake a New London grocer's clerk made who, in reaching under the counter for nutmegs to fill up his

scales, accidentally got his hand into the hickory-nut barrel and put three or four handfuls of nuts in with the nutmegs, a mistake that was not discovered until the mixture reached the consignee in a distant city. Connecticut people often use the nutmeg for decorative purposes, and they find it cheaper to buy the real article than to make them of wood.

Christmas and Easter.—In honor of what event do we celebrate Easter, and which was first celebrated, Easter or Christmas?

Ans.—The Easter festival is commemorative of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and is also a memorial of the Christian passover—of the atonement wrought by the death of Christ upon the cross. We cannot tell you which of the two festivals, Christmas or Easter, was first celebrated. We have no authentic facts to guide us. According to many authorities Christmas was not celebrated in the first centuries of the Christian church, as the Christian usage in general was to celebrate the death of remarkable persons rather than their birth. This would lead to the possible assumption that Easter was the first of the two festivals to have been celebrated.

Color—How many colors are there now? When I went to school there were seven. Is white a color?

Ans.—According to the theory now generally accepted, white is the union of all colors. Correctly speaking, there are but six colors—three primary (red, blue and yellow) and three secondary (orange,

violet and green). All other colors are compounds of these.

Rain.—Are there places in the world where rain never does fall, and never has fallen?

Ans.—No. There is an arid, or, desert, area, on the west coast of South America, and a similar area in North America, embracing portions of California, Arizona and New Mexico. In the eastern hemisphere, a vast arid area extends across Africa (where it is called the Great Desert), Arabia, and thence into Central Asia. Here the rainfall is extremely small.

It is not probable there is any spot in the world in which rain does not fall. If there is not enough to maintain vegetation, then it becomes a desert. Rain falls in the Great Desert, and in all desert regions, in fact, but not enough to maintain vegetation.

Appian Way.—What was the Appian Way?

Ans.—The Romans were the first of ancient peoples to build good roads. Appius Claudius Caecus built the road which was named, after him, the Appian Way, from Rome southeastward across Italy to Capua. Later it was extended to Brundisium, and with its branches, connected Rome with all southern Italy. The road is still in existence, though built 312 to 307 B. C.

Music, after it has ceased, has no prolonged power over us; it can give us aspirations, it cannot give us principles; it can give us sensations, it cannot give us

determination. But inspired words may linger in the mind and rule it for a lifetime.—Mrs. Craigie.

JANUARY IN HISTORY.

Named for Janus, whose double face allowed him to look forward and backward. Janus was invoked at the commencement of functions. He had charge of the gates of Heaven and was represented with staff and key.

- 1—Specie payments suspended, 1862; resumed, 1879.
- 2—Port Arthur capitulated, 1905.
- 3—Napoleon III. marries Eugene de Montigo, 1852.
- 4—Treaty of Peace with Tripoli, 1805.
- 5—Victoria Bridge carried away by ice, 1855.
- 6—Great earthquake in New England, 1663.
- 7—First presidential election, 1789.
- 8—Battle of New Orleans, 1815.
- 9—Death of Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst, 1873.
- 10—Penny postage established in England, 1840.
- 11—Peter the Great arrives in England and becomes a ship carpenter, 1698.
- 12—Lincoln's first speech in Congress, 1848.
- 13—Steamer Lexington burned on the Sound 1840.
- 14—Coal put on free list one year, 1903.
- 15—Queen Elizabeth crowned, 1559.
- 16—Poet Spenser died, 1599.
- 17—Born: Franklin, 1706; Webster, 1782.
- 18—King William of Prussia proclaimed German Emperor, 1871.
- 19—Remains of Columbus removed from Saint Domingo to Havana, 1796.
- 20—Death of Ex-Vice-President Henry Wilson, 1876.
- 21—Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793.
- 22—Death of Queen Victoria, 1901.
- 23—Panama canal begun, 1880.
- 24—Attempt to blow up House of Commons and Tower, 1885.
- 25—Robert Burns born, 1759.
- 26—Webster replies to Hayne, 1830.
- 27—Capitulation of Paris, 1871.
- 28—Panama railroad completed, 1855.
- 29—Death of George III., 1820.
- 30—Charles I. beheaded, 1649.
- 31—Launch of Great Eastern, 1858.

L. A. W. DEPARTMENT.

The compliments of the season are never unseasonable, and although a little late are not musty, but are as full of ginger as if timely.

Jan. 17, 1887, the man who holds down the chair in the Secretary's office was placed in it, and he now rounds out his twentieth year. And the seat has not caved in.

During that fifth of a century he has made thousands of friends whom it was his pride to call so, and he has not in mind a single enemy, though he has found those with whom he disagreed. He is proud of his record and who can wonder?

NEW YORK NOMINATIONS.

The following have been regularly nominated as delegates to the National Assembly, L. A. W., from New York State:

H. G. Wynn, L. H. Washburn, J. F. Clark, L. P. Cowell, W. P. Judson, H. W. Bullard, C. Lee Abell, N. S. Cobleigh, R. D. Webster, E. F. Hill, J. C. Howard, G. T. Stebbins, H. O. Folger, J. G. Linsley, H. B. Fullerton, Ed. H. Walker, F. W. Brooks, Jr., F. G. Lee.—18.

MASSACHUSETTS NOMINATIONS.

The following have been regularly nominated as delegates to the National Assembly, L. A. W., from Massachusetts:

Quincy Kilby, Chas. W. Pierce, A. D. Peck, Frank R. Fritz, A. P. Benson, Lincoln Holland, Loring L. Wilder, Albert M. Beers, Thomas H. Hall, H. A. Libby, A. W. Robinson, H. W. Robinson, Chas. S. Davol, F. W. Weston, W. S. Atwell, D. E. Miller.—16.

PENNSYLVANIA NOMINATIONS.

The following have been regularly nominated as delegates to the National Assembly, L. A. W., from Pennsylvania:

P. S. Collins, Geo. D. Gideon, Samuel A. Boyle, Thomas Hare, A. H. McOwen, C. P. Buchanan, T. F. Myler, Geo. T. Bush, J. E. Harder, A. D. Knapp, D. B. Landis, Isaac Elwell, Frank A. Deans.

If you are in a Peck of trouble over your wheel, take it to the only "Lon."

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By NIXON WATERMAN

A book of cheerful counsel that will interest both boys and older folks.

The book consists of eight chapters, “The Awakening,” “Am I a Genius?” “Opportunity,” “Over and Underdoing,” “The Value of Spare Moments,” “Cheerfulness,” “Drawing and Dreaming and Doing” and “Real Success.” These contain sensible, sturdy and meaty observations on life and ways of life from which any boy may derive real profit. There isn’t a bit of cant or preaching in them, but they are spirited, encouraging and cheering. The keynote of Mr. Waterman’s philosophy as sounded throughout all his poetry in books and magazines is cheerfulness.

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Drop in and see me if for no more than a “Shake.”

L. A. W. Periodical Department.

Selected list of Periodicals most called for and our prices for the same. If you do not find the Magazine you want on this list write for our club price on the same. Write for our club price on any Magazine you may want.

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Book Keeper, Detroit	m	1.00 .75
Century Magazine, N. Y.	m	4.00 3.75
Cosmopolitan, Irvington	m	1.00 .90
Country Life, N. Y.	m	4.00 3.50
Cycle and Auto Trade Journal	w	1.00 .80
Etude, Phila. (a)	m	1.50 1.30
Everybody's Magazine, N. Y.	m	1.50 1.50
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	m	1.00 .90
Harper's Magazine	m	4.00 3.45
Harper's Weekly	w	4.00 3.45
Judge, N. Y.	w	5.00 4.50
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	m	1.25 1.25
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Nation, N. Y.	w	3.00 2.90
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Saturday Evening Post, Phila.	w	1.25 1.25
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Scribner's Magazine, N. Y.	m	3.00 3.00
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SCRAPS OF HISTORY, FACT AND HUMOR
OFFICIAL ORGAN LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN

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Vol. 4. No. 12

FEBRUARY, 1907

5 Cents.

OUR VALENTINE MISSIVES.

The shortest month of all the year, yet ere its course is run, we spell two names the world holds dear—Lincoln and Washington.

With February 14 comes an annual day of fanciful character and pagan origin. Then, according to the old notion, the birds choose their mates, and, according to more modern ideas, Cupid busies himself juggling with susceptible hearts, that the matings may be many, preparatory to the nuptial harvest of June, when brides and roses bloom and blush in the amorous kisses of wooing summertime.

And why not say that Washington was born February 11? That is the day on which it really occurred. The twenty-second of now is equivalent to the eleventh of then; but he was born "then," not "now."

We were quite horrified the other day to read from one supposed to be a master of English: "As one would peel an apple." To peel is to pull off the

outer covering; to pare, is to cut. We peel an orange, we pare an apple. Don't let it occur again.

A story told of Rabbi Hillel, a contemporary of Jesus, gives the answer in a nutshell. Once a Gentile came to the rabbi, and asked: "Make me a proselyte, but you must teach me the whole law during the time that I can stand on one leg." Hillel converted him by answering him on the spot: "That which is hateful to thyself do not do to thy neighbor. This is the whole law, and the rest is mere commentary." Compare Matthew, vii, 12.

Bronson Howard lays the blame for an inferior stage upon the tired business man who has to be amused. He lately said: "I hate the tired business man. He is the cause of plays being produced that keep 4 other men at home. I wish he would go home and rest. The drama has no future in this country until we cease to cater to the tired business man."

A celebrated English physician says that to attain a long life, the brain must always be active when not asleep, and he lays great stress upon the necessity of everybody having a hobby outside of the vocation which gives him a living. This hobby must be one in which he takes real delight, one which will exercise pleasantly and agreeably, without unduly taxing his mental faculties.

Bacon wrote: "The sun, which passeth through pollution, remains as pure as before," and Milton

wrote, "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."

AN OLD VALENTINE.

I find it today in a book that is olden,
Its pages bear marks of the fingers of Time.
But ah! it brings back to me memories golden,
And sweet faces peep from its innocent rhyme;
I laid it away ere a childhood had vanished,
And bright were the waves of life's mystical sea;
But now, down the vistas of memories banished,
It comes with its yearnings and carols to me.

An old valentine with its few simple verses!
It came like a bird through a flurry of snow,
And often my heart 'mid life's shadows rehearses
The rhymes that made happy a fair long ago;
I know that she penned it with soft, girlish blushes
And lingered perhaps over each little line,
And that is why back from the vanished days rushes
The love that encircles this old valentine.

The words are half faded, but still I remember
Each one that she penned for a sweetheart of old,
And now as I read them anew burns the ember
Which oft on life's hearthstone lies darkened and cold;
I glance from the page, for a footstep is falling,
Like that which at once was mischievous and bold,
And some one my name in my chamber is calling,
And a face sweetly forms on the valentine old.

I see her once more in her beautiful childhood,
Adorned with the flowers I placed in her hair;
She enters my room from the heart of the wildwood
And cuddles and nestles so close to my chair;
And bright grows the world on the pages before me,
While the meadows are lost 'neath their garments of
snow,
And the old valentine and its story steal o'er me,
And link me anew to a sweet long ago.

T. C. Harbaugh.

We Americans would be less impulsive did we reason more. Things reasonable are not wonderful in the ordinary sense. And yet we need some education to be capable of wonder. The African pigmy, Ota Benga, when sight-seeing here, evinced not even surprise. This was not remarkable, though many considered it so, for few savages have the capacity for wonder. They feel no more interest in skyscrapers, subways and suspension bridges than do horses or cows. Show a savage a watch and he thinks it alive, but to him life is not wonderful. Wonders unfold as the intellect develops. Our primitive ancestors did not wonder at the stars, but we do when we look at them through our telescopes. The ordinary observer cannot work at the Milky Way as does one who knows that it would take light, which travels about 186,700 miles a second, 10,000 years to flash across it. When the Indians first saw the locomotive on the Union Pacific they did not exhibit surprise; but when they saw a lineman, with his climbing spurs on, walk up a tall tree their surprise was unbounded.

To the short-sighted person, 'tis concave lens enchantment to the view.

Of course, the pen is mightier than the sword. You can't sign checks with a sword.

Somebody has figured it out that on an average religion costs the people of the United States half a cent a year. This seems a small sum; but there

are very few people thus far who have succeeded in getting their money's worth of the article.

'SPECIALLY JIM.

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peart an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights—
'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'some an' trim;
But I tossed my head, and made fun o' the crowd—
'Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a-comin', in spite o' my talk—
'Specially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'—
'Specially Jim—
I made up my mind to settle down,
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church;
'Twas crowded full to the brim.
'Twas the only way to get rid o' 'em all—
'Specially Jim.

The principle of the new premium system of paying for labor is the allotment of a certain time in which to perform a specified job, and to give the workman a premium based on the amount of time he can save. There are various ways of applying the principle in detail, but that known as the Rowan method appears to be distinctly the best. It is estimated by the management that a fair average workman could complete a certain job without undue

exertion in, say, 100 hours. This time is accordingly allotted to the job. If the workman can do it in 80 hours he receives payment for 80 hours at his ordinary rate, and is given in addition a premium equal to one-fifth of his hourly rate for the time worked.

A sporting paper recommends a certain way of avoiding the bites of a dog, however savage. All one has to do is to stand perfectly still and hold one's hand out. The dog, says the writer, will take the hand into his mouth but will not bite it. But what guarantee have we that the dog knows this?

"We Americans eat too much," said the scientist. "Yes," said the ordinary citizen. "We see the cost of food going up so fast that we feel there is no time to lose."

Instead of the terms "port" and "starboard" which are used nowadays, they used to talk of "larboard" and "starboard." Starboard has nothing in common with stars, but is really the Anglo-Saxon "steer board" for "steer side," because in the old galleys which were steered by an oar the oar was fixed somewhat to the right hand side of the stern, and the helmsman held the inboard portion in his right hand. "Larboard" was probably a corruption of lower board, the larboard side being considered inferior to the other.

The Department of Agriculture employs a machine to smoke cigars. It has four mouthpieces, in

each of which a cigar is inserted. For ten seconds the smoke is drawn in, and is then puffed out, the process being repeated every half minute. While the "inhaling" is going on, the way in which the filling and the wrapper burn are carefully noted, the ash is examined and the odor of the burning tobacco observed. The plant from which each of the cigars is made is known, and the one that makes the best showing in the competition is selected for planting. The test is proving an aid to the American tobacco industry by teaching the farmers what kinds of tobacco to plant in order to receive the highest financial returns. What next? Music by machinery; smoking by machinery; praying in the East by machinery; may we before long eat iced cream by machinery?

It is asserted by some physicians that the old-fashioned nightcap is a cure for insomnia, but they fail to say whether it must be of dry goods or the wet goods sort.

One of the commonest misquotations is "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." The words "form of" are interpolated in the original, which was contributed to literature by C. C. Colton, author of "The Lacon."

"What," asked the sweet girl graduate, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweller took back the engagement ring and gave me collar studs in exchange."

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

Wisdom is to know a part from the whole, to sacrifice the less to the greater, and to use right means to benevolent ends.

Quotation.—Who said: “The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road which leads him to England?”

Ans.—Said by Samuel Johnson.

Quotation.—Who likened tombs to clothes of the dead, and in what language?

Ans.—“Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.” Thomas Fuller, Tombs, Book III.

Seidlitz Powder.—What do the blue and white papers contain?

Ans.—The blue paper contains carbonate of soda mixed with Rochelle salt, which is a double tartrate of potash and soda. The white paper contains tartaric acid.

Bucket Shop.—What is the origin of the term?

Ans.—The stock brokers in the New York stock exchange did not deal in odd lots and would not take an order to buy or sell less than an even hundred shares of stock on margin. Thus there sprang up a class of brokers, not members of the stock exchange, who would accept from a number of different customers orders for odd lots until the total amounted to a hundred shares. Then they would give the joint order as one to some regular broker, putting all the

small orders together to make one sufficiently large, as the staves of a bucket are put together to make the bucket. Hence the nickname. In more recent times the reputable "broken lot" brokers organized an exchange of their own for the direct handling of these small trades, and the term "bucket shop," accordingly, possesses a present significance less respectable than that of its origin.

College.—Please explain the difference between a college and a university.

Ans.—In England a university is composed of a number of colleges; in this country a university comprises a college and a number of professional schools. A college takes a student no further than the regular four years' course. A university takes the graduate and in a special school fits him for the ministry, the law, medicine, etc.

Wanted.—The old ballad, "Mistress Polly at the Reel."

Gadsden Purchase.—What was the "Gadsden Purchase?"

Ans.—Originally the name New Mexico was applied to the territory now known as Utah, Nevada and large portions of Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico. Upper California comprised what is now known as the state of California. These regions, which belonged to Mexico, were conquered during the Mexican war, and, by the treaty of 1848, which

ended that contest, passed to the United States. Our government paid to Mexico for this cession \$15,000,000, and assumed debts due from Mexico to our citizens amounting to \$3,250,000. A portion of this acquisition (that part of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande) was claimed by Texas, and one of the provisions of Henry Clay's omnibus bill, passed in 1850, provided for the payment of \$10,000,000 to Texas in satisfaction of her claim. Disputes still remained with reference to those portions of Arizona and New Mexico south of the Gila river, and Mexican troops were sent thither. Trouble was averted, however, by the Gadsden treaty, Dec. 30, 1853, so called because it was negotiated by our minister to Mexico, Gen. James Gadsden. By this treaty, the United States obtained the disputed territory, for which was paid \$10,000,000.

CARDS.

This life is but a game of cards;
The four suits are the classes;
Trumps take the best in all regards,
The odd suits are the masses.
Some win, some lose, as goes the game.
If trumps come to us freely,
We gather gold, acquire a name
And go through life genteelly.

Childhood's best play is hearts, of course,
While youth for diamonds scramble,
For middle age, clubs is the cross,
And each game is a gamble.
For fortune comes and fortune goes,
As in the game we scuffle,
Till old age comes to end our woes
And spades are the last shuffle.

L. A. W. DEPARTMENT.

February has always been an important month in L. A. W. history. It has seen many important elections and very many exciting meetings. The annual meeting has now been pushed forward to May 31, when all outdoors invites us to the open.

We had several surprises on Jan. 17 last when we received pleasant notes of congratulation upon the advent of our twentieth anniversary. Thanks, friends. The cockles of our heart were warmed up and we were made to feel that our work had been appreciated.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

Rhode Island. Regular nominations: John H. Barrett, Fred. A. Bliss, Robert A. Kendall, Brooks Sanderson.

Nominated by the President: California—Chas. K. Alley; Connecticut—Fred B. King, A. G. Fisher, L. P. Case; D. C.—J. M. Pickens; Illinois—L. L. Buchanan, C. M. Fairchild, M. X. Chuse, Jr.; Indiana—L. M. Wainwright; Iowa—E. F. Carter; Kentucky—O. W. Lawson; Maine—C. W. Small; Maryland—H. V. Casey; Michigan—W. M. Perett; Minnesota—M. R. Brock; Missouri—George Lang, Jr.; New Hampshire—E. G. Whitney; New Jersey—W. H. Huff, R. H. Aaronson, L. H. Porter, Robert Gentle, H. E. Deats; Ohio—H. C. G. Ellard, Fred T. Sholes, R. G. Knight; Texas—E. W. Hope; West Virginia—B. D. Gibson; Wisconsin—W. H. Field; Foreign—A. T. Lane, Montreal.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

In view of the fact that in no case is there more than one nomination for the office of Representative it seems unnecessary to go to the expense and trouble of an election. In virtue, therefore, of the power invested in me I declare the several members who have been nominated to be duly elected, and I hope to see very many of them at the annual meeting which will be held in Boston, May 31, next.

Fraternally,

WM. B. EVERETT, President.

We have had an interesting correspondence with the pub-

licity bureau of the Trade Association. The L. A. W. was asked to help along in the work of spreading intelligence so that the wheel interests might be promoted. Just as though we had ever ceased to do this! The L. A. W. has been the working force to promote publicity in this direction ever since 1880. The good roads movement was started by us. Every law upon the statute books of every State wherein the protection of wheelmen is guaranteed, or the construction of good roads promoted was put there in consequence of work done by the L. A. W. Every drastic measure against the wheel has been fought and conquered by our workers. Has the trade helped us in this? In recent years, no! We have fought the fight unaided by the trade, with one notable exception. Colonel Pope has always been ready and willing to help us in our work. He has contributed liberally of time and money to the cause, and his name and those of all his people have been on the list of members from the first. This is the single instance of its kind. One would think that every man engaged in the making and selling of wheels would help along the good work done by the League by at least an annual membership. We have a paper with a guaranteed circulation larger than that of any cycling paper published and it is a paper that is read. One would think that the trade would use its advertising columns unsolicited. Nothing of the kind. It goes elsewhere and fares worse. The League has maintained its organization and been actively at work while clubs, cycling papers and other institutions have passed out. And this without help from those who in the greatest degree profit by its work. We are doing business at the old stand and we intend to stay right here and promote the sport aided or unaided by those who are mostly benefited.

In 1904 the total number of wheels made in the U. S. was 200,000. In 1905 the figures reached 300,000. In 1906 another jump was made and 500,000 bicycles were turned out. The manufacturers are preparing to build 750,000 wheels in 1907. The world do move and the wheel will turn.

Elliott Mason, formerly the manager of the Pope Mfg. Co.'s branch in New York, is again in Pope harness. He is now connected with the headquarters in Hartford.

The Boston Herald remarks that "there is something cowardly about fear." Well, well! And from that it may be inferred that there is something courageous about valor.

FEBRUARY IN HISTORY.

The month of purification among the ancient Romans. Latin, "Febræ," to purify by sacrifice. The ground hog comes out to look at the weather on Candlemas Day (2d) and tells us what is to be.

- 1—Alexander Selkirk found on Juan Fernandez, after four years, 1708.
- 2—New York City incorporated, 1653.
- 3—Lincoln and Seward interview confederates at Fortress Monroe, 1865.
- 4—John Rogers burned at Smithfield, 1555.
- 5—Mexico evacuated by French troops, 1867.
- 6—Alliance with France, 1778.
- 7—Pope Pius IX. dies, 1878.
- 8—Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587.
- 9—New York surrendered to British by Governor Anthony Colve, 1674.
- 10—Queen Victoria and Prince Albert married, 1840.
- 11—Washington born, O. S., 1732.
- 12—Lincoln born, 1809.
- 13—Cotton Mather died, 1727.
- 14—James Cook killed at Owhyhee, 1779.
- 15—The Maine blown up at Havana, 1898.
- 16—The Philadelphia burned at Tripoli by Decatur, 1804.
- 17—Giordano Bruno burned at Rome, 1600.
- 18—Grand Duke Sergius killed by bomb at Moscow, 1905.
- 19—Florida ceded to the U. S., 1821.
- 20—Great earthquake in Chile, 1835.
- 21—Silver remonetized 1878.
- 22—James Russell Lowell born 1819.
- 23—Sir Walter Scott disclosed secret of authorship, 1827.
- 24—Louis Philippe abdicated, 1848.
- 25—Battle of Trenton, 1776.
- 26—French republic proclaimed, 1848.
- 27—Daniel Sickles shoots Philip Barton Key, at Washington, 1859.
- 28—Constitution captures Cyane and Levant, 1815.

I think I could turn and live with animals.
 They are so placid and self-contained.
 I stand and look at them long and long.
 They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
 mania for owning things.
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
 thousands of years ago.—Walt Whitman.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

She smiled to the hearts that enshrined her,
 Then the gold of her banner unfurled
 And trailing her glories behind her
 Passed over the rim of the world.

MAGAZINE BARGAINS.

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Country Life; Harper Monthly or Weekly; Munsey. List, \$9.00; our offer, \$7.00.

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Etude, Phila. (a)m	1.50	1.30
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Life, N. Y.w	5.00	4.50
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